

FINAL FIREWORKS IN COOPER TRIAL

Defense Concludes Argument; State Begins Its Close.

M'CARN BECOMES VERY PERSONAL

State's Chief Attorney Delivers Strong Speech to the Jury.

Nashville, Tenn., March 13.—When the trial of Col. D. B. Cooper, Robin Cooper and John D. Sharp for the murder of former United States Senator E. W. Carmack was resumed this morning Judge Hart announced to the attorneys that he could not complete his charge before Monday afternoon. This delay is due to the failure of the attorneys on both sides to submit instructions. This means that there will be no verdict before Monday night or Tuesday.

Judge Anderson Resumes.
J. M. Anderson resumed his argument with a promise not to weary the jury long.

"I left the Coopers and Carmack at the telephone yesterday," he said, "and we will take up the case right there. The state contends that Colonel Cooper had no right to turn around and go over there to see Senator Carmack and that he did so with no peaceful intent."

"I have shown you that he had a right under the law to go any place, to follow, to seek out Carmack. And his intent was peaceful, for he went with hand extended. But the state says, 'Why didn't you say your mission was peaceful?' Because he didn't have to. There is no law to compel you when you approach a man on the street to yell out that your mission is a peaceful one. Unless an overt act is committed, it is presumed that everyone's mission is a peaceful one."

Why Did Carmack Shoot?

"Again comes the state's inquiry. Then, why did Senator Carmack open fire almost instantly after he saw Colonel Cooper? God knows, I do not. The state says it is because 'Mrs. Burch, the colonel's daughter, sent word to her husband that 'Papa is armed and threatening to kill Carmack on sight' and that this statement was communicated to Carmack. To begin with, Mrs. Burch's deductions, however honestly made, have nothing to do with these defendants and they are not responsible for them. But even if this message did make Carmack draw and fire, you cannot try these defendants upon what Senator Carmack thought. Had he been the slayer, then it would be competent. But, as a matter of fact, the last message Carmack had from Colonel Cooper was to this effect, 'Unless you cease printing my name, after I send you a note of warning, one of us must leave town, or one of us must die.'"

No Right to Anticipate Trouble.
"Senator Carmack had no right to anticipate any trouble at all until that note had been received by him. The note had not been sent or received, therefore Senator Carmack had no reason to draw a gun when he saw the Coopers appear."

McCarn Grows Strenuous.
Attorney General McCarn began his closing argument at once. He said: "It does not intend to appeal to prejudice or defame the dead, as has been done in this case."

"I have been assailed and denounced, but, thank God, the same tongue which wagged against me also assailed Mrs. Eastman and I am proud that Washington assailed me, too. I haven't any time to shoot at sparrows. They accuse me of abusing the defendants, or unjustly prosecuting them. I am responsible for the conduct of this office and all the devils in hades cannot deter me from my duty. And they say the state has no theory. Well, what of it? When your old dad took you out to lick you, did you ever know what his theory was? And did he ever ask you yours? No! He just decided from the proof that you were guilty and lit into you."

Ridiculous Ancestry.
"They prate of the blue blood and ancestry of these defendants. It always amuses me the way these fellows with blue blood and ancestors always think of those ancestors when they are brought face to face with the law. Now, a man with blue blood and ancestors owes something to this blue blood and those ancestors and he should think of it before he goes out to slay."

McCarn then took the first editorial which Cooper objected to—the one in the News-Sentinel of March 15th, 1908, and which Colonel Cooper claimed he heard Carmack had written. "That editorial was not written by Carmack," said McCarn, "and they knew it. They introduced it for one purpose and that was because it attacked Governor Patterson and they hoped to reach you men on the jury who are and were

RELENTLESS WAR ON MURDER BAND

The Assassination of Sleuth Petrosini at Palermo Stirs Gotham.

WAS AN EXPERT ON THE BLACK HAND

All American Cities Asked to Join in the War of Extermination.

New York, March 13.—Relentless warfare will be waged against the "Black Hand" societies by the police of this, and it is hoped, other cities as a result of the murder of Lieutenant Joseph Petrosino, the noted detective in Palermo, Sicily.

For years Petrosino had been active in his work to bring to justice members of his own race who carried on blackmailing operations in this country through threats of murder made in the name of the "Black Hand."

It is believed here that his murder was the result of a plot that had its inception in the United States and that the persons indirectly responsible for his death are still within the reach of the American police. If so, every effort will be made to bring about their arrest and conviction, and with this end in view Inspector McCafferty, head of the New York detective bureau sent telegrams today to the authorities in the principal cities of the country asking that increased activity be exerted against all black hand suspects. Immediate orders were given to arrest at once all men in New York city who are believed to have connection with "Black Hand" operations.

Consul Cables News.
Deputy Commissioner Woods was officially advised of Petrosini's death through a cablegram from American Consul Bishop at Palermo, which read:

"Petrosini shot, instantly killed; heart of city; this evening. Assassins unknown. Died a martyr."
(Signed) "BISHOP, Consul."

Deputy Commissioner Woods announced that the work in which Petrosini was engaged would not stop because of his death. "It would be hard to overstate the value of Lieutenant Petrosini's work," added Mr. Woods. "Besides being a skillful detective he was an honest, reliable man and had the full respect of every one. Devotion to duty and utter disregard of personal consequences have always been characteristic of him."

Joseph Petrosino was the black hand expert of the New York police department and a terror to Italian criminals. It is said he had more convictions for murder to his credit than any five policemen connected with the detective bureau. In his work it is but natural that he incurred the enmity of all Italian criminals and the report of his death in Italy leads to the belief that he at last fell a victim to those whom he had so relentlessly prosecuted.

Was Working Out a Plan.
He went to Italy more than a year ago to work on a plan suggested by Police Commissioner Bingham, the basis of which was to be the adoption of means to check the tide of undesirable Italians and Sicilians to New York city. A native of Italy and a man of long experience in local police circles he was a man to accomplish the mission. A private subscription was started and \$3,000 was raised. With this to defray the expense of the undertaking, Petrosino left for his native land to establish bureaus through which it was hoped to keep such complete records that the news of any departure from Italy or Sicily of any criminals could be flashed to this country almost immediately so that the authorities here could be on the alert and prevent their landing, or place them under arrest.

Laughed at Threats.
Petrosino was so accustomed to receiving threatening communications and hearing threats against his life that he paid little attention to them. It is said he had been warned against going to Palermo, but that he ignored the threat and scoffed at the idea of being killed.

Prominent Italians in the city say the detective undoubtedly met death among his countrymen as a direct result of his untiring efforts to suppress the Mafia, the Camorra and the Black Hand.

Petrosino's young wife was seen at her home, 233 Lafayette street, but she said that she had heard nothing from her husband since she received a letter on Thursday last. There was a shade of anxiety in her voice as she stood in the doorway holding her little daughter in her arms.

"But," she said, "I am sure that he is all right, or I should know."

Newark Priest and the Scene of His Brutal Assassination



REAR OF RECTORY SHOWING HOW MURDERERS ESCAPED

GOV. MARSHALL TO SPEAK IN GOTHAM

Is One of Trio of Democratic Governors Asked to Party Dinner.

SHIVELY ALSO TO BE ONE OF PARTY

Resurrected Bill Will be Signed by Governor and Made Law.

Indianapolis, March 13.—Governor Marshall today accepted an invitation to make one of the addresses at the banquet of the National Democratic club at the Savoy hotel, New York City, April 13th. The invitation was delivered by a representative of the club who called on the governor while on a special trip made to invite Governor Marshall, Governor Harmon, of Ohio, and Governor Johnson, of Minnesota. All three have accepted. They are the only democratic governors of the north, and with Senator Benjamin F. Shively, recently elected from Indiana, constitute the most important democratic office holders north of the Mason and Dixon line.

WILL SIGN BILL

Indianapolis, March 13.—The Wood police matron bill, designed to provide a police matron for Lafayette, which was found in a safe in the senate chamber yesterday, will be signed by Governor Marshall, when it has been signed by the lieutenant governor and Speaker Honan and all other proper certification of its having passed by the legislature is made.

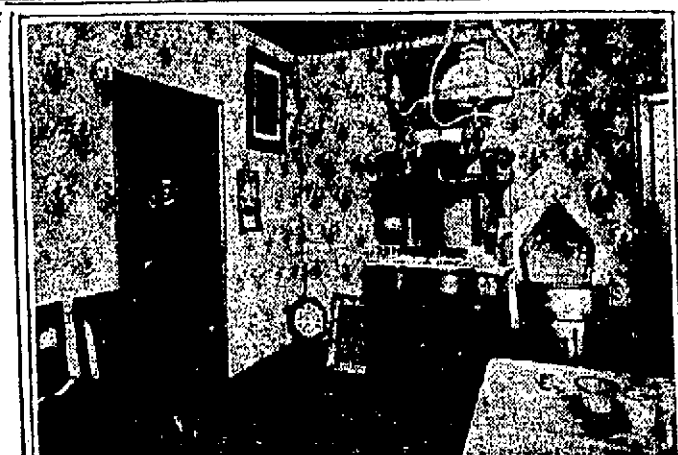
ROOSEVELT MAKES A JOURNEY TO GOTHAM

Visits Aunt and is Guest at Lunch of Magazine Editors and Writers.

New York, March 13.—For the purpose of making calls on several of his kinsfolk and to attend an informal luncheon given in his honor former President Roosevelt made his second trip to New York today. He reached the city shortly after 10 o'clock from his home in Oyster Bay and boarded a surface car in which he went to the home of his aunt, Mrs. J. West Roosevelt. He stopped on the way a few minutes at the century club, where he met several authors and editors.

The chief object of the former president's visit to this city was to be present at an informal luncheon given in his honor by Robert J. Collier. At this luncheon Mr. Roosevelt was extended a hearty welcome to the field of magazine literature by the two dozen editors, with most of whom he was already personally acquainted, and a number of warm personal friends. The luncheon was given at Mr. Collier's home in Park avenue at noon.

After leaving Mr. Collier's home Mr. Roosevelt went to the home of his brother-in-law, Douglas Robinson, in Madison avenue, where he spent the afternoon visiting his sister. He received a number of persons there during the afternoon and returned to Oyster Bay by an early train.



ROOM IN WHICH PRIEST WAS MURDERED

FATE OF RULES TO BE DECIDED FIRST

Republican Caucus Will be Event of Far-Reaching Importance.

TO SHOW STRENGTH OF THE INSURGENTS

Democrats of House Will Hold Their Caucus Next Monday.

Washington, March 13.—Both the republicans and democrats are looking forward to the republican caucus of house members tonight as the climax of the fight against the adoption of the rules of the Sixtieth congress for the incoming congress. The "insurgents" are counselling among themselves today as to what course is best to pursue in relation to the caucus, while the regulars are endeavoring to convince every member of the necessity of staying by the party's action at the caucus. The democratic leaders look to the caucus to reveal positive proof of the strength of the "insurgents."

The democratic leaders are sending out a final appeal to all their members to be present at their caucus Monday.

PARIS YOUTH MAKES A SPECTACULAR EXIT

Blows Out Brains to Give Feature to His Superior Party.

Paris, March 13.—Fernand Ravenez, a wealthy young Parisian, committed suicide at Monte Carlo last night. The young man gave a supper to a number of his friends. The pleasure was fast and furious. Several times during the evening Ravenez cried: "This is nothing; a big surprise is awaiting you at the end."

At dawn when the party was separating Ravenez shouted, "Now for the great surprise."

At the same time he arose abruptly and walked toward the gypsy orchestra, which was playing a Hungarian rhapsody. His friends, expecting a practical joke, watched him expectantly. They were stupefied to see him suddenly place a pistol at his temple and fire. He fell dead.

(Continued on Page Two.)

ANTHRACITE MEN CALL CONVENTION

Meeting of Miners Will Decide Whether Issue is Peace or War.

MEN WILL MEET ON MARCH 23

Philadelphia Conference is Futile—Strike or a Shut-Down Likely.

Philadelphia, March 13.—The members of the three anthracite district executive boards of the miners union held a long session in Central Labor Union hall here today and decided to hold a tri-district convention of the miners at Scranton, Pa., March 23. This convention will receive the report of the full scale committee, which met the operators here and which is composed of the executive boards of the three anthracite districts, and will adopt plans for making further efforts to obtain from the coal companies an agreement to take the place of the present working arrangement, which expires March 31.

Following the conference there will be another conference with the operators. The time between now and March 31 will be spent in electing delegates to the convention. National President Lewis goes to Indianapolis today and will return east in time for the Scranton meeting.

The executive board were behind closed doors for more than two hours. The long session gave rise to reports that the meeting was not harmonious and that some of the delegates expressed themselves rather forcibly on several phases of the situation, but these reports were all denied by Mr. Lewis, who said there was nothing done beyond fixing of a time and place for the convention.

There is nothing on the surface to indicate any change in the situation. The miners will make no further move until the convention meets and the operators are simply waiting on the miners.

Several of the board members of the union expressed the opinion today that the coal companies would shut down April 1. It is understood here that all collieries will work full time during the remainder of this month in order to store up as much coal as possible before the present agreement expires.

CROUSE WAS IN TROUBLE.

Somebody tipped it off in market circles this morning that this was the fortieth birthday of George H. Crouse, the commission man, and the latter has been in hot water all day. He took it good naturedly, however, and promised to seek out the one that started the fun.

Relatives in this city received word Thursday of the death of Hugh Garman, at Allentown, Pa. Adam W. Garman, a brother of the deceased, left at once to attend the funeral, which was held today.

SALOON MEN AGREE UPON BIG CRUSADE

Lid Will Be Clamped Down Tight In Fort Wayne and the Law Faithfully Observed

PROMOTERS SAY IT IS NOT LITTLE SPASM

Rowing to public sentiment the members of the Allen County Licensed Liquor Dealers' association and the Knights of Fidelity, which embrace in their membership practically all of the saloonkeepers in the city and county, have determined to clamp the lid down tight in Fort Wayne and they promise that with the assistance of the police the city will be as dry tomorrow and forever hereafter on Sunday as it can be made with all the saloons closed.

"Don't quote me," said one of the most respectable saloon men in Fort Wayne this morning, "but this thing is on the level and the saloons will be closed. It goes and that's all there is to it. No back or side door business, but just a plain closing up."

"Sentiment is not what it used to be," said a man identified with the wholesale trade, "and the saloon men see it and know they must give in. It is the only way to stop the abuses of the business and I want to say that the stubborn saloon men who don't want to close are going to have a hard time of it as the authorities are with us and we will aid them."

Mayor W. J. Hosey said this morning that a committee composed of Louis Gocke, of the Berghoff Brewing association, Chris Hegerfeld and Frank Deck called upon him late yesterday afternoon and notified him of the action of the saloonkeepers and asked that he give orders tonight that the laws must be obeyed to the letter. They also asked that the sale of liquor in the houses of ill-fame be stopped and this was promised. When the night force goes on tonight each patrolman will be instructed that the saloon men be notified and that keepers of the houses be given to understand that there will be no leniency shown and that beer must be abolished or they will be put out of business.

Afraid of Local Option.
The fight in Jack Louraine's saloon early Friday morning, the murder in the Scott saloon a few months ago and a number of other crimes that have been occasioned by excessive use of liquor and law infraction on the part of the saloon men is working up a feeling that they fear will crystallize in a local option election, which they do not want at this time.

Believing that regulation will stave off this action a few of the more conservative saloon men started a week ago to sound the others and ascertain just what they thought the best method of procedure and a strict compliance with the law was advised by the majority, although there are a few men in the city who can not read the handwriting on the wall and these will be taken care of by the men who have agreed to close.

If the saloon men and city authorities are to be taken at their word the saloons will close at 11 o'clock tonight and remain closed until Monday morning at 5:30 o'clock and not only this, but all screens must be removed and swinging doors opened and curtains drawn as an evidence of good faith. Enough of the interior of every saloon must be exposed to view to make it impossible to carry on business without detection.

Under a compromise agreement the saloons have been permitted to open here on Sunday afternoon for about a year, but this privilege has been abused and men who voluntarily obligated themselves to this much law observance have broken faith. The meeting of yesterday was behind closed doors and the saloon men present at it are not inclined to give out much information, but it is assured that those who banded themselves together for law enforcement will compel every saloon man to close up and do it in good faith.

Slot Machines Going.
The slot machines which have appeared on the counters of nearly every saloon in town within the last few weeks must also go under the general edict and the affair is to take on the magnitude of a big house cleaning in which there will be an effort to elevate the business by law observance on the part of the better element and its enforcement upon the crowd that has no respect for law or public sentiment.

It is the object of the promoters of the crusade to put the business on a legitimate basis and rid the town of those which are dependent upon gambling or any other side issues for their support. This will reduce the number of saloons very materially, according to the belief of the saloon and brewery men, and the city will soon have only as many as can survive by the legitimate sale of liquor. In event the law is really enforced it will be the first time in many years that Fort Wayne has been dry. The determination behind the movement gives every indication that it is sincere and there is little doubt

about tomorrow. However, there is fear expressed that as soon as some of the lawless dealers think public sentiment has died out they will open again and resume business on the same plan as heretofore.

Particular attention will be given to saloons in hotels and with restaurants, chili parlors and other attachments of this kind. The men who are to close will see to it that these bars are not kept open and the police will have a weather eye open for them and the policeman who does not report law infractions will tell the mayor and the board of safety how he came to overlook them.

LIGHTER PLAYS BUT OF SAME HIGH CHARACTER

Plans of Manager Rice for Reorganized Stock Company.

Returning from Chicago where he made arrangements for the reorganization of Our Own Stock company, Manager M. E. Rice, of the Majestic, today announced that about one-third of the important members of the present company will be retained for work in the new company which will put on a lighter class of plays than has been the rule for the past six months. The high character of the productions, however, it is said, will in no sense be lowered. The present company will disband at the close of next week's performances.

"Our new order of entertainment," said Mr. Rice today, "will include comedies and farces, with illustrated songs, moving pictures and vaudeville numbers between acts, making a continuous performance. The William Morris Independent Vaudeville association will supply the vaudeville numbers."

Mr. Rice stated that he is not yet ready to make further announcement regarding the reorganized company, but that he expected next season to resume the same class of plays as has been given during the past winter by Our Own company, and that it is practically certain that the Majestic will maintain a stock company.

T. W. Barhydt, of Terre Haute, is to be in Fort Wayne tomorrow to make arrangements with Mr. Rice to put on a stock company in his city. It is done it is likely that some of the people who are to sever their connection with Our Own Stock company may be engaged for that city. It is the intention of Mr. Rice to have two stock companies, one here and one in Terre Haute, which will alternate in playing in the two cities.

GO TO PRESENT PETITION.

Fort Wayne Shriners Submit Request at Indianapolis.

Messrs. O. N. Guldin, F. E. Stouder, W. E. Doud and E. H. Merritt, as a committee representing Fort Wayne members of the Mystic Shrine, left last evening for Indianapolis to present to Mural temple a request for consent to the organization of Mispah temple of the Mystic Shrine in Fort Wayne. It is believed the Indianapolis organization will readily give its consent.

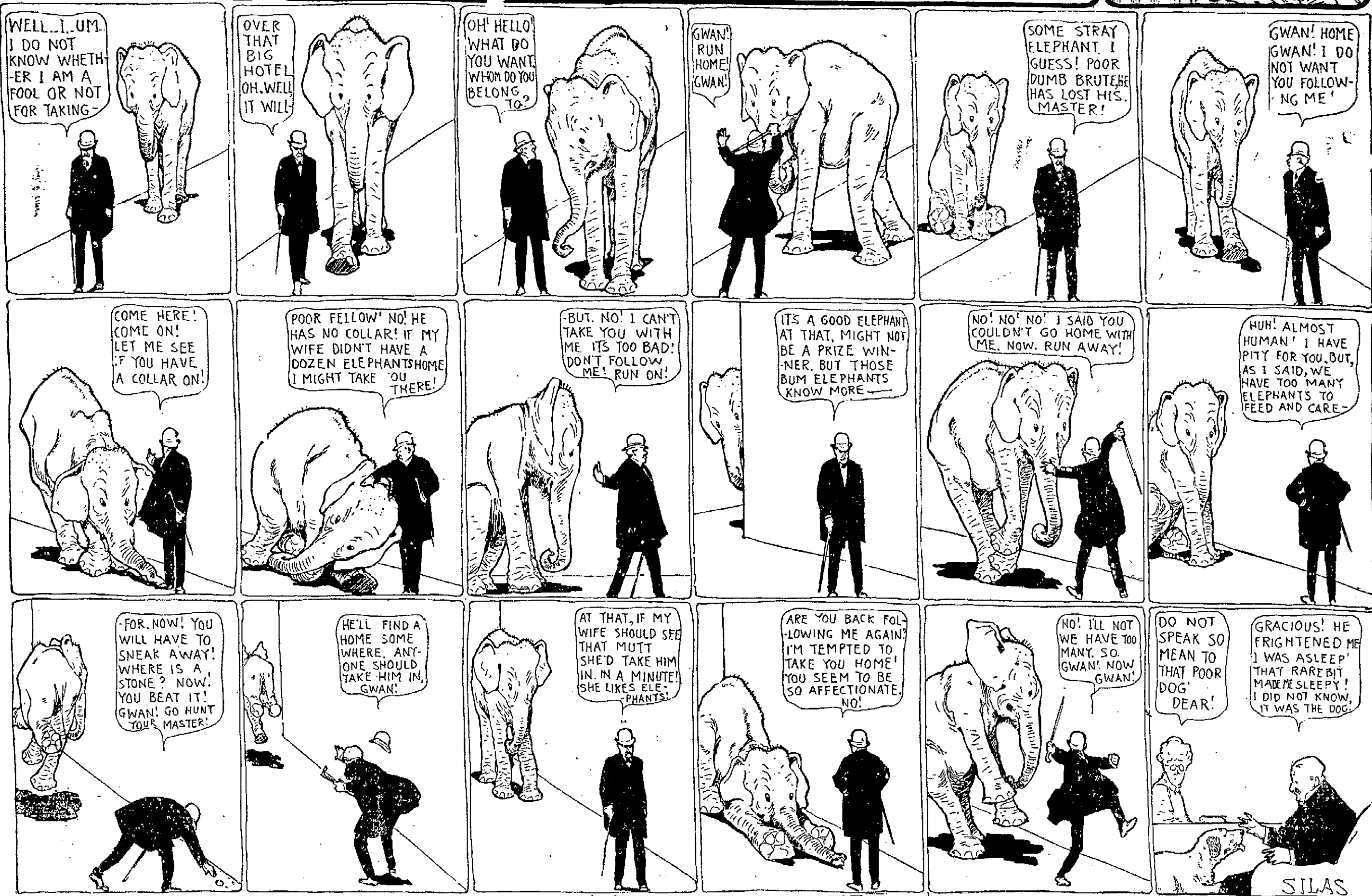
CHANGING ROOM NUMBERS.

Manager Keenan has decided to go back to the old plan of numbering the rooms in his Anthony hotel and the work is being carried on. Heretofore the rooms have been numbered according to the floor, but are hereafter to be numbered from one to one hundred and eighty-nine. Since its opening the hostelry has been doing a rushing business and on a number of nights would-be guests have been turned away. The plumbing work of the last few rooms will be completed within a few days.

AGAIN WHEAT MAY GO UP.

Rise in Chicago Markets Will Probably Have Its Effect Here.
Local grain dealers this morning were of the opinion that they would have to boost the wheat price up a cent or two this evening, as the Chicago markets rose two cents yesterday, and if this hold good throughout the day, it means a higher level for next week's market. Fact is, at present the great wheat belt is bulging July wheat to \$1.20 or fifteen cents above its quotation now. The receipts here continue light, but a rise result in a betterment.

DREAM OF THE RAREBIT FIEND



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We Have Washing Facilities Which You Cannot Have at Home

That, in brief, is why we can do your family washing better than you can get it done in your own home.

OUR EMPLOYEES are experts in washing and ironing. They have earned their living that way for years so by their constant practice they have become experts.

OUR MACHINERY is better, far better, than you could ever hope to install in a private home.

OUR SOFT WATER is purer than you can get anywhere. Rain water is soft enough, but think of the dirt and stains it brings with it from the roof, pipes and cisterns. You would not think of drinking cistern water without filtering, yet our soft water is good and healthful to drink, and many people are coming with jugs and pails to get water for drinking purposes.

So send your washing to The Troy. You will not only get BETTER washing, but you will find it cheaper too. Phone 160 for our wagon.

The National Water Softener at our plant never fails to do its work. It is not only automatic, but accurate, too.

The TROY LAUNDRY
308-314 Pearl Street.
Phone 160

CARD CONTEST LASTS 20 YEARS.

Michigan Veteran Wins Ten Consecutive Games After Long Effort.

Traverse City, Mich., March 13.—John W. Wallace and D. W. Lazelle, civil war veterans, have just completed in their home village of Manacelon, a card playing contest that lasted twenty years. Two decades ago an agreement was made that the village championship should be accorded to the one of the two soldiers who could win ten consecutive games of puccelle.

Night after night, alternating between the homes of the two contestants, and omitting Sundays, the contest has gone on for a score of years. Several times Wallace had nine games to his credit only to lose the tenth to Lazelle. But patiently and carefully the score was kept and it is said that in all the twenty years of playing not an angry word was spoken by either of the contestants.

When Wallace won his tenth consecutive game Wednesday night Lazelle promptly challenged him for another series, but Wallace declined on the ground that neither he nor his opponent would live long enough.

HIRSCHEL HOGG SURRENDERS.

Escaped Tennessee Night Rider Gives Himself Up to Jailor.

Union City, Tenn., March 13.—Hirschel Hogg, a confessed member of the band of night riders that killed Capt. Quentin Finken at Walnut Log and who escaped from jail at Dresden Saturday night, returned last night and voluntarily surrendered to the jailor.

Hogg was one of the star witnesses

for the state in the recent night rider trials and his value as a witness in the coming trials is of the utmost importance. Since his escape he had been in hiding at his home on Red-foot lake and, although the vicinity had been under constant surveillance, he succeeded in eluding the officers.

ENGINEER A HERO.

Runs Locomotive Twenty Miles With His Throat Cut.

Milwaukee, Wis., March 13.—An evening Wisconsin special from Marshfield, Wis., says:

James Delmore, an engineer, whose run is on the Omaha railroad between here and Merrillan, yesterday made himself a hero. He was forcing his engine at a forty mile clip through the huge snow drifts when the window glass of his cab was broken by contact with the snow, wind and ice, hurling a piece of the broken glass against his throat, cutting a deep gash and nearly severing the jugular vein.

With one hand on the throttle and the other holding the wound to stem the profuse flow of blood, he brought his train safely to Granton, a distance

of twenty miles. There, nearly dead from the loss of blood, he was taken to a hospital, where it is believed he will recover.

PERSIA AGAIN IN TURMOIL.

Fresh Insurrection Imminent in the Shah's Empire.

St. Petersburg, March 13.—The situation in Persia again is attracting attention in St. Petersburg. The government is sending a division of Cossacks to Teheran, and it has ordered the consuls at Resit and Astrabad to summon Caspian warships in the event of outbreaks threatening the interests of Russia. The Novoe Vremya today publishes a Teheran dispatch saying the situation is critical, that an insurrection is imminent and that only a strong military detachment can prevent the sacking of Teheran.

The rise of banking in London may be said to date from 1672, when the king confiscated the amounts outstanding at the credit of the wealthy goldsmiths, said Charles Welch recently, speaking at the London Institution.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

What the Sentinel Had to Say About Persons and Events Twenty-Five Years Ago.

Marriage license: Richard McBride, and Margaret E. Stroup.

Dan Harding arrived in the city this morning from Liverpool, England.

T. J. Logan is taking evidence in the Wood murder trial in shorthand.

The Nickel Plate road will put a watchman at the crossing near the East Main street river bridge.

The stone for the new First Presbyterian church will come from Stony Island, where S. B. Bond has a big quarry.

The Indianapolis Journal mentions Judge R. S. Taylor, of this city, as a candidate for the republican nomination for governor.

Capt. J. B. White has subscribed \$10 toward the erection of a monument to Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, in Westminster Abbey.

Matshal Dick Myer filed his official bond this morning in the sum of \$3,000. Fred Eckart and C. A. Kampe are sureties. The bond is a good one. City Treasurer Berghoff keeps his office open until 9 o'clock each night in order to give laboring men a chance to pay their taxes after supper. Mr. Berghoff is making a popular officer.

Buffalo Bill has written to Secretary Rockhill for the fair grounds for May 28. Buffalo Bill has an outdoor border drama called "Wild West" which he wants to give on the fair grounds.

Charley MacDougal has been promoted to the position resigned by Councilman Christ Kramer in the wholesale department of Root & Co. Charley is a clever boy, and may some day be at the head of a dry goods house himself.

The vote in the city council on the

election of a city marshal was as follows: Diederick Meyers, 10 votes; C. Kelly, 4; Thomas Doyle, 4. For city civil engineer the vote was: Jesse R. Straghan, 10; Jacob Goshorn, 4; Frank Shoals, 4.

So far this week fifteen fox scalps have been given Auditor Griebel. On each scalp the law says the county commissioners shall pay a bounty of \$1.50. The fox-killing business pays and the farmer boys have great sport in running the sly animals down.

Scott's Emulsion

is for coughs and colds as well as for consumption. It's easy for Scott's Emulsion to cure a cold or cough and it does it better than anything else because it builds up and strengthens at the same time.

Don't wait until you get Consumption or Bronchitis. Get Scott's.

Send this advertisement, together with name of paper in which it appears, your address and four cents to cover postage, and we will send you a "Complete Handy Atlas of the World." SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is **Laxative Bromo Quinine** & *The* on every box. 25c

Some Fine Bargains

IN SECOND HAND PIANOS AT

Jacobs' Music House

1 Emerson Upright, ebony case, in good condition, \$98.

1 Genuine Haines Bros. Upright, ebony case, in fine order, \$118.00.

1 Mahogany finish Upright Kingsbury, good tone and action, \$112.00.

1 \$500 Upright Handsome Rosewood case, elegant tone, \$178.00.

1 \$450 Walnut Upright Ludwig, almost as good as new, \$178.00.

1 \$500 Walnut Upright K. & B. with better tone today than some of the so-called \$450 Uprights offered by other houses, \$195.00.

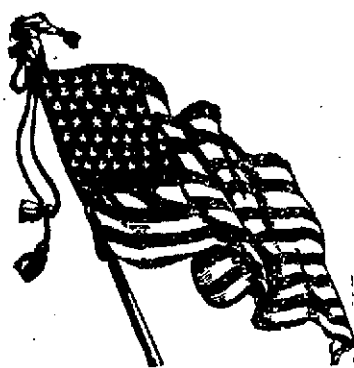
We also have several High-grade shop-worn Pianos which we sell for \$100 less than the regular price. Any of the second hand pianos can be exchanged on Krausch & Bach, Krallamer or Player Pianos any time within two years, and money paid thereon allowed in full.

All Instruments Sold on Easy Payments

Geo. Jacobs' Music House

1021-1013 Calhoun Street

The Bank at the Transfer Corner



IDLE MONEY

is that which you carry in is that which you carry in your It earns nothing and a thousand whims and petty extravagances lie in wait. You should put your money to work. It has earning power that is too valuable to lose by laying the money away or carrying it with you. We suggest that you open an account at our bank. You will thank us later on for the suggestion.

HAMILTON NATIONAL BANK

CHARLES McCULLOCH, President. F. H. POOLE, Cashier. J. R. McCULLOCH, Vice President. H. J. TAYLOR, Asst. Cashier. W. H. MYERS, Assistant Cashier.

Ground in Dirt:

Ever get your hands so dirty and grimy that ordinary soaps didn't seem to touch it? Couldn't get the dirt out of the cracks and pores of the skin, could you? Here's what you want—Try Whiz—Water-rub—rinse—and—

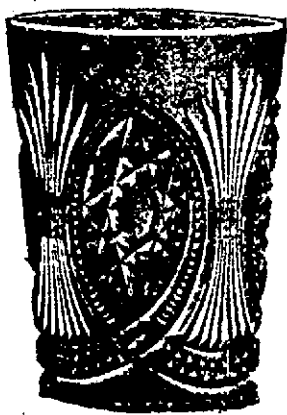


How to Cure Pimples

The germs that cause skin eruptions must be drawn to the surface of the skin and destroyed. CERMO TINCTURE is a scientific preparation for external use and will do this and permanently cure Pimples, Cold Sores, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, and all forms of itching skin disease.

Put up in 25c and 50c sizes. Try one bottle and be convinced, or write us for Free Pamphlet and we will tell you where to get it in Fort Wayne. OHIO CHEMICAL WORKS, Toledo, Ohio.

Try Sentinel Want Ads.



Here It is Again
The Prettiest and Best \$1.00
Gut Glass Tumblers
Ever Offered for Sale in the City
DALLAS F. GREEN
ARCADE JEWELER

Turkish Ambassador Who is Accused of Grafting.



MUNDOL REY

Washington, March 12.—Three hundred thousand Ottoman subjects living in the United States have petitioned Kalmiz Bey, Turkish ambassador to the United States, to urge that Muntzil Bey, Turkish consul at New York, be deposed for what they call "grafting." The petitioners allege that Muntzil

Bey has taken advantage of ignorance of Syrians, Greeks and Armenians seeking passports to their native lands by over-charging them for his official signature and Turkish stamps for those documents. "I shall look into these grave charges with diligence, dispatch and care," said the ambassador. "I shall send a representative to New York within three days to investigate them. Should they prove true and well grounded, I shall deem it my duty to relieve the situation."

noble character, but as he did not recover I sent it elsewhere, having previously sent out more than a hundred copies of this same verse, to people who deserved it. The verse reads as follows (and the poet's own handwriting adds pleasure in the reading):

WHAT IS GOOD?

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, said the seer.

Spoke my heart full sadly;
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word."
—John Boyle O'Reilly.



Headaches From Eyestrain

More than seventy per cent of headaches come from the eyes. If you are a sufferer you can find relief from nervousness, headaches and dizziness in rightly fitted glasses. My Examination Will Cost You Nothing. THE MEIGS METHOD eliminates the guessing and assures correct glasses. (If you do not need them you will be frankly told so.) Glasses from \$1.00 up.

C. A. Meigs

Eyeglass Specialist,
Lyric Theater Bldg.
1012 CALHOUN ST.

We'll Help

You out. MONEY here at our office for you. Come and get it. We loan on furniture, pianos, horses, wagons, fixtures, etc. PAYMENTS SMALL—TERMS EASY. Privately and Quickly You will miss it if you don't come to us when you want money. HOME PHONE—1773.

PEOPLE'S LOAN CO.

715 Calhoun St., Opp. Court House, 2d Floor, Room 5, Second Block.

What We Have Done for Others We Will Do for You.

Read what advertising in The Fort Wayne Sentinel has done for Bruce W. Elliott, expert advertising writer for a number of Fort Wayne business houses.

The Sentinel,
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Gentlemen:

Perhaps you would like to know, in fact I am sure you would, just how much my advertising in The Sentinel has paid me.

I have been advertising for about three months. In that time I have received enough business, directly traceable to the advertising and to no other source, to pay for my advertising expense for two years.

When I consider that I started this advertising merely with the idea to help get one or two firms, whom I had called on, and that the business to which I refer above, was secured with no other solicitation, you may know that I realize more fully than ever that ADVERTISING PAYS.

Yours very truly,
B. W. ELLIOTT.

The Investment Company of Northern Indiana

Bonds for Trustees, Executors and Private Investors. We want offerings of, and bids for, the stocks of the Fort Wayne Banks and Trust Companies.
HAMILTON NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.
Telephone 440.

Co-operative Home Securing

—Through—
THE CO-OPERATIVE HOMESTEAD CO.
—Address—
C. M. MAXWELL, Local Missionary,
Member Governor's Council,
1922 Fairfield Ave. Fort Wayne, Ind.

Room No. 26 Bank Block.
JAMES E. GRAHAM
LAWYER, NOTARY PUBLIC AND
INSURANCE AGENT.
JOHN M. EVANS
Real Estate and Insurance Broker.

French Dry Cleaning Co.

Ostrich Plumes cleaned,
Bleached, Dyed and Curled. 1205
Calhoun. Phones, office, 2198;
works, 859.

John F. Schwegman

Plumbing, Gas and Steam Heating
CONTRACTOR—
Phone 207. Residence Phone 1074
1025 Calhoun Street.

ELECTRIC TALKS No. 54

Embracing a Wrong Opportunity

The funny man tells us that "everyone has the right to make a fool of himself, but some fellows have more opportunities than others." Now in 1906 Fort Wayne gained the right to undertake any kind of electric lighting it chose.

In 1907 and 1908, with all the records of municipal ownership failures daily coming to hand, Fort Wayne seized its opportunity. In 1909 are we not beginning to taste the bitterness of that folly?

It certainly looks that way. In our last talk we noted some of the warnings in events occurring prior to 1908 that Fort Wayne might have heeded. There were others, plenty of them, both in the lighting and in other fields of municipal ownership.

On the records were to be found these ten communities in the United States that had not found public ownership what it was cracked up to be and had **SOLD ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANTS** to private corporations or individuals: Lakewood, O., English, Ind., South Pittsburg, Tenn., Lowell, Ind., Harvard, Ill., Beverly, O., Lebanon, Tenn., Chidlersville, O., West Newton, Pa., and Shepherds-town, W. Va. Hedrick, Ia., had sold its municipal gas plant.

These five towns offered their **ELECTRIC PLANTS FOR SALE** or arranged to sell them: Galena, Ill., Princeton, Ill., Washington, Ind., Kansas, Ill., and Pegasus, Mo.

Many towns and cities where the white elephant of a municipal plant could find no purchaser, or where, for other reasons, it was not feasible to get rid of the distribution system, made arrangements to **QUIT GENERATING ELECTRICITY** and buy their electric current at cheaper cost from private companies.

Among these latter were Grand Rapids, Mich., Fort William, Ontario, Mid-dletown, Pa., Escanaba, Mich., Millers Falls, Mass., Mooresville, N. C., and Souderton, Pa.

Marengo, Ill., **LEASED ITS ELECTRIC PLANT** to private parties for operation, and the municipal electric plant of East Forks, Minn., burned and the citizens decided not to rebuild it.

Syracuse, N. Y., Sioux City, Ia., Camden, N. J., Winchester, Mass., and Ruth-erford, N. J., had special committees investigate the feasibility of entering upon municipal ownership projects, gas and electric. Conclusions recommending **AD-VERSELY** were returned.

The inquiry especially by Syracuse was extensive and exhaustive and takes rank with the most notable investigations made in this country. After a most careful analysis of the figures resulting from its investigations in Detroit—the only leading city of the country which made even a plausible claim for success under public ownership of electric lighting—the Syracuse lighting commission reported:

"Considering the fact that Detroit has more than twice the population of Syracuse, and that it has more than twice the number of arc lamps in street service; that coal is somewhat cheaper in Detroit; that the total number of hours scheduled per lamp is somewhat less than Syracuse and that the Detroit management is full as efficient as could be reasonably expected in Syracuse, the above analysis does **NOT** indicate that Syracuse could now secure **CHEAPER** lighting for its streets **FROM A MUNICIPAL PLANT** than under its existing contract rates."

Was it not in an era of black-eyes for municipal ownership of lighting and other utilities all over the world that **FORT WAYNE** went into its **HYPNOTIC TRANCE** on public lighting?

Does the City administration expect to pull us out of the depths of that trance by hitching on commercial lighting in competition with a well equipped private plant?

Perhaps the play—a play to the gallery—is to try to show a little apparent profit at the start. But will it last long?

What is generally the result in such cases?

Fort Wayne @ Wabash Valley Traction Company

The Fort Wayne Sentinel

EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY.

BY E. A. K. HACKETT.

VOL. LXX. NO. 193

Entered at the Postoffice, Fort Wayne, Ind., as second-class mail matter.

Daily, 10c per Week, Weekly, \$1 per Year

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SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1909.

TONIGHT.

Labor Unions—Brewery Workmen, No. 62; Iron, Tin and Steel Workers, No. 17.

Miscellaneous—United Commercial Travelers.

Fraternal—Rathbone Temple, No. 31, Pythian Sisters; Ladies of the Mac-cabees, Hivo No. 27; Minerva Council, No. 68, D. of P.; Carmen Old Fort Lodge, No. 379.

Amusements—Temple theater, vaudeville; Lyric theater, continuous motion pictures; Majestic theater, "Graustark."

STANDPATISM MENACED.

Speaker Cannon is not a sacred person nor are the rules of the house divine ordinances. One is almost persuaded that quite the contrary is true in both cases from the touching plea that is made for re-election of Uncle Joe and the desperate defense that is set up for the rules. The insurgent movement in the house is a more serious menace than the public is aware of and there will be a great rallying of forces between now and Monday.

All this activity is not strictly in behalf of Speaker Cannon and the rules. Standpatism in the house is in danger and that spells collapse of the power of tariff-fed interests. With Cannon down and out and the rules amended so that Cannon, Dalsell and Payne cannot among themselves determine with unqualified absolutism what measures the house shall consider and what it shall not consider, something approximating real tariff revision might be looked for in the house.

Dissatisfaction and complaint have at last come forth an embodied opposition to the old order and there is great threat of peril to the standpat regime. President Taft is said to have come to the rescue of Cannon. If that is true, President Taft has taken assurance that some part of what he wants will be the permitted program in the house.

RELATED REFORM.

Related, but no less welcome, and unique in the source from which it springs, saloon reform in Fort Wayne is about to become a fact. The saloonkeepers themselves, or the wiser and more far-seeing, as well as better element among them have conceived, planned and inaugurated the reform.

A lid of their own making and management is to go on and stay on. They did not get orders from the city hall, but they have assurance from the city hall that the reform shall have the co-operation and assistance of the police department.

The 11 o'clock laws and the Sunday laws, together with all other statutory prescriptions for the regulation of the retail liquor traffic are to be kept. The recalcitrant will have, therefore, not only the police, but the law-observing saloonists to deal with.

This promises well. Had counsel been thus taken of wisdom a long time ago it may very reasonably be believed that the threat of trouble hanging over the saloon business in Fort Wayne would not now be quite so menacing. We have held all along that the unrestrained indulgence of the saloon business by the authorities was about as bad a thing for the business as could well be thought of. The saloonists now see it. They realize that the traffic even greatly restricted is from their own point of view vastly to be preferred to no traffic at all. Whether the hostile public sentiment the "wide open" regime has engendered in this city and county can be placated by the reform that is now promised remains to be seen.

GOOD ROADS ENTHUSIASM.

Good roads enthusiasm appears to have subsided somewhat in this section, though we trust this apparent abatement of zeal is only temporary and really presages an era of effective activity. A real impetus was given the movement last summer, but the sentiment created and the zeal kindled have not yet been embodied in concrete results. It is always interesting to note what is in progress elsewhere in the good roads propaganda and this brief paragraph from the Los Angeles (Cal.) Times indicates an impressive awakening out there:

"It [good roads] is a new idea with us in California, but it is growing like the weeds by the roadside these warm, damp spring days. The single county of Los Angeles is getting busy to spend 3 1/2 million dollars in the construction of 800 miles of fine roads inside of its own limits. The state, we hope, will not lag behind in response to this Twentieth century sentiment. The governor asks for an appropriation of 18 million dollars to build two trunk lines the whole length of the state, in all something like 1,000 miles."

Los Angeles is a great and wealthy city and can afford to spend vast sums for roads, but there is no such disparity between her wealth and population and our own wealth and population as would be indicated by the difference between her three and a half million dollars and any sum it would be possible to secure in this county for good roads. Moreover, we need no such

sum to make our roads all that it could be desired they should be. But there is something magnificent and impressive in the Los Angeles way of going about her good roads enterprises.

Hon. James Eli Watson appears to be sufficiently indispensable to the proper conduct and progress of public affairs in Washington to wholly justify creating him a berth as congressman-at-large from the United States and all appurtenant territory thereunto belonging. Never saw anybody so inveterately useful as the favorite son of Gowdville, state of Indiana.

Reported bankruptcy of Kausas City, Kansas, as a result of closing the saloons is alas! too true. Bank deposits show only a paltry increase of \$2,559, \$85 over deposits of one year ago.

Hope there is nothing in Mayor Hoesy's extra-legal code to prevent the Fort Wayne saloonkeepers obeying the Indiana statutes if they see fit to do it.

William for Cannon and the rules; Teddy for the insurgents and an open house. Looks as though a tug of war of great class was to come off.

Saloonkeepers seem to have got tired waiting.

AFTER ALLEGED BANK ROBBER. Los Angeles, Cal., March 13.—Papers have been placed in the hands of Governor Gillett by Los Angeles county officers to be used as a basis for extradition papers for Allen George Beatty, under arrest at Dayton, Ohio, charged with robbing the First National bank of Monrovia, Cal., of \$29,000. Sheriff Hammell expects to start for Dayton Monday to bring Beatty back to Los Angeles for trial.

LETTER TO BUSSINESS MEN

Taft and Business, Business and Taft Synonymous Terms.

By HENRY M. WILLIAMS.

President Taft is a soother, a smoother; no one can resist his peace-making persuasiveness. When Mr. Taft enters a room full of men, quarreling, jangling, a peaceful calm seems to emanate from him; his presence is a soothing balm. It will be just so with the business interests of the country, and as soon as the tariff question is settled, about June 1, I predict a very considerable revival of business, the calm after the storm.

Roosevelt was the storm; a much needed purification of the atmosphere. I was a delegate to the National Civil Service Reform meeting in Cincinnati some years ago, the late Carl Schurz its president, and after his address Mr. Taft invited a dozen of us to his offices, the largest, most grand looking law offices I have ever been in. No wonder he was proud of them. My lawyers' offices in New York, though fairly good size, could not compare with Mr. Taft's, nor any others in New York probably, ground rents being so high in that marvelous city.

Mr. Taft as host in his high ceiling apartments was geniality personified.

President McKinley was also a very kindly man, but with not so much of that pacifying talent as President Taft. McKinley's care and thoughtfulness for others was remarkably exemplified at Buffalo just after he was shot, when his first remark was, in the very midst of all the indignant crowd surrounding him, "Don't hurt the man." His second remark, showing that spirit of kindness and thoughtfulness for others, "I am very sorry to have this interrupted the exposition," fearing evidently that the tragedy would injure its success. His third kind-hearted remark showing thoughtfulness for others was "Don't tell my wife." A remarkable trio of men to be proud of. McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft, and the greatest of these is Roosevelt, as far as we yet know; not merely a brilliant meteor in the sky, but a bright sun, broad and brilliant, illuminating every subject he shone upon, a bright light in dark places. The republican party was rapidly drifting into looseness, the schemers misusing McKinley's kindness and tender-hearted gentleness. In short the republican party was going to the devil rapidly, and would have been beaten at the next election if Roosevelt had not taken the helm. My remark at the time was "Fate threw a double six when she took away McKinley in the height of his glory and put Roosevelt in his place, the assassin's bullet saved the party, and the country." I had framed up ready to send to McKinley, if he had recovered, a copy of that beautiful verse in autograph form of John Boyle O'Reilly on "Kindness," illustrative of McKinley's

Allen County DRY

Not Yet But Soon

You are invited to attend a Mass Meeting on **SUNDAY, MARCH 14, at 2:30 p. m., at Wayne Street M. E. Church.** Judge A. Z. Blair, of Portsmouth, Ohio, one of Ohio's most successful judges, will speak.

1,700,000 people in Indiana now live in Saloonless Territory. 877 Townships out of 1,016 are dry; 57 dry County Seats; 52

dry Counties out of 92.		
Date.	County.	County Seat.
March 16	Miami	Pera.
March 23	Greene	Bloomfield.
March 23	Benton	Forster.
March 23	Montgomery	Crawfordsville
March 24	Ohio	Rising Sun
March 25	Elkhart	Goshen
March 30	Jennings	Vernon
March 30	Bartholomew	Columbus
March 30	Vermillion	Newport
March 31	Henry	New Castle
April 1	Blackford	Hartford City
March 22	Orange	Parli.
April 6	Cass	Logansport.

SOCIETY

Mrs. George C. Ketchum, of Huron, O., and Mrs. F. M. Bennett, of Mackinac Island, who are visiting Mrs. Frank B. Taylor, were the visitors for whom Mrs. Daniel L. Harding invited a few other ladies to bring their sewing and spend this afternoon at her home in West DeWald street. The guests were friends the visitors have made during previous visits here. The gathering was quite informal but was none the less one of delight to all present.

Miss Lura Fee, of Hoagland avenue, has given two of a series of three small parties this week and next Friday evening will entertain about the same number of guests to complete the number. At each company from fifteen to twenty ladies and gentlemen have been entertained at a new and novel game. The game is called a pictured biography and consists in having each guest answer a set of questions in blank books provided for the purpose, by selecting pictures from magazines, cutting them out and pasting them in the book. Each guest is secretly given the name of someone present for the subject of his biography and the fun begins in looking for illustrations. The height of the amusing entertainment is reached when the books are exchanged and looked over and it is guessed who is the subject of each one. The books are numbered for that part of the game. When the guests are invited they are asked to bring two or three discarded magazines with them in order that there will be plenty of material to use. It is declared that bridge seems the essence of dullness after a game of pictured biography.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Rastetter have returned from a trip to New York. Mrs. Ben Levy, of West Berry street, has returned from a visit in Chicago.

Mrs. Fred S. Hunting will go to Chicago the coming week for a fortnight's visit.

Miss Mary Murdock returned to Lafayette today after a visit with Miss Sadie Fleming.

Miss Martha Pierce, of Hoagland avenue, entertained the Girl Question club last evening.

Miss Florence Neil, of Lafayette, is visiting Mrs. J. J. Disser, 447 East Pontiac street.

Mrs. W. L. Granger, of 501 High street, has returned from a week's visit in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fleming and Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Dinnen are at West Baden for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Wing entertained the Wednesday Night Club at their home last evening.

Miss Dorothy Alden and her guest, Miss Mary Doty, of Little Rock, Ark., have returned from a visit in Detroit.

Mrs. C. H. Pangborn, of 1232 West Jefferson street, entertained a number of her friends yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. A. R. Seavey has returned from a three weeks' visit in the northern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Zahrt, of 2334 Hoagland avenue, have as their guests Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Eversole, of Logansport.

Miss Agnes Smith, of Sioux City, Ia., will arrive here the first of next week to visit Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Smith.

Mrs. C. D. Emmons will leave within a day or two for Lexington, Ky., to visit Mrs. J. B. Crawford for a few days.

Miss Myrtle Wilson, of Glasgow avenue, has returned from a visit in Monroeville with her aunt, Mrs. J. E. Whitney.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Light, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Belden Eckenrode, have returned to their home in Ansonia, O.

Frank Besse will go to St. Louis this evening accompanying his wife home after a four weeks' visit with relatives in that city.

Virginia McDonald and Miss Grace Conklin. Prizes in cards were won by Miss Minnie Lelander and Roy Livingston. The invited guests were Misses Martha Wertman, Mary Bicknese, Frances Deck, Minnie Leinker, Ella Hummel, Clara Neher, Matthe Ostrman, Agnes Dolan, Helen Dolan, Grace Conklin, Virginia McDonald, Ruth Evans and Messrs. Will Conklin, Richard Markam, Emmet Wilson, Robert Hayes, Ralph Conners, Wayne Sullivan, Erwin Henderson, Randall Foellinger, Sylvester Harris, Roy Livingston, Elmer Haskell. Out of town guests were Ida Grogg and Harrison Grogg, from Auburn, and Harvey Dushman and Elva Bloom, from Roanoke. Mr. Schober will return to Chicago in a few days.

Will Entertain W. C. T. U. There will be a social meeting of the W. C. T. U., on Thursday evening of next week, at the home of Mrs. William M. McMaken, 2410 South Broadway. Special meetings of the local branch of the union will be held the first four days of the coming week in the Third Presbyterian church in charge of Mrs. Josephine Walmer, of Bluffton.

Visiting Nurse Stories. The following illustrations of the need of practical help in the field of philanthropy that a visiting nurse can give, were related at the annual meeting of the Visiting Nurse league, held in Elks hall on Thursday. They need no explanation. "There are no rooms here," said the speaker, "like the one a visiting nurse found in beautiful Washington a few years ago. There were eight people there living in one room in a tenement district and they got along pretty well until they began to take boarders and then the trouble began. Neither have we any home in this city like the one in which lived the little girl whose teacher gave her a picture to hang on the wall. 'But please ma'am,' said the little girl, 'we ain't got no wall. You see it's this way; there were four families livin' there when we moved in and they have all the wall. We live in the middle and we ain't got no wall!'"

Rehearsal of Orchestra. Prof. Troendel has called a rehearsal for his symphony orchestra players tomorrow afternoon at the Art school building, in West Wayne street, at 3 o'clock. A reorganization of the orchestra will be effective and all are requested to be present.

With the Literary Clubs. There will be a postponed meeting of the Fortnightly club on Monday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Foster. Mr. Foster will read a paper on Voltaire and Mrs. C. L. Olds, Dr. W. D. Calvin, Dr. Ben Perley Weaver and Thomas R. Cook will lead the discussion.

The Nos. Temps club will meet on Monday with Mrs. A. R. Burr, 1123 West Jefferson street. The subjects will be "Rural Life in Italy," "Women and the Home Life in Italy," and "Italian Writers of Today." Mrs. George Kronmiller will be the leader.

The Nineteenth Century club will meet with Mrs. Charles Lang on Tuesday. The topic of study is Italian art.

The Book Reviewers will meet on Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. W. A. Evans and Mrs. F. W. Miles will review "Rose McClellan" by Alice Brown.

The Saturday club meeting on Monday will be at the home of Mrs. A. J. Deizer. The subject of costumes in the middle ages will be reviewed by Mrs. Lombard, Mrs. Deizer, Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Fisher.

The Current Literature club will have a guest day on Tuesday with Mrs. Arthur L. Hadley as hostess.

Notable Shakespearean Revival in New York.



MR. MANTELL, IN SHAKESPEARE'S KING JOHN.

New York, March 12.—Shakespeare came back to New York when at the New Amsterdam theater Robert Mantell appeared in the title role of the tragedy "King John." The company was a very good one, the scenic background was most effective and the big audience applauded liberally. "King John" is one of Shakespeare's plays that has long been neglected here. Historians will tell us when it was last done and by whom, but it is safe to assert that it came as a novelty to most of the audience.

I Know Advertising Pays

I know my own advertising pays. I have been in business and have been advertising for three months. In that time I have received DIRECTLY from this advertising enough business to pay my entire advertising expense for two years.

Some advertising does not pay. Good advertising always pays. IF YOUR advertising has not paid, it is merely because it is not good.

So get good advertising. You know where.

Bruce W. Elliott
Effective Advertising.
214 East Main St.

Headaches and Eyestrain

Many who for years have suffered intensely from chronic sick headaches, using drugs of all kinds without benefit, have found immediate and permanent relief in properly adjusted glasses, because eyestrain was the cause. We take away the strain and the relief is lasting.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Trenkley & Koerber
816 Calhoun St.

FARM HOME IS BURNED.

Residence of Harvey Arnold, Near Arcola, Wiped Out By Flames.

The home of Harvey Arnold, two miles west of Arcola, in Lake township, Allen county, burned down Friday forenoon, as the result of a fire that originated from a defective chimney.

The family managed to save their goods, but the building, a frame one, was destroyed. It was owned by Mrs. Margaret Conner, of Erie, Pa., and was fully insured. The family were given shelter by their neighbors until they can secure another home.

STEEL WORK BEGINS TUESDAY.

The steel erectors to put up the structural body of the new Shooft building are all in the city prepared to begin work about Tuesday morning when the steel will arrive. The steel base plates will all be placed by Tuesday night. It is thought about fifty days will be required to erect the steel.

PIRATES AT HOT SPRINGS.

Hot Springs, Ark., March 13.—Twenty-one members of the Pittsburg National league team, under the leadership of Tommy Leach, arrived here yesterday for their spring practice.

MILLINERY OPENING

Tuesday, March 16th at Ofenloch Sisters, 1917 Lafayette St.

MILLINERY OPENING

The public is cordially invited to attend our millinery opening Wednesday afternoon and evening, March 17.

BORGMAN & STEIN,
1111 Broadway.

Notice to Subscribers

DO you get THE SENTINEL before 6 p. m.?
DO you get it regularly?
DO you find it in readable condition?
DO you receive courteous treatment at the hands of the carrier?
DOES he carry change when collecting?
DOES he consult your convenience in placing your paper where you can readily find it?
If the carrier fails in any respect mentioned above, you are being imposed upon and THE SENTINEL should know about it at once.

If your paper fails to arrive on time, or not at all, call 173, either phone, after 6 p. m. and THE SENTINEL will be sent to you by special Red Line messenger.

If the carrier fails in any other respect call 173, either phone, at any time and the carrier will be called to account.

In case of removal always notify THE SENTINEL, which will assure prompt delivery of the paper at your new address.

Initial Tablets

We have another large stock—a complete assortment of stationery, letters, handbills, business cards, and writing fluid in all sizes.

10c each

Envelopes to match, and a complete stock of inks, mullage, library paste, and writing fluid in all sizes.

J. NUSSBAUM PHARMACY

202 W. Berry St., Corner Harrison. Call up Phone 477.

Interurban Time Tables.

FORT WAYNE & WABASH VALLEY TRACTION COMPANY.
(Effective December 6, 1908.)

Fort Wayne to Indianapolis and Lafayette (West Bound.)
Leave Fort Wayne at 8:00 a. m.; 10:00 a. m.; 12:00 p. m.; 2:30 p. m.; 4:30 p. m.; 6:45 p. m.; 8:00 p. m.; 9:30 p. m.; 11:00 p. m.
Lafayette to Fort Wayne (East Bound.)
Leave Lafayette at 8:00 a. m.; 10:00 a. m.; 12:00 p. m.; 2:30 p. m.; 4:30 p. m.; 6:45 p. m.; 8:00 p. m.; 9:30 p. m.; 11:00 p. m.

Fort Wayne to Bluffton.
Leave Fort Wayne at 8:00 a. m.; 10:00 a. m.; 12:00 p. m.; 2:30 p. m.; 4:30 p. m.; 6:45 p. m.; 8:00 p. m.; 9:30 p. m.; 11:00 p. m.

Bluffton to Fort Wayne.
Leave Bluffton at 8:00 a. m.; 10:00 a. m.; 12:00 p. m.; 2:30 p. m.; 4:30 p. m.; 6:45 p. m.; 8:00 p. m.; 9:30 p. m.; 11:00 p. m.

THE TOLEDO & CHICAGO INTERURBAN RAILWAY COMPANY.
James D. Mortimer, President.
Official Time Table.
In Effect January 31, 1909.

Cars leave Fort Wayne daily for Huntington, Garrett, Auburn, Waterloo, Avilla and Kendallville at 8:30, 10:30, 12:30, 2:30, 4:30, 6:30, 8:30, 10:30, 12:30 p. m.

Through car to Kendallville. Through car to Waterloo. All cars connect at Garrett for points beyond.

Rates for parties for ten or more. Chartered cars at reasonable rates. For information call agent or address: G. M. PATTERSON, Genl. Freight and Passenger Agt., Kendallville, Ind.

Sentinel Want Ads Pay.

Let the Home Folks Decide

Serve a loaf of "Perfection Bread" at your next meal. Serve with it the kind of bread you have been using in the past, home-made or other. Then see if they do not all decide in favor of

Perfection Bread

the bread that is made from the finest ingredients, baked in evenly heated ovens and delivered to you in airtight wrappers.

Perfection Biscuit Company

Sentinel's Cook Book

HOME MADE YEAST.

Peel, boil and mash three large potatoes. Pour two quarts boiling water over an ounce and a half hops (headful), simmer half an hour, strain and pour over three tablespoonfuls flour, a tablespoonful salt, a half cupful sugar and a teaspoonful ginger. Mix well, add the potatoes, mashed through a sieve, cool to lukewarm, then add one cupful good yeast. Mix well and leave in a warm place twenty-four hours until light and bubbly on the surface. Put into cans and seal.

SOUR MILK CORNCAKE.

Sift together one cupful of flour, a half cupful of Indian meal, two tablespoonfuls sugar and a half teaspoonful each of salt and soda. Pour in one cupful sour milk and a teaspoonful lard or butter melted, and beat well. Fold in a beaten egg and bake in hot gem tins of a round shallow pan.

THAT'S ONLY THE WAY THEY LOOK. I'LL GET IT CHANGED MADAME.

THEY LOOK WITHERED. CAN YOU CHANGE A TEN DOLLAR BILL?

MRS. ASHLEY HELD THE VIOLETS AS A SECURITY WHILE.

THE HAWKER WENT FOR CHANGE.

NOTHING LESS THAN A TEN DOLLAR BILL.

THEN THE POPULACE BEGAN TO TAKE AN INTEREST IN VIOLETS.

New York, March 13.—If any street peddler of violets wants to become unpopular all he needs to do is to try to sell his wares to Mrs. Lillian Ashley, a young woman who lives in the Hotel Markway. She told in the west side court why she did not like the flower sellers, and no one blamed her for having a grievance.

She stopped in front of the Hotel Cadillac, Forty-third street and Broadway, on Wednesday afternoon and purchased two bunches of violets for seventy-five cents. She had no change, and when the vendor saw a ten dollar bill he said, "Just wait here and I'll get the change."

He showed the tray in her hands and went in the front door of the Cadillac and out the side door. When last seen he looked as if he was preparing for a Marathon, and was running strong, with plenty of reserve speed, and acting as far away as he could from his tray of violets.

There are some men around that section of Broadway who would not look surprised if the subway came to life and did a Salome dance, but a pretty woman holding a tray of violets and apparently offering them for sale was new. They rose to the occasion, however, and began to form in line. Some of them who dated the ownership of their last violet at the time of Syronby's death declared life would not be worth living if they did not have a bunch, and some ticket speculators began to traffic in the advantageous places in the line.

CORRECT DRESS

Let Seelberg's Clothe You

GROWING BIGGER AND BETTER

126 1/2 BERRY

New Spring Goods Arriving Daily

EDDIE SUMMERS MAY MARQUETTES TAKE A BOWLERS ROLL SOME PITCH GAME FOR TIGERS SERIES BY BIG BIG SCORES AT MARGINS TOURNEY

Hendricks Will Also Ask to Superbas Had No Show in Sensational Work Marks
Have George Mullin the Games at the St. Friday's Bowling at
Work. Mary's Pittsburgh.

If the plans of Manager Jack Hendricks succeed he will have Eddie "Kickapoo" Summers pitch part of the game scheduled at League park with the Detroit team on Friday, April 9, and he will also have George Mullin do a little hurling during the combat so that two of the men who started on the local diamond will have an opportunity to show the form that advanced them to the majors.

Summers joined the old Marion team here at the time that Hendricks took hold of it and transferred it to Springfield, Ohio, after it had been booted about for several months, during which it was known for a day or two as the Peoria club. He became ill and went to his home at Ladoga, Ind., where he remained until the next spring and then reported to Springfield for a season of seasoning and Indianapolis got him next, then he advanced to membership on the Tiger staff.

Mullin would be a great drawing card here, not only for the reason that his first league piling was done as a member of a Fort Wayne team, but because Isadore Mautner chased him every time he crossed the state after he jumped to Detroit and finally succeeded in securing \$1,000 for his release. Mullin had the distinction of being "pinned" a couple of times before his differences were finally settled.

Another pitcher who began his mound work in Fort Wayne may be seen in the first exhibition game of the year, which is scheduled with Milwaukee, of the American association, in the person of Cliff Curtis, who was drafted by Philadelphia, but sent back to Fort Wayne before he got a trial. An effort will be made to have him work in the battle against the local club.

When Toledo comes for games on April 6 and 7, George Nill, a Fort Wayne boy, will be on the roster, as he is slated to try for a position on Bill Armour's club for 1909. Nill will be in the Cincinnati on Tuesday and will join his club there for the preparatory work in the south.

When Rochester comes on April 11 the club will be in charge of John Gansel, who managed Grand Rapids a couple of years and who lost out after a year in Cincinnati. Rochester is also scheduled for April 14 and 15.

In event Claude H. Varnell and Jack Hendricks fail to land the slugger they are looking for to take an outfield job it would be an easy matter to switch either Harry Coors or Frank Romaine from the pitching staff to the garden. Both of the men are left handed hitters and both can bank the ball as well as field their positions. There is so much good pitching material on the job that either of these men can be spared.

However, the management is banking on the fact that the big leagues will be ready to cut loose of some good ones in the next week or two and correspondence has been opened with a number of the clubs. The anti-farming rule will be a handicap, as the most valuable men will all have strings tied to them in the way of option contracts and so the Central league will not stand for it. On the other hand Varnell will separate himself from any reasonable sum of money to get the kind of a man he wants and this may enable him to grab somebody of good caliber.

DEAD ONES IN BOUT.

Joe Gans Given Decision Over Old Jabez White.

New York, March 12.—Joe Gans won the ten-round bout with Jabez White of England last night and put it all over the Briton. But it was not the same old schoolmaster who appeared in the ring as that of former days. It was one of the cleverest exhibitions ever seen here, but Gans has lost much of his former speed.

It was the bell that saved White from a clean knockout. In three rounds he hit the floor with a crash, from sweeping slashes sent in from the veteran and in both round six and round seven the going rang just as he was staggering to his feet, pawing the air blindly, in a dazed condition.

Had those same blows landed on the Englishman today in the event he would have lost by the knockout route. But it was just that point wherein Gans was lacking. The veteran did not show his old-time speed, and although he explained after the fight that he had broken or badly crippled his left hand in the third round, that would not have prevented him from scoring if he had been in his pristine form. The blows that sent White to the floor were delivered with the right and mostly were clean-cut punches to the chin.

SEYMOUR EXPELLED FROM TEAM.

Giants' Center Fielder Punished for Striking Coach Latham.

New York, March 12.—Cy Seymour, the Giants' center fielder, has been expelled from the New York club roster and will not play with that club this season. The cause for this drastic action on the part of Manager McGraw was a fight which occurred Friday morning between the center fielder and Arlie Latham, one of the coaches here with the Giants.

The brawling the trouble between Seymour and Latham, and as soon as McGraw and President John T. Brush had investigated the case and found that the center fielder was the offender they had his name stricken from the hotel register and he was barred from all the privileges.

It is understood that an attempt will be made to trade or sell him to some other club.

When Seymour had been barred from the playing field he returned to the hotel, packed his trunk and announced his intention of returning to the east at once.

FIELD MEET ARRANGED.

Concordia and Caledonians Will Meet This Spring.

At a conference with the Concordia college athletes last night Dr. George Gillette and Otto Fuesler, representing the Caledonian society, made arrangements for a field meet to be held at the Driving park. April 3 was agreed upon as a tentative date, but in event the weather will not permit the meet will be postponed until some time in May.

PIRATES INSURE CHIEFTAIN.

Pittsburg Club to Pay Premiums—Dreyfus Is a Good Risk.

Pittsburg, Pa., March 12.—The Pittsburg baseball club has insured the life of President Barney Dreyfus for \$100,000. The policy was taken out in a New York company and the club will pay the premiums. The management yesterday admitted the Pirate club chieftain had been insured, but the action is not regarded as unusual. Secretary Locke said the owners of the club considered Dreyfus a excellent risk.

The Marquettes won three easy games from the Superbas at St. Mary's alley last night and some good individual bowling marked the game, although the team totals were not high. Ed Parrot got off in the opening struggle with 225 and rolled 190 in the third, but fell down badly in the second. For the losers Pranger took the high marks. The scores follow:

FIRST GAME.
—Superbas.—
Players. St. Sp. Spl. Er. Tot.
Wiegand. 2 4 2 2 139
Pranger. 3 5 0 3 157
Krook. 1 3 1 5 111
Pretzler. 2 1 2 4 121
Allgeier. 2 2 2 4 117
Totals. 11 8 13 640

—Marquettes.—
Players. St. Sp. Spl. Er. Tot.
Kappel. 4 3 2 2 154
Hottenroth. 4 2 1 3 146
Delegrange. 0 3 4 2 112
C. Parrot. 3 2 2 2 156
Ed Parrot. 5 4 0 1 232
Totals. 16 15 9 11 739

SECOND GAME.
—Superbas.—
Players. St. Sp. Spl. Er. Tot.
Wiegand. 2 4 2 2 139
Pranger. 1 2 2 5 111
Weick. 1 3 1 5 103
Pretzler. 2 2 2 3 122
Allgeier. 2 1 3 4 127
Totals. 8 13 11 19 607

—Marquettes.—
Players. St. Sp. Spl. Er. Tot.
Kappel. 3 4 2 1 166
Hottenroth. 2 1 2 3 138
Delegrange. 2 3 1 4 138
C. Parrot. 3 2 2 2 148
Ed Parrot. 3 3 3 1 357
Totals. 14 16 9 11 767

THIRD GAME.
—Superbas.—
Players. St. Sp. Spl. Er. Tot.
Wiegand. 2 3 2 3 137
Pranger. 3 4 1 2 163
Krook. 1 5 1 3 141
Weick. 1 4 1 4 124
Allgeier. 3 4 0 3 128
Totals. 11 19 6 11 603

—Marquettes.—
Players. St. Sp. Spl. Er. Tot.
Kappel. 5 3 1 1 179
Hottenroth. 0 6 2 2 136
Delegrange. 4 4 1 2 177
C. Parrot. 2 3 2 2 158
Ed Parrot. 3 5 1 0 190
Totals. 15 21 7 6 538

Summary.
Games—Marquettes, 3; Superbas, 0.
Pins, Marquettes, 2394; Superbas, 1940.
High team scores—Marquettes, 638; Superbas, 632.
Team averages—Marquettes, 798; Superbas, 648 2-3.
Individual high scores—Ed Parrot, 222; Pranger, 163.
Individual high averages—Ed Parrot, 139 2-7; Pranger, 143 2-3.

ELKS IN GOOD FORM.
Average 917 in Exhibition Contests With Dermotines.

The Elks' bowling team was in fine fettle last night in the combats against the Dermotines, St. Mary's Athletic Club league, and not only won two out of three, but made an average of 917 for the series. The Dermotines finished strong and made the best total. The scores:

—Elks.—
Players. 1st. 2d. 3d. Av.
Tonkin. 151 161 210 156
Williams. 157 172 165 158
Ryan. 138 201 180 156
Ungemach. 185 204 165 180
Voiz. 205 195 208 202
Totals. 910 934 911 917

—Dermotines.—
Players. 1st. 2d. 3d. Av.
Bickrich. 119 150 165 145
Alter. 170 125 151 157
Alder. 135 144 206 175
Metzler. 165 197 207 189
Rager. 175 151 163 164
Scherhoff. 151 175 175 157
Totals. 826 789 913 808

EXHIBITION GAME AT CONCORDIA.
Two Teams From Students Will Go Against Each Other.

Two well-matched teams, composed of men of the first and second basketball teams, will play an exhibition game at Concordia college tonight. The lovers of the game are cordially invited. No admission will be charged. One more exciting game will be pulled off this year, very likely next Saturday night, when a quintet, representing class '09, will go up against class '11. Each class has a very strong team and there is enough rivalry to make it exciting. The game will be called at 8:30 tonight. Line-up:

—R. F. Sauer or Bodenbeck
—L. F. Hilderer
—Carnarius
—R. G. Weinlander
—A. Sauer
—F. G. Feddersen
Referee—Manager Schupmann.

MRS. JOHNSON CAUSES HITCH.

Texasan Say Law Will Be Enforced If Champion's Wife Pays Visit.

Galveston, March 12.—While the negro population of Texas is preparing to pay honor to Champion Jack Johnson upon his return home, white Texans are up in arms over the fighter's declaration that he will bring his white wife to Galveston. The Texas law forbids inter-marriage of whites and blacks. Even in cases where the marriage ceremony was performed in states permitting the union of negroes and whites, Texas courts have held they cannot live together here. It is understood that Johnson's defense will be that they are not residents of Texas, but only here on a brief visit. He says he will fight the case and has engaged counsel.

WALKER AND BAYLESS GOOD.

Both Will Get Places With the Atlanta Team.

Jack Ryder says in the Cincinnati Enquirer: "Scotty Walker, from Dayton, looks pretty good at third base and will put up quite a battle to stick there. Bayless is one of a regular berth in the cracker outfield."

ROSSMAN TO JOIN DETROIT.

Detroit, Mich., March 12.—First Baseman Claude Rossman, of the Detroit American league champions, who has been "holding out," signed his contract for 1909 yesterday and will join the team at once.

Mr. Jeffries Uplifting Drama as Star in New Piece, "Survival of the Fittest"



New York, March 12.—Mr. Shakspeare may have come to town this week, but so has Mr. James J. Jeffries, the heavy tragedian, who first appeared as First Grave Digger in the support of Mr. Fitzsimmons, another Thespian or note. This time Mr. Jeffries returns as a star, at the head of his own company and to a Broadway house, the Lincoln Square. Mr. Jeffries' art is not the Shaw-O'Fudge school of acting, but the real old-time, backdrop, malverating stuff, notably in the medicine ball scene, and the interest manifested indicates that there are still audiences which keenly appreciate this branch of drama. But this does not mean that the audience is still.

Mr. Jeffries' uplift to the drama is tremendous, especially in the matter of dumbbells, pulley weights and medicine ball. Occasionally he also uplifts Mr. Samuel Berger, most of his supporting company. It will be noted in passing that, although Mr. Jeffries' art tends strongly to the Shakespearean or rough residence style, he makes concession to the modern tendency of carrying a small company, two minor characters and a walking gentleman, who walks on with a glass of water when Mr. Berger is overcome with fatigue.

A Weighty Problem.
Roughly speaking—not too roughly, of course—but still roughly, the plot of Mr. Jeffries—Mr. Jeffries' drama is the old one—the survival of the fittest. It is a weighty problem, but the Ibsen scholars in the crowd's nest preferred to ignore this motif and insisted that the esoteric significance of the plot dealt with the threadbare race problem which has shrieked its dismal cries from the time of "Uncle Tom" to the latest tattle.

"Loud cries of 'How about Johnson' and 'Will you fight him' hurled at the tragedian as he made his first entrance might have disconcerted the novice, but here the principal instantly controlled the situation with his perfect stage presence and savour faire—or something like that. From scene to scene, from the climax of the plot to the 'denouement' he stepped, distributing choice supplies of springs, wallows, swats and slaps de la map. In truth it could be said that his actions were louder than his words, especially when his actions consisted of smacking Mr. Berger shrewdly on the frontpiece.

A synopsis of the plot of the offering best serves to give a detailed review of Mr. Jeffries' art. The curtain reveals the ruined gymnasium by moonlight. Ponderous athletic apparatus is painted on the backdrop. Enter Mr. Berger, L. U. E. He is attired in a bath robe. An unfettered electorate yells loudly in the belief that this is the star, when Mr. Berger, in an inspired line especially designed to disabuse their minds of this idea, stills the tumult by saying:

"I wonder where the big fellow is?"

Moved that Mr. Berger be compelled to wear a piercing black mustache or a set of Ostermoors to save the chagrin of the wise who say, "There's Jeff," when Mr. Berger enters.

At this point Mr. Berger casts aside his drapery, exposing his physique clothed in a bright red Kellerman. The applause which greets this brilliant score has hardly subsided when the same door opens and "A Reporter" enters. "A Reporter" is garbed in the usual working clothes of a newsgatherer, i. e., also, viz, to wit: a Tuxedo suit, fur lined overcoat and slouch pancake hat. He presents credentials, or "papehs," tending to prove that he is, indeed, the long lost reporter he asserts himself to be, and then asks if Mr. Jeffries entertains ideas of making a noise like a smoke abater.

The satirical attired Berger replies that deponent sayeth not and applying his hand to his ear in approved style, says: "Hark, I hear a footprint approaching!" As I live, here comes "Jeff" now!" At this point the employees of the theater mass to hold the roof of the structure and there in the spot light, R. L. E., appears Mr. Jeffries.

Gets Cheers Without Lines.
Mind you, the star never speaks a line, yet he gets cheers, laughs, curtains galore. Messrs. Berger and A. Reporter do the dialogue.

"That is shadow boxing," says M. Berger, as our hero wildly punctures the atmosphere.

"Looks like a dark shadow to me," retorts A. Reporter. Words and music for sale in the lobby.

Mr. Jeff skips a rope. He stumbled the premier pas on the first night in New York, but the cries of pure joy that greeted his amble would have engulfed anything that ever greeted the rope skipping specialty of the Pony Ballet. He pulls weights and throws the medicine ball. He puffs like a porpoise. He mops. Persons in the front rows raise umbrellas while he pants and bants. He leans across a chair and stretches. He then proceeds to the thrilling glove fest with Mr. Berger. It is part of the latter's contract to survive. He does.

Certain to tremendous outcries. Mr. Jeffries, with business of mopping face with towel, says, "From the bottom of my heart I thank you." He also said in answer to the loud yells, "I guess I'll have to do it." If this

meant he would create a role opposite Mr. Johnson it would have been news for the first time, but the sceptic says it meant, "Guess I'll have to bow," intended for the press agent exploitation. Hence his position.

To sum up, Mr. Jeff's success is overwhelming—at least to Mr. Berger.

South Bend, Ind., March 12.—Manager Angus A. Grant and Owner Bert Annis got another hard rap today when it was announced here that Ben Heyworth, first baseman of the local team, had decided to retire from baseball and if he sticks to his determination the trouble of the management are multiplying rapidly.

Heyworth was not one of the heavy hitters of the game, but he hit hard enough to hold down his job at first and he covered the bag in excellent style and his absence from the position will be a sad blow in event he is on the level and is not trying this dodge to get a higher salary than has been offered him. The new turn of affairs is decidedly discouraging just at a time when hopes were high for a pennant winning club, but the announcement of the long first baseman has not been taken seriously just at this time.

After the runner had completed the circuit and the crowd was cheering the feet of their hero, the first baseman called for a new ball to be put in play the umpire complied, and, on receiving it touched first base and claimed an out, which was allowed by the arbitrator.

Had the home run been allowed it would have won the game, but, unfortunately for the poor ump, the visiting team pulled the game out in the eleventh inning. Only the intervention of the police prevented a big riot.

headquarters in this city. The absence of the league secretary from the city while attending the annual meeting of the organization at Terre Haute and his illness since his return having made it necessary for him to keep away from the office. Dr. Carson is suffering with a heavy cold and is unable to leave his home in Marquette. While several of the interested residents of South Bend, Schmale, in the meantime, is keeping things moving and the business of the league is being carried along practically as well as with Carson at the helm, the secretary keeping in constant touch with his chief.

According to President Carson his declaration that the salary limit of the league is not a joke, was entirely unnecessary, for he finds all of the club owners on the circuit more than willing to enforce the important ruling made at the South Bend meeting.

The managers no doubt feel that they could do somewhat better if the limit had been extended at the Terre Haute meeting the magnates of the league, with seven years of experience to think of, can not see fit to continue as they have done in the past and hereafter the Central is to be reorganized in an organization where the financial men behind the club are to gain at least as much as a player on their investment.

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Rheumatism

Do you want to get rid of it? If so, take Dr. Miles' Nerve modified as directed in pamphlet around bottle. In addition to the direct curative properties it has a soothing effect upon the nervous system by which the rheumatic pains are controlled, and rest and sleep assured. It has made many cures of this painful disease, some of them after years of suffering. If it will cure others why not you. If your case is complicated, write us for advice, it costs you nothing and may save you prolonged suffering.

"I was so crippled that I could scarcely walk. After having my shoes on for an hour or two I could manage to walk by suffering the pain. Then I began to have pains all through my system. My doctor told me I had an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I read about Dr. Miles' Nerve, bought a bottle and I commenced to get better from the start and for the past six months have scarcely any pain, and am able to walk as well as ever."

JAS. H. SANDERS,
P. O. Box 5, Rockaway, N. J.

Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Nerve, and we authorize him to return price of first bottle (only) if it fails to benefit you.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Cut your coal bill



Protect the family health! Make your home cozy! Free the living rooms from ashes and soot! Avoid doctor's bills!

Let us tell you about our modern HOT WATER AND STEAM SYSTEMS.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators.

M. F. NOLL,
1032 Lafayette.

"THE ALLWIN"



We are agents for the celebrated Allwin Go-Carts. Baby's health and Mother's comfort are not complete without an Allwin.

The Pape Furniture Co.

123 and 125 W. Main St.

HARDWARE,

Silverware,
Washing Machines,
Wringers,
Doors, Sash
and Glass

H. PFEIFFER & SON

107-109 E. Columbia St.
Phone 484

The Evening Sentinel.

OUR TELEPHONES.
Editorial Rooms.....550
Business Rooms.....173

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1909.

THE WEATHER.

Chicago, March 13.—For Indiana—Threatening and colder tonight; Sunday generally fair and colder.
Illinois—Part cloudy and colder tonight and Sunday; fair and colder.
Lower Michigan—Threatening with snow flurries tonight and possibly Sunday; colder Sunday.
Ohio—Rain south; rain or snow in north portion tonight and Sunday.

CITY BREVITIES.

Miss Clara Lindenberg is confined to her home on Stophlet street with a severe illness.
Guy Mahurin is confined to his home on East Berry street, suffering from an attack of the grippe.
Miss June Drayer was removed to the Lutheran hospital yesterday suffering from typhoid fever.
Perry A. Randall will be one of the chief speakers at the Scottish Rite banquet next Wednesday evening.
United States Deputy Marshal Amos R. Walter has in his custody Frank J. Shott, who deserted the navy last April, nine days after he had enlisted.
Edwin Lindenberg will next week take a place in the new Bradley Bros. drug store on Calhoun street. He has been a clerk in the Dreier store for some time.
Lieutenant Fred Freeman has been appointed to a responsible position in the navigation bureau of the United States navy and he is now in Washington becoming familiar with the work.
Every member of battery B was given a new olive-drab uniform at the meeting last night. The local organization is the first in the state to receive the uniforms, although they are to be made universal.
Capt. S. J. Errington has been chosen secretary of the Anthony Wayne Memorial association and he promises to give a stimulus to the proposition that has been practically dead for the past six months.
C. H. Sordelot, formerly of this city, and recently in charge of the laundry department of a Michigan hotel, has been placed in charge of the laundry department in the Anthony hotel and with his wife will occupy quarters in the hostelry.
William Engle, a prominent member of the St. S. Bass post, G. A. R., and an active member of the Degree of Honor, No. 2, was presented with a handsome fountain pen and holder by the members of the latter last evening, in honor of his sixty-first birthday. The presentation took place in the G. A. R. rooms.
Several members of the Concordia Singing society called at the home of William Hahn, on East Taber street, last evening to remind him of his sixty-second birthday. Mr. Hahn is one of those who founded the Fort Wayne Saengerbund in 1869 and helped in the reorganization of the Concordia Singing society.
The actors who are going to present the "Rosalie" minstrel show at Liberty hall on the 22nd and 23rd of April, have already begun their rehearsals under the direction of Joseph Grosjean and Will A. Young. These minstrel shows have come to be looked upon as an annual affair and it is thought the April one will be as big a money-maker as any.

An Honest Medicine

That makes honest cures. Zemo guaranteed under the pure food and drugs law. Zemo has cured more cases of Eczema, Pimples, Dandruff, Piles, Tetter, Ringworm, Cuts, and Sores than any similar remedy ever placed on the market. Write for sample. E. W. Rose Med. Co., St. Louis. For sale by Meyer Bros. Co. Three Drug Stores.

Shamrocks, Green Tinted Roses and other molded Creams and Ices for St. Patrick's Day.

1-3t **W. F. GELLER.**

FOR RENT—Large hall on third floor of 110-112 W. Wayne Street, suitable for lodge room or factory. Apply at Sentinel office.

2-20t

I have high-class investments in Local Bonds and Local Stocks and Mortgage Loans.

C. F. PFEIFFER,
Bass Block.

Cut your coal bill

Protect the family health! Make your home cozy! Free the living rooms from ashes and soot! Avoid doctor's bills!

Let us tell you about our modern HOT WATER AND STEAM SYSTEMS.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators.

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RHEUMATISM IS NOW EASILY CURED WITH A MIXTURE

Science Says It is a Symptom of Kidneys Which Fail to Sift Out Acids.

Take care of backache. A great many cases of kidney complaint are reported about here; also bladder trouble and rheumatism.

An authority once stated that pain in the back, loins or region of the kidneys is the danger signal nature hangs out to notify the sufferer that there is something wrong with the kidneys, which should receive immediate attention. Only vegetable treatment should be administered and absolutely no strongly alcoholic medicines, which are harmful to the kidneys and bladder.

The following prescription, while simple, harmless and inexpensive, is known and recognized as a sovereign remedy for kidney complaint. The ingredients can be obtained at any good prescription pharmacy and anyone can mix them: Compound Karsone, one ounce; Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime.

This preparation is said to restore the natural function of the kidneys, so they will sift and strain the poisonous waste matter, uric acid, etc., from the blood, purifying it and relieving rheumatism. Backache will be relieved, the urine will be neutralized and cleared and no longer a cause of irritation, thereby overcoming such symptoms as weak bladder, painful, frequent and other urinary difficulties.

This is worth trying and may prove just what many people here need.

LEAGUE LIKELY TO COME TO LIFE ONE MORE

Independent Organization May Cut Some Figure in City Campaign.

There is very strong probability that the Independent Municipal league, the organization which figured in the city campaign four years ago, will be revived to participate in the coming campaign for city offices. Some of those who were active in the former movement express the belief that sufficient good was accomplished to justify a continuance of the organization during the present campaign and say they will again give it support. On the other hand it is learned that a number of the old members of the league are now back in regular party ranks and are expected to stay there. Dr. A. P. Buchman was president of the organization.

The league made an investigation of all candidates nominated and submitted its recommendations to the independent voter. It gave its support to Mayor Hoesy on his municipal ownership platform.

Charles A. Hood is the newest entry into the race for the republican nomination for city clerk. Mr. Hood's friends have assured him of support, and he is willing to make the race if the nomination is tendered him.

Friends of Councilman Walter E. Cook, republican, are suggesting his name in connection with the mayoralty.

D. J. Shaw is the democratic committeeman elected in the forty-fifth precinct instead of Bernard Schnorr, as previously given.

In connection with the democratic nomination for city clerk, the name of Prof. Fred J. Reincke is being warmly presented by friends of the veteran orchestra leader.

Additional republican precinct committeemen reported today are: Twenty-second precinct, Roy C. Knoll; 25th, William F. Geller; 27th, George Weil; 29th, Louis L. Miller; 31st, Edwin S. Hulse; 46th, Dr. C. M. Goheen; 50th, George A. Shair; 51st, James A. Major; Adams, 5th, Homer Krick.

MISS HALL ON "ART."

Local Art Teacher on Program for State Teachers' Meeting.

Miss Alice E. Hall, the art director in the local public schools, will deliver an address on "Art" before the Art and Manual Training section of the Joint meeting of the Northern and Southern Teachers' associations in Indianapolis the 1st, 2nd and 3rd of April. The programs have been issued and are obtainable at the offices of either County Superintendent Feiger or City Superintendent Study. The latter is the secretary of the northern association and T. F. Kerby, of this city, is a member of the executive committee from this district. W. L. McMillen and J. J. Ritter, of the high school, are presidents of the high school and art and manual training sections respectively.

G. M. Kingsberry, of the Standard, a Dunkirk, Ohio, paper, was in the city today on business.

Pimples and Blackheads

Are quickly and permanently cured by Zemo. A clean liquid for external use. Zemo draws the germs and the blackheads to the surface of the skin and destroys them, leaving a clear healthy skin. Zemo is now recognized the most successful cure for skin diseases that has ever been produced. Sold by Meyer Bros. Co. Three Drug Stores.

ORMSBY A LIEUTENANT.

Sergeant Robert L. Ormsby was elected second lieutenant of company D, Third regiment of Indiana Infantry, at a meeting last night. Lieutenant Ormsby was three years in the United States navy and later was connected with the Ohio National guard two years. For two or three years prior to his residence in Fort Wayne he was a member of company A, Second infantry, with headquarters in Indianapolis. He is sales manager for the Smith Premier Typewriter company.

Clean as a Whistle

That's what everybody says about our Ice Cream Plant. The floor is clean, cans are clean, the people that make the cream are clean—in short, this is the most scrupulously clean kept plant in the city. First good argument in favor of buying.

Old Fort Ice Cream eh?

Our SPECIAL for next Sunday will be Maple Parfait with Nuts.

Old Fort Ice Cream Co.

Phone 2621. 606 W. Main St.

Meyer's

Your Spring Fixings

Well groomed people need more than a pretty bonnet and a new dress. Well-kept hands and nails, a clean complexion, are essential. That's where we come in with our well assorted big line of manicure articles, complexion aids, Hair and Hand Brushes, Hair Tonics and Shampoos.

Nail Files, from 23c inches to 8 inches long, the new flexible kind, from 35c down to .15c

Manicure Scissors, from \$1.00 down to .50c

Reall "93" Hair Tonic and Reall "93" Shampoo Paste should be on the Toilet table of every one who believes in properly taking care of the hair. Use these preparations once and you will be one of its thousands of admirers.

El Primo Cold Cream cleanses as well as beautifies the skin..... 50c and 25c

"Get the Meyer Quality."

Meyer Brothers Co.

Three Drug Stores.

IN FULL INDIAN STYLE.

Modes and Customs of Many Years Back at I. O. R. M. Trading Post.

Modes and customs in style during the days of the Indians in this country will be freely carried out during the six days from the 3rd to the 8th of May inclusive, in which an Indian trading post will be established at the Princess rink, No. 106, I. O. R. M. Mrs. J. L. Birney and L. V. Jones are in active charge of the arrangements, which are to be on an extensive scale.

The members of the Mewna council, No. 69, Degree of Pochontas, will be in charge of the booths along the sides of the rink, where it will be possible to drop all sorts of money. Towards the latter part of the evening the floor will be cleared and the Packard band will play for dancing.

Each night will have a special designation, the first being for the Mehecanochqua tribe and Fort Wayne. The second will be known as Garrett, the third Huntington, the fourth Bluffton, the fifth Denatur and the sixth Monroeville and Baldwin.

DID NOT RESUME HEARING.

Juror Charles Still Unable to Finish the Baker Case.

Prosecutor A. E. Thomas was notified early this morning that the John Baker trial at Huntington would not still too ill to hear the closing argument to ill to hear the closing arguments. If he has recovered sufficiently by Monday the hearing will be resumed.

CITY BREVITIES.

Sol D. Bayless lodge No. 359, F. and A. M., will confer the fellow-craft degree on Monday evening.

Ora Tonkel has placed an order for a handsome mahogany cigar case and wall stand for his Wayne hotel cigar stand.

Mrs. Mallory, the milliner, is preparing to erect a handsome residence on South Harrison street.

Henry Beadell has returned from a business trip to New York and New England cities.

European inventors are successfully endeavoring to produce moving pictures which can be seen clearly without darkening the hall.

Temple Theater

WEEK, MONDAY DIME MATINEE, MARCH 15.

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First Time Hede of the Sure Fire Hit Kramer and Schack, Modern Hercules.

The Ideal Boy. Grace Leonard, Besnah and Miller Comedy Singing and Dancing. Pero and Wilson The Comedy Pantomimists Ida Schack and Temple Motion Pictures.

ANY SEAT TIME 5 CENTS

AT THE LYRIC

3,000 FEET OF MOVING PICTURES. ILLUSTRATED SONGS. VICTOR VICTROLA RECITALS. AMATEURS FRIDAY NIGHTS

SCARLET FEVER REPORTED.

A case of scarlet fever was reported to the health department today in the family of H. B. Mcnefee, 2516 Thomas street.

The regular monthly meeting of the Friar club will be held tomorrow afternoon in the club rooms in the Tri-State building.

WOLFESSAUER

These are on Special Sale for Today Only

Toilet Soap Oatmeal, Buttermilk, Glycerine, Witch Hazel and other brands— 7 Cakes for 25c Face Powder Tallow's, Swansdown in flesh and white; regular price 15c— Special per Box 11c Hydrogen Peroxide Chemically pure, put up in tightly sealed bottles. Special— 3 Bottles for 25c Dresser and Sideboard Scarfs Size 18x54 inches; hemstitched; three patterns of drawn work to choose from; regular price 50c— Special 35c Crochet Bed Spreads Full size; regular price \$1.00— Special at 85c Bleached Sheetings 9-4 width; regular price 29c. Special— 21c Yard Shirting Madras Plain white, for tailored waists; regular 18c quality, for— 12 1/2c Yard India Linon Sheer and fine; regular 25c quality, for— 19c Yard Women's Hose Fast black; garter top; double heel and toe; special— 15c Pair, 2 for 25c	Children's Lisle Hose Black and tan; double heel and toe; regular price 25c. Special— 19c Pair Men's Half Hose Black with white or spliced sole. Special— 15c Pair, 2 for 25c Leather Bags New shape, with two compartments; brown, black, tan and blue leather; regular \$1.50 value. Special \$1.00 Lace Shelf Paper White; 10 yard pieces; regular price 5c. Special at 3c Gas Tapers White wax; regular price 5c box For 3c Wool Soap For washing blankets and all woolen fabrics. Special— 7 Cakes 25c Globe Soap Special— 9 Cakes for 25c Potato Mashers Heavy wire; 10c value, For 7c Dover Egg Beaters Regular 10c value— For 7c Lap Boards Or Sewing Boards; regular price 50c— Special 29c Coal Hods Of best galvanized ware; regular 50c value— For 35c
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LOCATED THE WATCH.

Time Piece Belongs to Miss Brinsley and She Will Get It.

The watch which was offered by a couple of boys to a pawnbroker at Toledo yesterday, belongs to Miss Glenn M. Brinsley, of 2428 Harrison street. She had not reported it to the police, but ascertained through The Sentinel's publication that the lads had taken it while they were visiting here.

AT DISTRICT MEETING.

The adoption degree at the district conference of the Independent Order of Red Men, which will be held at Warsaw on the 22nd of April, will be conferred by the local Mehecanochqua tribe, No. 106. The district includes all northern Indians and the Warsaw gathering will probably be one of the biggest for many years. The Warsaw tribe is No. 82.

DIED AT RED OAK, IOWA.

Mrs. Alice Archer, widow of William Archer, and a member of one of the early Fort Wayne families, is dead at her home in Red Oak, Iowa. Mrs. Archer was 88 years of age, and removed from Fort Wayne forty years ago.

HENRY MORIARTY LEAVES.

Accepts Position on Advertising Staff of Louisville Herald.

After a residence in this city of practically all his life, Henry Moriarty, a well known and highly regarded young man left today for Louisville, Ky., to accept a position on the advertising staff of the Louisville Herald. Mr. Moriarty has not yet severed his connection with the battery B, with which he has been affiliated for the past ten years, having been one of its founders and at present a lieutenant in the organization. For the past several years Mr. Moriarty has been with the Daily News as an advertising man. W. W. Brown, formerly of this city, is the advertising manager of the Louisville Herald.

VERY LOW COLONIST RATES VIA NICKEL PLATE ROAD

To points in the West, Northwest and Mexico, March 1 to April 30. Full information of agent or write F. P. Parlin, T. P. A., Fort Wayne, Ind. rates 2-6 to 4-25

Wiegman's

GROCERY AND MEAT MARKET
Home Phone 582.
1215 LAFAYETTE STREET.
Special for Monday.

Lard, 10-lb pails, Home Rendered.....\$1.00
Farm House, 1-gal can Apples.....25c
3-lb can Peas.....3 for 25c
Moss Rose Pie Peaches.....10c
Lettuce.....18c
Strictly Fresh Eggs, doz.....18c
Fresh Country Butter, lb.....25c
Peanut Butter, lb.....20c
Butterine.....12 1/2c, 18c, 20c
Granulated Sugar, lb.....5c
All home mills Flour, 1/2 bbl.....\$1.40
All home mills Flour, 1/4 bbl.....70c
Gold Medal Flour, 1/2 bbl.....85c
Best Crackers, lb.....7c
Navy Beans, 3 qts.....25c
Holland Herring, keg.....60c
Labrador Herring, doz.....15c
Apricots, lb.....10c, 15c
Gold Dust, large box.....20c
Gold Dust, 6 small boxes.....25c
Pet Milk, 5c cans, 6 for.....25c
Pet Milk, large family size, 1 dozen.....\$1.60
Crawford Peaches, 2 lbs.....15c
Home-made Sausage, lb.....10c
Home-made Smoked Sausage, lb.....10c
Fresh home-made Hamburg, lb 8c
Boiling Beef, lb.....6c, 8c, 10c
Liver, lb.....4c
Sugar Cured Bacon, lb.....12 1/2c

Mill For Sale

Fifty barrel flour mill with Franch burr for corn and feed. Good saw mill connected with it. Located in best wheat and corn section of southern Indiana. Address C. T. Melsheimer, Elmore, Ind.

THE Petaluma Incubator

Is best in United States
Most Accurate Adjustment. Perfectly automatic—saves cost in oil. Fully guaranteed. Send for catalogue.

S. BASH & CO.

Fish and Oysters

BUCK'S LENTEN BULLETIN.
Haddock, Salmon, Codfish, Mackerel, Red Snapper, Smelts, Shad, White Fish, Pickered, Black Bass, Blue Gills, Sun Fish, Oysters, Selects, Standards, Blue Points and Clams.

GEO. H. BUCK

720 HARRISON ST.

Tritschler & Hauss

PLUMBERS, HOT WATER, STEAM AND GAS FITTERS, ELECTRIC WIRING.
Estimates Cheerfully Given.
Agents for the Celebrated Frederick Gas Burners.
Phone 118. 614 CLINTON ST.

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SEAVEY'S

UP-TO-DATE
SHARDWARE STORE

149

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149

Wiegman's

GROCERY AND MEAT MARKET
Home Phone 582.
1215 LAFAYETTE STREET.
Special for Monday.

Lard, 10-lb pails, Home Rendered.....\$1.00
Farm House, 1-gal can Apples.....25c
3-lb can Peas.....3 for 25c
Moss Rose Pie Peaches.....10c
Lettuce.....18c
Strictly Fresh Eggs, doz.....18c
Fresh Country Butter, lb.....25c
Peanut Butter, lb.....20c
Butterine.....12 1/2c, 18c, 20c
Granulated Sugar, lb.....5c
All home mills Flour, 1/2 bbl.....\$1.40
All home mills Flour, 1/4 bbl.....70c
Gold Medal Flour, 1/2 bbl.....85c
Best Crackers, lb.....7c
Navy Beans, 3 qts.....25c
Holland Herring, keg.....60c
Labrador Herring, doz.....15c
Apricots, lb.....10c, 15c
Gold Dust, large box.....20c
Gold Dust, 6 small boxes.....25c
Pet Milk, 5c cans, 6 for.....25c
Pet Milk, large family size, 1 dozen.....\$1.60
Crawford Peaches, 2 lbs.....15c
Home-made Sausage, lb.....10c
Home-made Smoked Sausage, lb.....10c
Fresh home-made Hamburg, lb 8c
Boiling Beef, lb.....6c, 8c, 10c
Liver, lb.....4c
Sugar Cured Bacon, lb.....12 1/2c

Temple Theater

WEEK, MONDAY DIME MATINEE, MARCH 15.

"Fort Wayne is lucky," said a new York business man who saw the Temple show this week. "They get better bills in Fort Wayne than they do in New York, and at half the prices, too. No wonder it is always crowded."

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SEAVEY'S

UP-TO-DATE
SHARDWARE STORE

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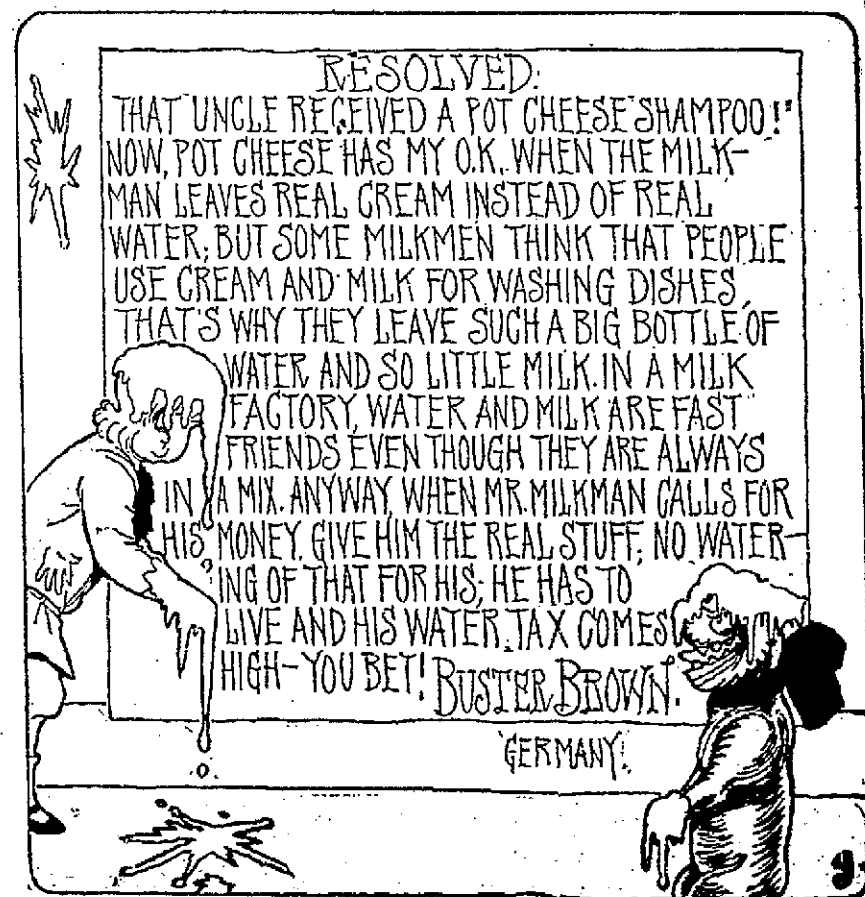
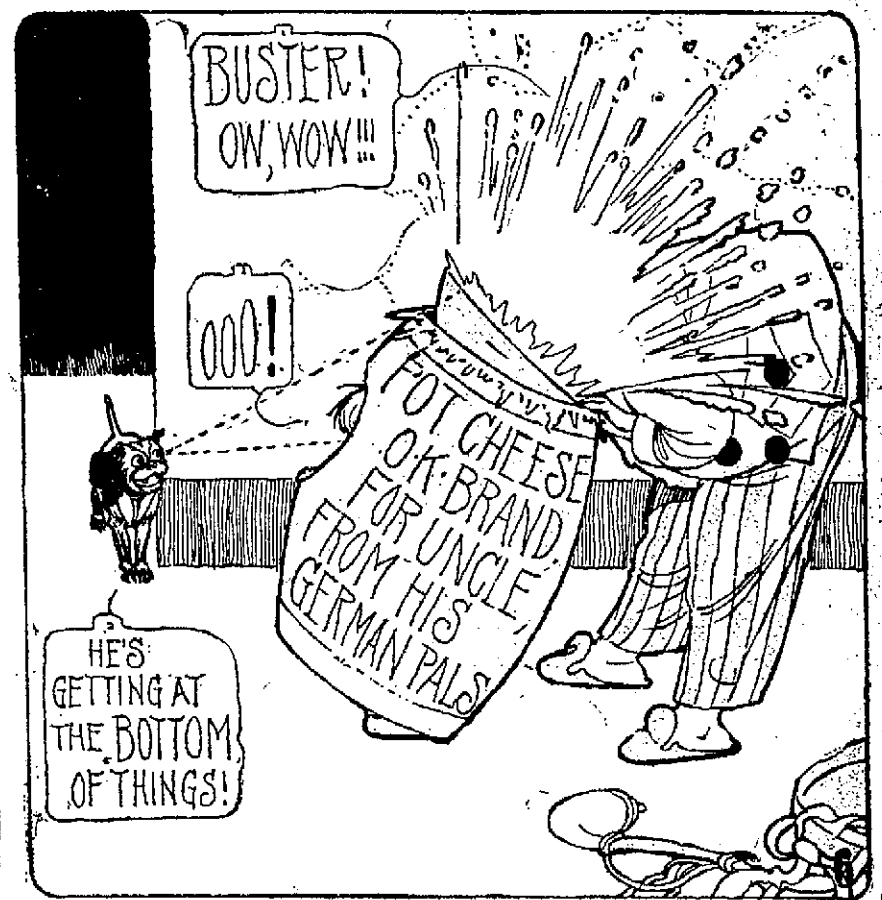
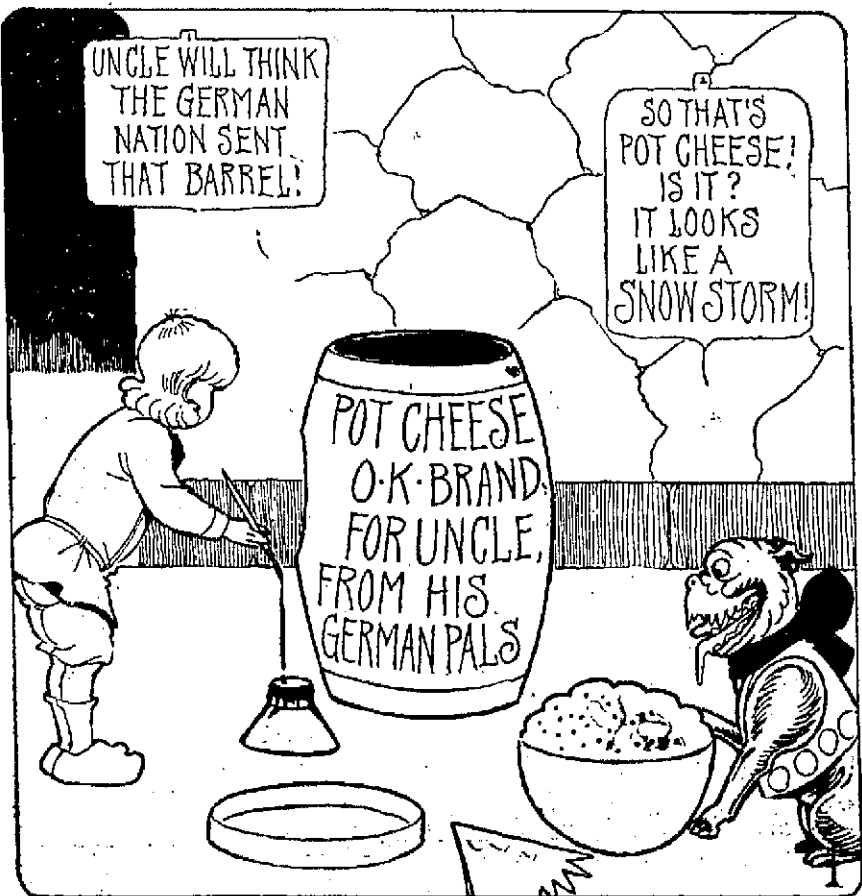
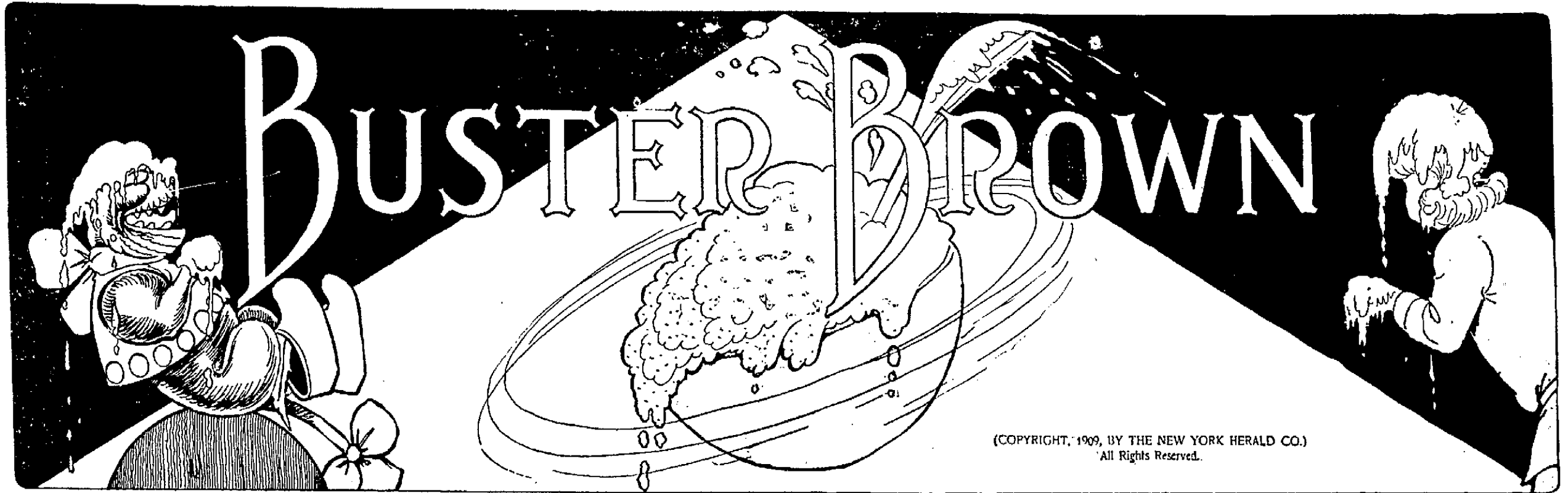
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SHARDWARE STORE

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Week with the Players

MAJESTIC THEATER

This Evening—"Graustark."
Monday, Tuesday and Friday,
Daily Matinee—Our Own Stock
Co., in "All the Comforts of
Home."
Wednesday Evening—Francis
Wilson, in "When Knights Were
Bold."
Thursday Evening—Olga Nethersole, in "The Writing on the Wall."
Saturday Matinee and Night—
"Paid in Full."

"GRAUSTARK" THIS EVENING.

The Scranton (Pa.) Truth says of "Graustark," the attraction at the Majestic this evening:

"Before a large sized audience in the Lyceum theater last night, 'Graustark,' a romantic play in five acts, was produced. It is a story of love behind the throne, and was dramatized by Grace Haywood from the novel of George Barr McCutcheon, who is also the author of 'Brewster's Millions.'"

"The leading lady was Miss Stephanie Longfellow, who gracefully acted the role of Yvonne, Princess of Graustark, who went masquerading through America as 'Miss Guggenblocker.'"

"While riding on a train in this country she met Grenfall Lorry, a wealthy young American, and it was a case of love at first sight, with nothing in the way but a throne. The young man followed her to her native home before he learned that she was a princess. The role of the wealthy young American was taken by Burt L. King, who was at the Poll theater in this city during the summer. He had a good conception of the role, and acted it with considerable ability."

"Miss Longfellow received much applause from the audience. As Harry Anguish, an artist, and companion of the wealthy young American, Harry C. Myers, was a typical American and fell into the part naturally. He was in love with Countess Dagmar, and the experiences of both Americans with the royalty were very amusing. When they pressed their suits they were gently reminded that they had no royal blood in their veins, but they insisted on their right to two princesses and countesses, in return for the conquest of dukes in this country who are attracted by her-esses."

"The other members of the company who deserve special mention are: J. H. Lewis, Adele Lane and Elizabeth Britton."

FRANCIS WILSON WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Charles Frohman's unerring judgment again manifested itself when he decided to present the popular comedian, Francis Wilson, for a second season in his big success, "When Knights Were Bold." Farces are not supposed to be logical or sequential, and Charles Marlow has only striven to amuse, although the plot is very cleverly worked out. Of all the American comedians, Francis Wilson is usually the most distinguished, not alone for his personality and his ability, but for his great knowledge, not

only of the stage, but of contemporaneous men and things and that other matter which is only to be found between the pages of many books and to be gained by much reading. As a player, Mr. Wilson is most artistic, for he embodies a remarkable knowledge of the technique of acting with his own delightful personality. It is much easier to make people cry than it is to make them laugh, but with his inimitable methods he knows to a nicety just what to do and when to do it in order to get all the laughs possible and in comedy he is inimitable. As Sir Guy de Vere, the hero of "When Knights Were Bold," a young baronet, who has just inherited the family title and fortune, is very much in love with his cousin, but she is a romantic maiden and talks ancestry to Sir Guy, who is essentially up-to-date, until, falling asleep one night, he dreams that he is taken back to the twelfth century when the first Sir Guy was a power in the land. In his twentieth century personality he is as big a surprise to his ancestors as they are to him and a tremendous lot of amusing situations are engendered by the near comparison of the two periods. Mr. Wilson's supporting company is an exceptionally good one and will in the main be the same as was seen here during the play's presentation last season. Charles Frohman will present Francis Wilson in "When Knights Were Bold" at the Majestic Wednesday evening.

"PAID IN FULL" COMES BACK NEXT SATURDAY MATINEE AND NIGHT.

"Paid in Full," the play of contemporaneous life in America, by Eugene Walter, now the reigning dramatic sensation of the current season in New York, where at the Astor theater, under the direction of the Wagenhuls & Kemper company, it is in its second triumphant year, and which was seen here early this season, is again to be seen in this city at the Majestic on next Saturday and Saturday matinee with a special cast and production. The play also has to its credit a run of six months at the Grand Opera house, Chicago. There is no questioning the lasting success of "Paid in Full," for not only did every critic in New York and Chicago laud it as to the season's greatest find, but this also applies to Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Cleveland, St. Louis, Denver, San Francisco and London, England.

"Paid in Full" is a play which treats in a forceful manner of a great moral issue in our national life today. The author, Eugene Walter, has shown a marvelous photographic instinct in the drawing of his characters and there is not a single one of them with which we, of this matter-of-fact world, are not thoroughly conversant and on terms of the greatest intimacy. Perhaps in this marvelous insight he has shown concerning the lives and the ambitions of men and women is found the secret of his great success. There are four characters, Capt. Williams, Joe Brooks, Mrs. Brooks and Jimmy Smith, which stand out in cameo-like sharpness and precision and round these four characters he has woven a story of love and hate, baffled ambition, anarchy and socialism which because of its deep naturalness is



OLGA NETHERSOLE, MAJESTIC, THURSDAY EVENING.

bound to attract in whatever community it is played.

"Paid in Full" is a revelation. The discriminating playgoer cannot well afford to allow it to pass without another view and it will leave memories for months to come.

OLGA NETHERSOLE THURSDAY EVENING.

Olga Nethersole comes to the Majestic Thursday evening in her new American drama, "The Writing on the Wall," written by William J. Hurt.

"The Writing on the Wall" has been a sensational success in the east and is said to be one of the greatest American dramas ever presented on any stage. It deals with the great ethical question of interest to every strata of society, because the effect is far-reaching and bound to be felt by the citizens of this country, whether of high or low degree. This play is one that has already brought about the reformation of one of the greatest evils existing in the city of New York, and will eventually bring about a reform movement that will be felt throughout the country. To quote from the Philadelphia North American, "It channels the Marseillaise of a new humanity."

The main theme in the play is a ceaseless struggle of modern Americans to accumulate wealth at any price regardless of cost. Miss Nethersole appears as Barbara Lawrence, a New York society matron who is interested in philanthropy and tenement reform; in this work she is as-

sisted by Philip Schuyler, a type of the young American business man who, having found his business associates corrupt in their efforts to accumulate wealth, defends his own nefarious methods by comparing them with others.

One of the worst tenements which Barbara is attempting to have torn down is owned by her husband; this discovery comes a few days before a Christmas tree celebration she has planned for the children of the tenement district, and her husband to pacify her pretends to order new fire escapes, but in reality he orders the old ones painted over. Barbara sends her own child to the Christmas tree celebration in the tenement, and while he is there a terrible fire occurs. Owing to the rotten condition of the fire escapes, they crash to the ground and the inmates are left helpless.

It is in the third act that Barbara makes the discovery that her child is in this conflagration and it is then that Miss Nethersole reaches the absolute climax of dramatic acting. This act once seen is one that will never be forgotten, and is said to be one of the strongest ever depicted from any stage.

This will be Miss Nethersole's first appearance in Fort Wayne in an American play written by an American author and supported by an all-American cast. Heretofore it has been her usual custom to bring a large supporting company of English players from the other side. This year she is surrounded by an exceptionally strong American support, all of whom were

engaged in New York city. Her support includes two of our most popular leading men, William Morris and Robert T. Haines. Among other well known artists are Beverly Sigsbee, Adelaide Nowak, Frank Craven, Albert Hackett, Florence Spreen and others.

The production of "The Writing on the Wall" is said to be unusually ornate and the play is staged under the personal supervision of Miss Nethersole, who has a reputation as a stage director excelled by none.

OUR OWN STOCK CO., IN "ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME."

—CAST OF CHARACTERS—

Theodore Bender.....Mr. Huntington
Josephine Bender, his wife.....
.....Miss Gornard
Evangeline Bender, their daughter.....Miss Dunbar
Alfred Hastings, Pettibone's nephew.....Mr. Brickert
Tom McDow, Alfred's protégé.....
.....Mr. Hayden
Ezbert Pettibone.....Mr. Plymton
Rocubelle Pettibone, his second wife.....Miss Vance
Emily Pettibone, his daughter.....
.....Miss Dorset
Judson Langborne, "What is it?".....
.....Mr. Jones
Christopher Dabney, a broken-down musician.....Mr. Nicholson
Augustus McNaith, a friend of the family.....Mr. Atchley
Victor Smythe, in love with Emily.....
.....Mr. McCormick
Thompson, a shoe dealer.....
.....Mr. Lemuels
Pili Orlistanski, from the Opera Comique.....Miss Gillingwater
Dallin.....Mr. Hughes
Katy, a maid.....Miss Huntley

—SYNOPSIS—

Where is it? Drawing room of Ezbert Pettibone's house in London.

When is it? Now.

What time is it? Act I—A morning.

Act II—A few mornings later. Act III—Another morning. Act IV—The same morning, (good morning).

Opening with a matinee on Monday. Our Own Stock company of the Majestic will present next week William Gillette's enjoyable comedy, "All the Comforts of Home." This is just the sort of a play for which the stock patrons have expressed an especial liking, and the management is anticipating a most satisfactory week.

"All the Comforts of Home" was written by Mr. Gillette and presented by him with great success. It had a run of one entire season and part of

the succeeding season in New York, under the direction of Charles Frohman, and was then put on the road.

The comedy visited Fort Wayne with a cast containing such well-known people as William Morris, Georgia Cayvan and Herbert Keiley. The story deals with some decidedly interesting situations which bring one laugh after another. All of the stock company favorites will be seen in the

cast and a most pleasing series of entertainments is guaranteed.

The engagement is for the matinees and evenings of Monday, Tuesday and Friday.

Photographs of Miss Dunbar.

On Monday afternoon, each patron occupying a main-floor seat will be presented with a photograph of Miss Louise Dunbar, the popular leading lady of the company.



STEPHANIE LONGFELLOW AND BURT KING IN SCENE FROM "GRAUSTARK," MAJESTIC, THIS EVENING.



LITTLE MISS MUFFET, LITTLE BO PEEP, BOY BLUE AND THE SPIDER IN "GAMES OF CHILDHOOD" AT THE TEMPLE NEXT WEEK.

Temple Vaudeville

Return of Isabelle Howell and Rosebuds in "Games of Childhood"—The Protean Actor Roland West in "The Criminal."

What the Kieth brand of vaudeville is to the east, the Temple brand is to Fort Wayne and theater-goers throughout this part of the state begin to realize this fact. The bill opening Monday afternoon next will be headed by the great protean actor, Roland West, and his company in the sketch, "The Criminal," one of the scenes of which show the much talked about "third degree." Isabelle Howell and her Rosebuds will return in the charming musical fantasy "Games of Childhood." Kramer and Scheck, the modern Hercules, will be seen here for the first time in feats of strength and unusual athletic stunts. Grace Leonard is said to be an ideal boy in her latest make up. Besnah and Miller do a comedy singing, talking and dancing act. Pero and Wilson are comedy pantomimists who have been unusually successful in vaudeville. Iida Schnee, the girl with the beautiful voice, and the Temple motion pictures will complete the bill. Prices for all Temple performances are always the same. Seats now on sale week in advance at the box office.

There are villages in the Alps and Pyrenees where electric power is so cheap that it does not pay to turn off the lights on leaving a room.

Foley's Kidney Remedy will cure any case of kidney or bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. Cures backache and irregularities that if neglected might result in Bright's disease or diabetes. Dreler & Bro.



Mme. Melba says:

"I use Mrs. Mason's hair tonic every day, and consider it very beneficial. It makes the hair grow, and strengthens it. I would not be without it."—Nellie Melba.

Mrs. MASON'S HAIR TONIC

Old English is a scientific food for the hair and has been proven to be the best in the world by the most distinguished ladies of New York, London, and Paris, among whom are the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Lillian Churchill, Comtesse de Pourtales, Mrs. Levi P. Morton, and many others. Mrs. Mason's Old English Hair Tonic and her Shampoo Powder constitute a Complete Treatment for the hair, which positively does it from falling out and makes it grow thick, wavy and curly.

FOR SALE BY The Burdette Dry Goods Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.

D. C. FISHER—

Insurance, Real Estate and Loans. NO. 128 WEST WAYNE STREET.



FRANCIS WILSON IN "WHEN KNIG HTS WERE BOLD," MAJESTIC, WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Headache,
Backache,
Sideache,
A Worn-out
Feeling.

These are especially women's afflictions. They are caused by irregular working of some of the functions of the body.

It is of the utmost importance to every woman to know that there is no medicine so valuable for her, so helpful, so strengthening, as

Lane's Family Medicine

(called also **Lane's Tea**)
This tonic-laxative is a great blood medicine and is the favorite regulating medicine of old and young. All druggists sell it in 50c. and 25c. packages.

A Reliable Remedy
FOR
CATARRH

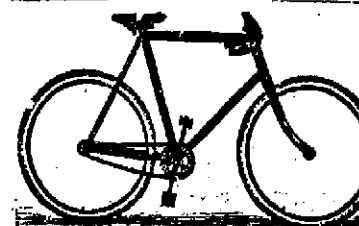
Ely's Cream Balm
Is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. It cleanses, soothes, heals, and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts. at Druggists or by mail. Liquid Cream Balm for use in atomizers 75 cts. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Fire and Burglar Proof Safes

When you need one (you need it quick) and need the best—not the cheapest.

WE SELL THE BEST
Write for description, stating size required. Small house Safes a specialty.

RUSSELL J. GROSE,
Dealer,
South Bend, Ind.
THE HALL'S SAFE CO.,
(Cincinnati, O.)



Excelsior double bar Bicycle.....\$40.00
Other makes.....\$25.00 to \$40.00
Tires, fancy and plain.....\$1.50 to \$3.00
BABY BUGGIES RETIRED.
Repairing Done By Expert.

E. J. WILKINSON,
617 Clinton St., Phone 2450.

NEW KENTUCKY COAL
is DOMESTIC COAL—Makes a hot fire, little ash and no clinkers. The cheapest coal on the market. Sold by GEO. H. KRUDOP, Phone 135. Cor. Francis and Hayden Sts. GIVE IT A TRIAL.

Hunting the Mountain Sheep



BRINGING IN A MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

(Sentinel Correspondence.)
Ottawa, Canada, March 12.—Let me frankly admit that it took a great deal of persuasion to make me take that four days' railway journey with three days more in the saddle to reach the home of the mountain sheep, but what a country it was, with its snowy peaks, rocky heights, leaping streams and nestling lakes. A jolly party we were and how closely we drew to each other when on that three weeks' hunting trip, for there is nothing can take formality and stiffness out of a party like a hunting trip unless indeed it be a shipwreck. With hard work we succeeded in getting four good heads. From this result the reader may conclude Rocky mountain sheep are easy to obtain. But in arriving at any such conclusion you would be far from the truth. The ewes especially are the most wary of all game, and have always a watch on the valleys below them. We were very careful in making our camps in the sheep country. No big blazing fires were allowed or excessive chopping of wood. The bells were taken off the horses before turning them loose and the dogs were tied up for the night, as their barking might give alarm to the game in the neighborhood. Now let me tell you just how I succeeded in shooting my first mountain sheep. Here is a full account of that day's hard work.

Calling by name and pounding on the canvas of our wigwam tent awakes me out of a light sleep. It is six o'clock. I lift the canvas to have a look at the weather conditions.

Nothing Too Good

for you. That's why we want you to take **CASCARETS** for liver and bowels. It's not advertising talk—but merit—the great, wonderful, lasting merit of **CASCARETS** that we want you to know by trial. Then you'll have faith—and join the millions who keep well by **CASCARETS** alone.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Millions take a month.

On the horizon there is a mist; directly below us there is more mist. That in the distance hides trees, mountains, valleys and streams, while below us lies a small sheet of water, one of those pretty blue mountain tarns that looks so still, clear and cold that it resembles ice. Here and there a patch of the sky can be seen, gloomy with clouds, and dark is the whole outlook. I tremble and shudder with cold as I dress and half wish I had never heard the words—British Columbia and mountain sheep.

Around the breakfast table I find four veteran sportsmen awaiting me. "Quick!" must be the word, said the leader of the party, for one of our guides reports that he has seen with field glass a number of sheep feeding on the slope of a distant mountain, and our business is, by a cautious flank movement, to get within range, a breathless proceeding which sets the heart thumping with excitement. Our leader is a white-haired, clean-shaven man of sixty years, with the activity and alertness of the average man of thirty. He is a well known member of the legal profession, who stands high in the estimation of his fellow citizens and in the councils of his party. A sportsman to the tips of his fingers, a splendid rifle shot for mountain sheep, shooting has always been his favorite sport.

Into the saddles we climb, seven of us—there's luck, they say, in odd numbers—three guides and four sportsmen; go downward on a stony path crossing several small streams. Oh, but it's cold and we must walk the horses! After riding for an hour and a half we reach the timber, where the ponies are unsaddled and hobbled and left to feed upon what grass they can find. Now on foot we go forth, our little party separating, two of the party with our head guide going to the left and another of our party with a guide going straight forward, while I and my Indian guide start up to the right. Not a sign of life around us, and soon I am beginning to wonder when this wearying tramp will end. Up and up we continue to climb and the walking, getting worse all the time. Now we are crossing patches of snow and I begin to think it is worth the little enjoyment that is derived from the remote chance of firing a bullet at a beautiful, timid, feeble sheep a quarter of a mile away. I plead with my guide—a tireless son of these mountains—to stop and rest for a while; but he pretends he cannot hear or understand, for on he goes with a smile on his face like a stuffed monkey.

Now and again he stops and, placing his hand over his eyes, scans the country all around. Thus we cover another mile when Mr. Guide pulls himself up short and with much gesticulation gives me to understand that I am to crouch down at his feet. I lose no time in carrying out his clumsy, dumb instructions, while he, from a half crouching position, gazes intently on the side of the far distant mountains. Then he also drops flat on the ground and the two of us begin to do the snake act toward a particularly rugged spot, where from the looks of it we might be concealed from all eyes for the rest of our lives. The spot is a good hundred yards away, and since the intervening space is covered with rolling stones and half melted snow the crawl is no

joke. Again, in due course, there comes to me the bitter discovery that our hiding place is no hammock at a summer resort. Imagine just a slight depression with huge rocks all around it with a nice mixture of wet snow and ice. Here we had the choice of lying in the water or on abnormally sharp stones. Finally we chose the latter, and for my part I am profoundly thankful for even so wretched a resting place; that is to say, for the time at least. "Have you seen anything?" I now venture to ask in a very subdued whisper. My guide returns no answer, but with a look I am squelched.

Tightly I clench my lips, dreading to part them again, much less to speak. Two long hours pass. The silence and cold are terrible. For those two long silent hours I have been lying at full length on a bed of sharp stones, with every limb shivering, teeth chattering and water freezing on the shady side of my clothes, wondering what will be the result of this heroic patience and endurance. For the same long time Mr. Guide barely moves a muscle, but with, for the most part, his hand over his eyes peers into the distance with that same grin in his ugly face. At last, faint with hunger, I slowly dare to draw from my big shooting coat pocket a package of sandwiches, and reaching around to my hip pocket produce a silver flask, which I always carry in case of sickness. My Indian companion seeing this slowly sits up with an expanding friendly smile and appears exceedingly anxious to make friends. Every mouthful I take he watches with eager, hungry, begrudging eyes, till at last I can refrain no longer offering him a share of lunch. He only gives two bites to a sandwich, then a movement of his throat and it's gone. Then he sits bold, upright and asks for more—but not in words—no, dear no, but with a long ravenous look. Another and another quickly disappear down his throat, and then, my lunch gone, his eyes wander to my small silver flask, and then like a person under the spell of the hypnotizer I pass to him my flask. He drains it in a mighty gulp and hands it back to me with a fierce look of disappointment regarding the quantity.

After this, to my horror and amazement, he takes from his coat a luncheon three times the size of mine and for a good half hour, with but momentary interruptions to glance across the valley, he eats to his coarse heart's content without ever offering me a bite and at the conclusion of the food he rummages in the other side of his coat and produces a big flat tin bottle that holds a good Imperial pint, and all I managed to get was a whiff that a friendly breeze blew toward me. What a noble race the Indians are! The unseemly exhibition of primitive gluttony ended he beckons me to his side with a frown and a grunt—the first sound, save the snacking of his lips, that he has made for I don't know how long—points in a direction which I am able to make out with my glass to be a herd of six sheep feeding upon the mountain side about a mile and a half away. When he perceives that I see the quarry he rubs his hands gleefully and looks affectionately at my rifle. For another hour we watch the pretty creatures alternately grazing, leaping from rock to rock, looking about them and sniffing the air, but all the time working slowly toward us. Now they are but a mile away from us, and now a little later but three-quarters of a mile.

At this moment there reached our ears, a very faint and wind borne, the crack of a rifle, which is immediately followed by three other reports. Through the field glasses I see the sheep as one, and at the same moment come bounding in our direction at an incredible rate of speed. As they run I see one of them lag behind, struggling on a few more yards and then slowly sink to the ground. On the five come at a race horse speed, and they are leading straight for our hiding place. The ingratitude of my guide, the cold, the hunger, the sharp stones, the wet clothes, are all forgotten in the excitement of the moment, as for the first time in my life I feel the thrills of fascination of the greatest of all sport, mountain sheep hunting. Quickly I get my rifle ready, and then breathlessly await the long looked for event. My heart thumps loud, perspiration breaks out on my face, for already the creatures are within easy range of the bullet, but though the temptation is great I

The Rurode
DRY GOODS CO.

YOUR SPRING NEEDS

Demand attention now. This store is a-bloom with the newest and freshest of the spring fashions. All the beautiful tints and colorings of spring blossoms have been woven into silk, cotton and woolen fabrics and placed upon our counters ready for your admiration. We sell low, but we boast louder that what we offer you is the best.

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In wash fabrics fashion favors woven cloths in self-colorings rather than the printed goods of former seasons. There are many beautiful cloths in mercerized and silk and cotton mixtures. We want you to see them. Come and look at these:

Foulardines, a fine silk cloth with figure effects.....15c a yard
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Foulard Duchesse, Poplins, Luxury Silks, Silk Cords, Shantel, etc., in plain colors and fancy effects.....

.....25c a yard
Silken Poplins, Japan Silks, Chiffon Lisse Soie de Lama, etc., in the season's prettiest shades.....35c a yard
Banzai Silk in plain and brocade, Coch-in Silks and Silk Foulards, nearly all silk and in beautiful colors 50c a yard
Motor Cloth, Belfast Linene, Rajah and other linen finish suitings.....
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Madras, plain white with dainty figures and stripes and woven color effects; very stylish and serviceable.....
.....15c to 40c a yard

SEPARATE SKIRTS

There is nothing in a woman's wardrobe so practical as the separate skirt. With a pretty waist it "goes well" for any occasion. Our stock offers every good style in silk, cotton and wool fabrics.

TAILORED SUITS FOR SPRING

At no season is the tailored suit more generally useful than during the spring-time, and never before has there been so rich and varied lines to choose from. The spring materials and the spring styles are particularly handsome and in harmony with the present fashions. We show only the most approved models.

SHIRT WAISTS

The shirt waist has come to stay, and the variety is greater than ever. You can buy them severely plain in tailored styles or lavishly trimmed with laces and embroideries. Dressy, waists for evening in silks and the popular fancy nets. Prices to suit all purses.

See these special from our ready-to-wear department:

Spring Jackets, strictly tailor-made and perfect fitting.....\$6 each

A special line of suits in brown, blue, olive and black; good values at \$20.....\$15 each

A big line of tailored white waists; all wanted styles; plain and trimmed.....\$1.00 each

A splendid showing of silk raincoats starting at \$7.50, then \$10, \$13.50 and \$16.50.

Just Now

All the latest creations will be found in all our departments. Beautiful Laces, Embroideries, Neckwear, Ribbons and Trimmings, Dainty Lingerie, Underwear and Corsets, Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Art Goods and Fancy Goods, not forgetting the staple lines of Linens and Domestics.

The Rurode Dry Goods Company

THE BOSTON STORE

Special Sale of Household Linens, Sheets and Bed Spreads.

WE WOULD LIKE TO IMPRESS UPON YOU THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS SPECIAL SALE—IMPORTANT BECAUSE THE DIFFERENT LINES ARE MOST COMPLETE, MAKING SELECTIONS EASY AND SATISFACTORY. AGAIN IMPORTANT BECAUSE EVERY PRICE ON EVERY ITEM QUOTED IS LOWER THAN THE SAME CAN BE BOUGHT AT ANY OTHER TIME OF THE YEAR.

Bleached Damask at 25c, worth 30c.
64-inch Bleached Damask at 40c, worth 48c.
64-inch Bleached Damask at 45c, worth 55c.
64-inch All- linen Damask at 50c, worth 62½c.
72-inch All linen Damask at 68c, worth 83c.
Cotton Toweling at 4c, worth 5c.
Linen Toweling at 9c, worth 10c.
Linen Toweling at 10c, worth 12½c.
Bleached Linen Toweling at 8 1/2c, worth 10c.
Bleached Linen Toweling at 10c, worth 12½c.
Bed Spreads, extra large size, at \$1.00; would be cheap at \$1.25.
Fringed Bed Spreads at \$1.25, worth \$1.50.
Bleached Bed Sheets at 48c, worth 60c.
Bleached Bed Sheets at 55c, worth 65c.
Pillow Slips at 10c, worth 12½c.
Double width Bleached Sheet at 15c, worth 20c.
Bath Towels at 10c, worth 12½c.
Bath Towels at 12½c, worth 17c.

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SPECIAL BARGAINS IN EMBROIDERIES AND LACES THIS WEEK.

NEW DRESS TRIMMINGS AT SPECIAL LOW PRICES.
CURTAIN STRETCHERS AT 69c, WORTH \$1.00.
DO YOUR TRADING AT THE BOSTON STORE THIS WEEK, AS WE HAVE A GREAT MANY SPECIAL BARGAINS TO OFFER.

Wm. Hahn & Co.
THE BOSTON STORE.

Syrup of Figs
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Elixir of Senna
Cleanses the System

Effectually:
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Acts naturally, acts truly as
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Telephone 285



need not hurry to fire, for they are coming still closer. A ram with his head held high and a splendid pair of horns, leads the way. They swerve to the right, perhaps a dozen yards, but still they are coming on, filling the air with the noise of their feet as they hit the rocks and stones. Within fifty yards of us the expected happens.

They all stop short, and for a few seconds stand as though so many pieces of excellently carved statuary. They have winded us at last, and for a moment it seems they are puzzled to know where we are hiding. For the moment I am simply stupefied by the magnificent spectacle. A rough punch in my ribs and the gleaming eyes of my guide bring me to my senses, and mechanically I level my rifle. Alas, my hand is now so cold I cannot feel the trigger. Nevertheless, with the sight in the ram's shoulder I manage to pull the trigger

as the fine fellow is on the point of turning tail and galloping away, and to my amazement and horror: he rolls over, with his life blood coming from his nostrils, as dead as a proverbial door nail. I tried two other shots at the fleeing sheep, but without success. For a few minutes my guide silently surveyed the fallen ram, and then clasps his hands to his mouth and lets forth a long, loud yell. From far away the call is answered, and a few minutes later we see two of our party approaching, and very soon I am receiving congratulations upon the success of my shot.

Now upon my return to civilization like a business man I have carefully considered mountain sheep hunting from the investment standpoint, and I have come to the conclusion that it is more beneficial as a tonic than all the drugs known to pharmacopoeia. This game is found in perhaps the most healthy and enjoyable climate

in the whole world, and the hard work of scaling rocks and climbing the great heights only gives to the hunter the very best physical training it is possible for him to obtain.

A RELIGIOUS AUTHOR'S STATEMENT.

Rev. Joseph H. Fesperman, Salt Lake City, N. C., who is the author of several books, writes: "For several years I was afflicted with kidney trouble and last winter I was suddenly stricken with a severe pain in my kidneys and was confined to bed eight days unable to get up without assistance. My urine contained a thick white sediment and I passed same frequently day and night. I commenced taking Foley's Kidney Remedy and the pain gradually abated and finally ceased and my urine became normal. I cheerfully recommend Foley's Kidney Remedy." Dreier & Bro.

NOTICE!

The members of the Bethel Church Evangelical Association, corner DeWald and Clinton Sts., will hold a business meeting in the lecture room of the church at 8 p. m. Wednesday March 17th, 1909, for the purpose of electing one trustee to serve for term of three years.

S-91 BOARD OF TRUSTEES

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The Church Directory

(Continued from Page Five.)

PRESBYTERIAN.

FIRST CHURCH—Cor. Washington and Clinton streets. Rev. Henry B. Blaster, pastor. Public worship, 11 o'clock a. m.; Sunday school, 9:45 o'clock a. m.; Vesper service with musical half hour, 4 o'clock p. m.; Wednesday evening service, 7:45.

WESTMINSTER CHURCH—West Berry street, three squares from court house. Rev. J. Clair Leach, pastor. Church Bible school at 9:30; B. J. Roberts, superintendent. Morning service at 10:45; sermon by pastor; Junior Endeavor, 2:30 p. m.; Miss Ethel Langsdorff, superintendent. Evening service at 7:45 o'clock; sermon. Mid-week devotional service Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.; Lakeside Sunday school, M. E. Small, superintendent. Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

THIRD CHURCH—Corner Harrison and Taber streets. Frank M. Fox, D. D., pastor. Bible school at 9:30 a. m.; E. G. Schulze, superintendent. Morning service at 10:45; sermon. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock; sermon. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:45 p. m.; Junior Endeavor at 2:30 p. m.

BETHANY CHURCH—Corner Fry and Boone streets. Rev. J. H. Daly, pastor. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; Morning services at 10:30. Junior Endeavor, 2:30 p. m.; Senior Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Evening services at 7:30 o'clock.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

FIRST CHURCH—Corner Wayne and Lafayette streets. Charles A. Rowland, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30; E. L. Fuestel, superintendent. Morning service at 10:30; sermon. Junior League at 2:30 p. m.; Miss Edith Zook, superintendent. Kindergarten in connection for the younger Juniors. Epworth League meeting at 6:30 p. m.; Evening service at 7:30; sermon. Mid-week devotional service, Wednesday, at 7:30.

WAYNE STREET CHURCH—Corner Broadway. Rev. Frank Leinig, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Morning service at 10:30; sermon. Evening services at 7:30; sermon. Epworth League devotion at 6:30 p. m.; Junior League at 2:30 p. m.; Mid-week devotional service Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH—Wayton avenue and Seldon street. Rev. C. M. Hobbs, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Morning services, 10:30, sermon. Junior League at 2:30 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; Evening services at 7:30 o'clock; sermon. Prayer services Wednesday evening at 7:30.

TRINITY CHURCH—Fourth and Cass streets. Rev. W. E. Herron, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; P. A. Macken, superintendent. Morning service at 10:30; sermon. Evening services at 7:30; sermon. Junior League at 2:30 p. m.; Wesley Brotherhood meeting at 6:30 p. m.; Prayer service Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

SIMPSON CHURCH—Corner of Harrison and Dawson streets. Loren M. Edwards, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Morning service at 10:30; sermon. Junior League at 2:30 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; Evening services at 7:30 o'clock; sermon. Mid-week service at 7:30 Wednesday evening.

NEW HAVEN CHURCH—New Haven, Ind. J. L. Hutchins, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Morning service at 10:30; sermon. Junior League at 2:30 p. m.; Senior League at 6:30 p. m.; Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at the parsonage.

EPISCOPAL.

TRINITY CHURCH—West Berry and Fulton streets. Rev. E. W. Averill, pastor. Rev. W. V. Damp, curate. Holy communion at 7:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Morning services at 10:45; sermon. Junior League at 2:30 p. m.; Wesley Brotherhood meeting at 6:30 p. m.; Prayer service Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

ST. ANDREW'S MISSION—South Wayne avenue. Dr. J. W. Autenreth, superintendent. Holy communion at 7:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 9:15 a. m.

BAPTIST.

FIRST CHURCH—West Jefferson street, between Harrison and Webster streets. Rev. J. F. Vohrer, pastor. Sunday school, 9:30; L. F. Johnson, superintendent. Morning service at 10:45; sermon. Y. P. U. meeting at 6:45 p. m.; Evening services at 7:30. Mid-week prayer meeting, Wednesday, at 7:30 p. m.

SOUTH WAYNE MISSION—Corner Indiana and Cottage avenues. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Herschel Mauk, superintendent.

MT. LEBANON CHURCH—(Colored). Calhoun and Holman streets. Rev. A. E. Averett, state missionary, pastor. Sunday services: Sunday school at 10:00 a. m.; Preaching service at 11:15 a. m.; Evening service at 7:30 o'clock.

CHURCH OF GODS.

OF THE INDIANA FLEETSHIP—At 3201 South Lafayette street. Rev. H. H. Spilner, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Carl Dustin, Supt. Morning service at 10:30; sermon. Evening service at 7:30; sermon. Prayer service Thursday evening at 8:00.

ENGLISH LUTHERAN.

CHURCH OF THE REDEMPTION—Washington and Fulton streets. The Rev. H. H. Hahn, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Morning service at 10:30; sermon. Evening services at 7:45 p. m.; sermon. Meeting of catechumens on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

TRINITY CHURCH

Wayne and Clinton streets. Rev. Samuel Wagners, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Morning service at 10:45; sermon. Evening services at 7:30; sermon. Devotional meeting of Luther League at 7:30 p. m.

CHRIST'S CHURCH

Corner West Jefferson and Webster streets. W. H. Schroek, pastor. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; Morning service at 10:30; sermon. Evening services at 7:30; sermon. Luther League meeting at 6:45 p. m.

BAPTIST BRETHREN.

BAPTIST BRETHREN—Corner Smith and Green streets. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; conducted by Mrs. Elizabeth Sykes. Morning service at 10:45; sermon. Evening services at 7:45; sermon. Christian Workers' meeting at 7:00 p. m.; Cottage prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

REFORMED.

SALEM REFORMED CHURCH—Next to postoffice. Rev. E. A. Kienlemer, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; German services at 10:30 a. m.; sermon. Christian Endeavor society at 6:45 p. m.; Evening service at 7:30 p. m.; sermon.

GRACE CHURCH

316-318 East Washington street. Rev. Allan K. Zantman, D. D., pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Adult Bible class at 9:50 a. m.; Morning services at 10:30 o'clock; sermon. Christian Endeavor society at 6:45 p. m.; Evening service at 7:30; sermon. Prayer meeting services Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

Corner Washington and Webster streets. John H. Bosch, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Morning service at 10:15; sermon. German. Young People's meeting at 7:00 p. m.; Evening service at 7:30 o'clock; sermon, English.

CONGREGATIONAL.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH—Corner Jefferson

A NOTRE DAME LADY'S APPEAL

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbago, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home remedy which has repeatedly cured all of these troubles. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes away acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box R, Notre Dame, Ind.

MISSIONS.

GOSPEL HOME MISSION—1209 St. Mary's avenue. Ben B. King, superintendent. Services: Sunday morning, 10:30; Sabbath school, 2:30 p. m.; children's meeting 6:30 p. m.; preaching services, 7:30 p. m.; prayer meeting Tuesday evening, 7:30; Bible class Friday evening, 7:30.

PENTECOSTAL MISSION.

Services at 1205 Field street. Meetings will be conducted on Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. There will also be services at the Mission every evening except Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

RESCUE HOME MISSION.

113 East Columbia street; George L. Cooper, superintendent. Meetings every night at 7:45.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST—915 Harrison St. Morning service at 10:30; Sunday school at 11:30. Wednesday evening meeting at 8 o'clock in the church. Free Reading Room at 31 Bass Block; open daily except Sunday, from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. All are cordially welcomed both to the services and to the Reading Room.

FIRST CHURCH DIVINE SCIENTISTS.

C. A. R. Hall, -Elektron Building, opposite postoffice. Services every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. Free seats.

CHURCH OF CHRIST.

WEST JEFFERSON STREET CHURCH—Corner Fairfield avenue. Rev. Ray O. Miller, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Morning service at 10:30; sermon. Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m.; Sunday evening service and sermon at 7:30 p. m.; Teachers and prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

WEST CREIGHTON AVENUE CHURCH.

William F. Shamhart, pastor. Bible school at 9:15 a. m.; C. A. Howell, jr., superintendent. Morning services at 10:45; sermon. Junior Christian Endeavor at 2:30 p. m.; Christian Endeavor at 6:45 p. m.; Evening services at 7:30; sermon. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

THIRD CHURCH.

Corner 25th Creighton avenue and Smith street. H. E. Stafford, pastor. Bible school at 9:30. Morning service at 10:30; sermon. Evening service at 7:30; sermon. Christian Endeavor at 6:45 p. m.; Bible study class on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

INDEPENDENT ASSOCIATION-K.

P. Hall, on West Washington boulevard. Rev. Henry Brindle, pastor. Public worship at 7:30 o'clock p. m.

UNITED BRETHREN.

CALVARY CHURCH—Corner East Lewis and Harmer streets. G. F. Byer, pastor. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; A. A. Bowser, superintendent. Morning services at 10:30; sermon. Young People's Christian Union at 6:30. Evening services at 7:30; sermon. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

UNDENOMINATIONAL BIBLE CLASS.

UNDENOMINATIONAL BIBLE CLASS. 1215 Lafayette street. Bible students interested in the millennial dawn meet for Bible study Sunday morning at 10:00 o'clock.

AFRICAN METHODIST.

AFRICAN CHURCH—Corner Wayne and Adams streets. Box 1244, Calhoun. Pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 3:00 p. m.; Evening service at 7:30.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

CITADEL—East Washington street. Ensign Adell. Services: 10:30 a. m., open air; 7:30 p. m., by candle light. Services at the citadel: 1:30 p. m., Sunday school at the citadel; 4:00 p. m., Open air by court house; 7:30 p. m., Young People's League; 7:30 p. m., open air by court house. Good music and singing at all services.

Y. M. C. A.

RAILROAD—Calhoun and Holman streets. J. W. Burns, General secretary. Open for service at 2:00 p. m.; J. A. Philley will conduct song service.

Y. W. C. A.

CITY BRANCH—Miss Mary Johnson, secretary. Sunday at 4:00 p. m.; open air; 7:30 p. m., Vesper service in Association.

FIRST CHURCH DIVINE SCIENTISTS.

G. E. R. Hall, -Elektron Building, opposite postoffice. Services every Sunday evening at 8:00. Free seats.

BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL.

MISSIONARY CHURCH—Corner South Wayne and Richardson avenues. Rev. D. Y. Schultz, pastor. Preaching service at 2:00 p. m.; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.; Alfred Holsworth, superintendent. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.

FIRST CHURCH—New Haven. Rev. T. B. Leach, pastor. Sunday school, 9:30. Felix Blasing, superintendent. Preaching by the pastor at 10:30 a. m.; and 7:30 p. m.; Prayer meeting and Bible study Thursday evening.

EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION.

BETHEL CHURCH—Corner DeWald and Fulton streets. Rev. E. A. Kienlemer, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Miss Cora Kurrie, superintendent. Y. P. A. meeting at 6:30 p. m.; A. Stecher, leader. Public worship at 10:30 a. m.; sermon. Wednesday evening, prayer meeting at 7:30, led by James Trithall.

CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN.

CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN—Corner Smith and Green streets. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; L. D. Stover, superintendent. Preaching services 10:15 a. m., and 7:45 p. m.; Christian Workers'

and Harrison streets.

Rev. Henry T. Sell, D. D., pastor. Bible school at 9:30 a. m.; Public worship at 10:45 a. m.; sermon. Evening service at 7:30 p. m.; Junior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

FREE METHODIST CHURCH.

FIRST CHURCH—1205 East Creighton avenue. W. T. Loring, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; S. L. Vass, superintendent. Morning service at 10:30; sermon. Evening service at 7:45; sermon. Class meeting Tuesday evening at 7:45.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

CATHEDRAL OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—Rev. Herman Alerding, D. D., bishop. Rev. Wm. C. Miller, secretary; Rev. P. F. Roche, rector; Rev. George Moorman, assistant. Daily masses, 6:00 a. m.; 7:45 a. m.; Sunday masses, 6:00 a. m.; 8:00 a. m.; sermon; 9:15 a. m. (children's mass); high mass, 10:15 a. m.; sermon; Sunday school, 2:00 p. m.; Vespers and benediction, 2:30 p. m. The following meetings are held Sunday in rotation during the month commencing at 4 o'clock: First Sunday, Married Men's Society and Young Men's Society; second Sunday, Rosary Society; third Sunday, Young Ladies' Sodality; fourth Sunday, Rose Sodality; and Young Girls' Sodality. The Catholic Knights of America, branch 102, meets the first and third Sundays of each month. The Sacred Heart League devotions on the first Friday of each month at 2:30 p. m.

ST. PATRICK'S.

Corner of DeWald and Harrison streets. Rev. Joseph P. Delaney, rector; Rev. James Purham, assistant. Daily masses, 6:30 a. m.; 8:00 a. m.; Sunday masses, 7:45 a. m.; sermon; 9:00 a. m. (children's mass); high mass, 10:00 a. m.; sermon. Sunday school, 2:00 p. m.; Vespers and benediction, 2:30 p. m. Following is a list of the various societies of the church and the time of meeting: Married Men's and Young Men's Societies, first Sunday in the month; Rosary Society, second Sunday; Young Ladies' Sodality, third Sunday; also the first three Sundays of the month for the office of the Blessed Virgin; Rose and Girls' Sodality, fourth Sunday; Rose Sodality, fifth Sunday; Young Men's Society, fourth Sunday of the month; Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association meets first and fourth Tuesdays; St. Joseph Benevolent Society meets third Sunday of the month. Sacred Heart devotions on the first Friday of the month at 7:30 p. m.

ST. MARY'S (German).

Corner Lafayette and Jefferson streets. Rt. Rev. Mgr. John H. Oercherling, V. G., rector; Rev. Gustave Hottelroth, assistant. Daily masses, 8:00 a. m.; Sunday masses, 8:00 a. m.; sermon. High mass, 10:00 a. m.; sermon. Sunday school at 2:00 p. m.; Vespers and benediction at 2:30 p. m.

ST. PETER'S (German).

Corner East DeWald and Warsaw streets. Rev. Charles Thiele, rector; Rev. Michael Aebinger, assistant. Daily masses, 8:00 a. m.; Sunday masses, 8:00 a. m.; sermon. High mass, 9:45 a. m.; sermon. Sunday school at 2:00 p. m.; Vespers and benediction, 2:30 p. m.

ST. PAUL'S (German).

Corner Boulevard west and Griffith street. Rev. H. F. Jos. Kroll, pastor. Daily masses, 8:00 a. m.; Sunday masses, 8:00 a. m.; sermon. High mass, 10:00 a. m.; sermon. Sunday school at 2:00 p. m.; Vespers and benediction at 2:30 p. m.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY BLOOD.

Corner Barthold and Fourth streets. Rev. C. Hummer, C. P. S., pastor. Daily mass at 7:45 a. m.; Sunday mass, 7:45 a. m.; sermon. High mass, 10:30 a. m.; sermon. Sunday school at 2:00 p. m.; Vespers and benediction, 2:30 p. m.

GERMAN LUTHERAN.

EMMAUS LUTHERAN CHURCH—Broadway and Creighton avenues. Rev. Philip Wambagans, Jr., pastor—Sunday services as follows: Morning service and preaching at 10:00 a. m.; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.; Evening service and preaching at 7:30 p. m.

ST. JOHN'S.

Corner Washington boulevard and Van Buren street. Rev. H. P. Dannecker, pastor. Morning services (German) at 10:30. Sermon by pastor. Children's services (German) at 2:00 p. m.; Evening services at 7:30.

TRINITY.

Corner of Huffman and Oakland streets. Rev. Paul Stieppelwerth, pastor. Sunday services, 10:00 a. m.; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

GRAND LUTHERAN ZION'S CHURCH.

Creighton avenue and Hanna street. Rev. H. Chr. Luehr, pastor. Morning services at 10:00 a. m.; sermon. Evening services at 7:45; sermon.

EMANUEL CHURCH.

West Jefferson street. Rev. Wm. E. Moll, pastor. Sunday services. German preaching at 10:00 a. m.; Sunday school at 2:00 p. m.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CONCORDIA CONGREGATION.

Southwest corner of Fletcher and Olive streets. Sunday services: Preaching at 10:00 a. m., and Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.; Rev. August Lange, pastor.

ST. PAUL'S.

Daily services. Rev. Jacob Muller, pastor—Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.; Evening services at 7:30 p. m.

GRACE LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Gay and Pontiac streets. Rev. P. Brandt, pastor. Sunday services at 10:00; sermon. Morning service and preaching at 10:00; sermon by pastor. Children's services at 2:00 p. m.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of this tube, restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

WE WILL GIVE ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR ANY CASE OF DEAFNESS (caused by catarrh) THAT CANNOT BE CURED BY THE CATARRH CURE. Send for circulars, free.

J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

NOTICE

Drs. Dentists, Office Men

I have some modern office rooms. (second floor), for rent, including heat and water. "Minnet" Building, 121 E. Washington St., near Calhoun. Telephone 68, Geo. F. Triver. 9-11-13

CARD OF THANKS.

We desire in this way to extend our sincere thanks to our neighbors and friends and to Rev. Moll and the clerks for their sympathetic kindness during the death of my husband, Herman G. Upmeyer, and for the magnificent floral pieces received from relatives and clerks from the store and other friends.

MRS. H. H. G. UPMEYER.

Girls Wanted.

Perfection Biscuit Co. 12-21

BARGAINS IN SECOND HAND INSTRUMENTS.

One Sohmer Piano in good shape, at \$65. 6 Octave Packard Organ, at \$55; same as new. George Wood Organ, \$18. One second hand Electric Piano, nickel in the slot, in good shape. Nickel in the slot Reginaophone, same as new, \$65. GUY CONKLIN, 1003 Calhoun St. 10-30-U

WE OFFER FOR PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION A SMALL LOT OF TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS OF

First Mortgage 10 Year 6 Per Cent. Gold Bond

Copper Butte Milling Company

AT PAR, WITH ACCUMULATED INTEREST FROM MARCH 1ST, 1909

The Peacock Copper Mines

Are Located in Washington County, Idaho—Seven Devil District.

Bonds May be Registered if Desired.

DATED MARCH 2, 1908. DUE MARCH 1, 1918.

Interest Payable September and March. Bonds Subject to Redemption at \$1.06 on or After Three Years.

SMELTER RETURN.

Facts that count. The smelter returns for ore shipments cannot be questioned. The Peacock Mine has shipped about 12,000 tons, and the new Snake River road now building, and tram is the only necessary thing to enable the mine to produce values by the millions. The following shipments went to Bingham smelter.

Note.—Values in copper, gold and silver are per ton.

Lot No.	Net Wt. Lbs.	Per Cent. Copper	Value Copper	Gold	Silver	Gross Value
1	42,564	15.3	\$35.27	\$.00	\$2.85	\$ 726.14
2	183,192	14.	26.35	.95	2.02	2,319.21
3	189,184	13.4	25.11	.76	2.00	2,257.91
4	151,070	13.5	25.31	.00	2.00	1,760.73
5	202,792	14.8	27.33	.76	2.15	2,660.63
6	197,988	14.4	26.71	.00	2.19	2,437.21
7	182,826	14.	25.71	1.33	2.09	2,297.21
8	182,302	14.3	26.32	.00	2.10	2,225.90
9	80,004	18.3	23.40	.75	2.00	997.24
10	180,364	14.2	25.15	.00	2.11	2,087.21



THE SHOP AND RAILROAD NEWS

A WELL KNOWN WABASH OFFICIAL LEAVES COMPANY

**E. L. Ensel, the Supply
Agent, in Lumber
Business.**

The many friends of E. L. Ensel in Fort Wayne will be surprised to learn that he has resigned the office of supply agent of the Wabash, the same to become effective today. Mr. Ensel has arranged to engage in the lumber business in Toledo, in fact he is already in it. He was with the Wabash upwards of twelve years, most of the time in the supply department. For nearly two years he was storekeeper of the Eastern division, with headquarters in Fort Wayne. About a year ago he was transferred to the Middle division in a similar position, but remained there only a short time, when he was called to the higher position of general storekeeper or supply agent. During the past four or five years he had in contemplation a move of this kind and because of it his family never gave up their home in Peru, not knowing how long Mr. Ensel would remain in the railway service and where their home would be when he retired from railway work. He will take his family to Toledo to reside in a few weeks.

HONORED A VISITING MEMBER.

The Ladies' Auxiliary to the Order of Railway Conductors entertained at the hall Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Coudrey, one of their members, who now resides in Oklahoma, and who is here on a visit. The afternoon was spent in various old-fashioned games as taking a "sea-voyage" and "gossip." Then the tables were laid for twenty guests. Those who desired to come, but could not, sent regrets. An elegant two-course luncheon was served, at the close of which Mrs. Bushey, president of the order, in her pleasing manner, in behalf of the sisters, presented the guest of honor with a large and beautiful bouquet of carnations. Mrs. Coudrey responded with thanks to the sisters, expressing her appreciation of their friendship and hospitality, terming the occasion a great oasis in her visit here in this city.

STARTS PLANT MONDAY.

Fort Wayne Engineering Company
Ready for Business.

The Fort Wayne Engineering and Manufacturing company has established a little factory in a part of the Paul Pulley building, on Sixth street, and Monday morning will engage in the manufacture of some machinery invented by a member of the firm. These include an electrically operated air compressor designed especially for use in garages and an electrically operated water pump for domestic use and for buildings not otherwise provided with a means of hoisting water. The plant is located in the lower portion of the large two story building of the Paul Pulley works and the latter will furnish the power. The shop has a floor area of 50x125 feet and the equipment will consist of ton of the latest and best designs of steel working machinery, including drill presses, lathes, planers and milling machines. All have not yet been installed, but a sufficient number to give employment to eight or ten mechanics and do the work for a month or two is in position and ready for operation. The air compressors and the pumps are mounted in a similar manner, being securely fastened to one end of an iron frame with the electric motor on the other end and the crank shaft and other appurtenances between them. There will be several sizes of these machines, but the standard will be about three feet long and weighing about 200 pounds. They need no foundation and will run in any position, all that is necessary to put them in operation after they have been connected with the electric power plant being a twist of the button, the same as a person would give were he to turn on the current for an electric lamp. The compressor is capable of inflating an automobile tire in a few seconds and the pump will force water to any desired height. And a feature that should not be lost sight of is the simplicity of the machines and their low cost. To make room for this plant the Paul Pulley company moved its varnishing department to new quarters and converted the room into a stock room for the finished products of the works, which

CONGENIAL WORK

And Strength to Perform It.

A person in good health is likely to have a genial disposition, ambition, and enjoy work.

On the other hand, if the digestive organs have been upset by wrong food, work becomes drudgery.

"Until recently," writes a Washington girl, "I was a railroad stenographer, which means full work every day."

"Like many other girls alone in a large city, I lived at a boarding house. For breakfast it was mush, greasy meat, soggy cakes, black coffee, etc."

"After a few months of this diet I used to feel sleepy and heavy in the mornings. My work seemed a terrible effort, and I thought the work was to blame—too arduous."

"At home I had heard my father speak of a young fellow who went long distances in the cold on Grape-Nuts and cream and nothing more for breakfast."

"I concluded if it would tide him over a morning's heavy work, it might help me, so on my way home one night I bought a package and next morning I had Grape-Nuts and milk for breakfast."

"I stuck to Grape-Nuts, and in less than two weeks I noticed improvement. I can't just tell how well I felt, but I remember I used to walk the twelve blocks to business and knew how good it was simply to live."

"As to my work—well, did you ever feel the delight of having congenial work and the strength to perform it? That's how I felt. I truly believe there's life and vigor in every grain of Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Noted Expounder of the Darwinian Theory



DR. ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE, O.M.
FROM THE SPHERE.

Dr. Russel Wallace, who celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday on January 8, is brought once more into prominent notice by the centenary of his co-exponent of evolution Charles Darwin's birth (February 12, 1809). Dr. Wallace thinks he was of Scottish descent, but he was born in Monmouthshire, and started life as an architect, though he soon gave it up to travel and study nature. In 1848 he visited the Amazon, and four years later published his travels. Since that date he has taken a prominent place in many aspects of the propaganda of evolution as laid down by Darwin and simultaneously by himself.

Dr. Wallace published, in 1880, a volume upon Darwinism, giving a popular but accurate account of the theory of variation and natural selection and his reasons for differing on certain points from the teaching of Darwin.

was effected without crippling the works in the least.

N. Y. CENTRAL CHANGES.

New Men at Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Grand Rapids.

Changes involving the transfer of three passenger men in the employ of the New York Central have been announced. W. G. Knittle, who for several months past has been in Cincinnati as general agent of the passenger department of the Big Four, goes to Grand Rapids, Mich., as general agent of the passenger department of all the New York Central lines. He will be succeeded at Cincinnati by C. C. Clark, who has been general agent of the passenger department of the Big Four at Indianapolis for the past four years. Mr. Clark will be succeeded at Indianapolis by H. A. Daly, who has been the New York Central representative at Grand Rapids. The changes are effective on April 1. Another change which will affect Fort Wayne will be the complete absorption by the New York Central of the Lake Shore and the Lake Erie and Western lines and the establishment of a passenger service with train terminals at Jackson, Mich., and Cincinnati and Indianapolis. At present the trains of both lines have their terminals here. Of course this city will continue to be a division terminal, where crews and engines will be exchanged. This change will probably take place next fall.

SPECIAL TO SPRINGFIELD.

Many Decatur People Go There to Hear Sunday.

Rev. "Billy" Sunday is holding revival meetings in Springfield, Ill., and last night the Wabash company ran a special from Decatur to that city to accommodate those who wished to attend a meeting. The train had twelve cars and each car was loaded to overflowing, there being 1,500 people on the train. A tabernacle covering a block in the city of Springfield and having 8,000 seats and standing room for 2,000 people is being used for the meetings and last night this large building was filled to its utmost capacity. It being estimated that there were upwards of 11,000 people in the audience. The Decatur delegation was composed chiefly of men and women who were converted by Rev. Sunday a year or two ago, when he held evangelistic services in that city. Master Mechanic G. W. Smith, of the Wabash, who was in Springfield last night, attended the meetings.

CONTRACTS ARE PLACED.

Kaiser and Wehrberg to Do Electric Job.

As forecasted by the Sentinel a week

ago, Henry J. Kaiser will do the carpenter work and Henry Wehrberg the brick work on the addition to the laboratory building of the Fort Wayne Electric company and the work of construction will commence next week. As previously stated, the roof of the building is to be elevated to allow a third story, which will be used mainly for office purposes. The draughting department will be moved there as soon as the addition is completed and the large room now occupied by the department will be remodeled and furnish a home for another department, possibly the auditing, which is somewhat overcrowded at present. The laboratory building is 32x85 feet in dimensions.

TO WAGE WAR ON FOG.

French Scientist Will Employ the Hertzian Waves.

Paris, March 13.—M. Dibos, a French engineer, is conducting a series of experiments on the English channel which have given rise to the hope that New York harbor may ultimately be kept free from fog. Attracted by the English experiments for dissipating fog by means of electrical discharges, M. Dibos conceived the idea of a combination of Hertzian waves. Beneath a powerful Hertzian plant which emits waves of forty thousand volts, he placed four huge blow pipes directed to the four points of the compass. Simultaneously with the discharge of the Hertzian waves the blow pipes, each giving a temperature of two thousand degrees centigrade, were lighted. In from twenty to thirty minutes a thick fog was dispelled over a zone of 200 yards. Encouraged by this success the experiments will be continued.

MAMMOTH STEEL SHAVING.

Coil Forty Feet Long Cut Out of Locomotive Tire.

The largest steel shaving ever seen in this part of the country was taken from a locomotive tire in the Pennsylvania erecting shop last night while the wheels were being "turned down" on a big lathe operated by Gus Gruber, Jr. This shaving is about a half-inch in diameter and is over forty feet long and the tire from whence it was taken was made at the Latrobe mills of steel made at the Homestead Steel works. The shaving has been hanged and it now forms a festoon between the steel posts in the wall of the erecting shop.

GOING TO OREGON TO LIVE.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Beam left this morning for Oregon, where they will reside in the future. Mr. Beam is the carpenter who fell from the Pennsylvania bridge at St. Mary's river last

August and was severely injured. He has not fully recovered and believes he will never be able to resume work as a railway bridge carpenter, hence the removal to Oregon to engage in other and lighter work.

TURNED OUT FIVE ENGINES.

Among the engines turned out of the Wabash shops during the four and one-half days the works were in operation this week were 659, the passenger locomotive, and 2308, the freight locomotive, which figured in the head-on collision at Mardenas a week ago. Other engines were 603 and 611, of the Detroit division, and 857, of the Peru division.

MR. CLARK IS BETTER.

Stationmaster J. W. Clark, of the Pennsylvania, who has been at St. Joseph hospital for two or three weeks, very sick, was so much better yesterday that he was able to sit up an hour or two for the first time since he went to that institution.

PENNSY ENGINE OUTPUT.

The Pennsylvania engine output during the week just closing was the same as last week—thirteen. They were Nos. 9050, 9391, 7420, 9373, 7442, 9351, 7345, 7166, 7602, 9361, 7376, 7124 and 7131.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Walter A. Barrett went to Kokomo this morning on business for the Bass company.

L. J. Schmidt is absent from his work in the Pennsylvania blacksmith shop on account of sickness.

Charles Elton, a boiler-maker at the Lake Shore shops, had an eye injured yesterday by a piece of steel lodging in it.

The Western Gas Construction company is temporarily closed to allow repairs to the boiler plant. Work will be resumed Monday.

Vernan and Harley Tannehill, of the Fort Wayne Electric works, will go to Columbia City this evening to spend Sunday with relatives.

Lake Shore engine 5026 has just received a general overhauling in the Fort Wayne shops and will be turned over to service next week.

Master Mechanic O. N. Foster, of Elkhart, and Boiler Supervisor John German, of Collinwood, were in the city Thursday on business for the Lake Shore.

Ed Fisher has gone to Rocky Mount, N. C., to install a lot of electric machines which were built at the Fort Wayne Electric works. Mr. Fisher will be thus engaged several weeks.

Thomas J. Kelley, a student at Purdue college and a former employee at the Pennsylvania shops, is here for a Sunday with his parents. He called

at the shops yesterday to see the boys.

Fred Bear had some gashes cut in his head yesterday while at work in the meter department of the electric works. He was able to resume work after the shop surgeon had dressed his wounds.

Clark E. Scheid, a machinist at the Pennsylvania shops, will be off duty a few days on account of injury to one of his eyes. While at work a piece of steel flew in the optic, cutting the ball painfully.

A. S. Courtney, assistant machine shop foreman of the Pennsylvania, went to Wellsville last night to make final arrangements for the transfer to this city. He will return here Sunday night.

The numerous important Maconic meetings next week have induced the members of the Electro-technic club, many of whom are Macons, to postpone their meeting from next Tuesday evening to the following Monday evening.

Machinist Jesse White resigned a position at the Wabash shops yesterday and will return to his former home in Decatur, Ill., to resume his old position in the shops in that city.

Brakenman C. R. Ewing, of the Nickel Plate, and his wife have returned from California, where they spent four or five months in the interest of Mrs. Ewing's health. The sojourn on the coast had the desired results.

L. H. Mummert, manager of the Indiana Car Service association, is optimistic in his report concerning the business of the various industries in the state. He says that during February 78,507 loaded cars were handled by the bureau, which is an increase of 7,210 over the business of the corresponding month of last year.

F. G. Gaundt, president of the Gaundt Manufacturing company, returned Thursday night from a business trip to Indianapolis. The Gaundt company manufactures concrete mixers and Mr. Gaundt reports an abundance of orders on the concern's books. The firm's factory facilities are entirely inadequate and additional space will be sought soon.

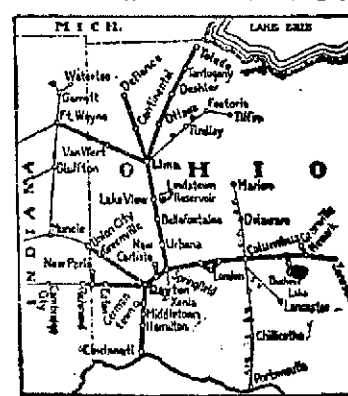
Machinist Louis McCulloch, of the Pennsylvania shops, who resides on a farm a mile or two from the city, bought one of the Mexican ponies of the dealer at the stock yards yesterday and left with the animal for the farm at 4 o'clock. The Mustang was not bridled and the failure of Mr.

**Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder**
Cleanses, beautifies and preserves the teeth and purifies the breath
Used by people of refinement for almost Half a Century

McCulloch to show up for work this morning is probably due to this fact.

The American Railway Engineering and Maintenance of Way association will hold its annual convention in Chicago next week and maintenance of way men from all parts of the country will be in attendance. At these meetings a trip to the points of interest in and about the convention city is a part of the program. Next week the delegates will visit Gary, the most wonderful industrial center of the world for its age.

**OHIO
ELECTRIC RY.
"THE WAY TO GO"**



SEE THE MAP

TICKETS TO
OHIO AND INDIANA INTERURBAN POINTS
ON SALE AT TICKET OFFICES.

For full information and copies of folders apply to nearest agent or address:
F. A. Burkhardt, D. P. A., F. L. Boyer, D. P. A.,
16 Public Sq., Lima, O., 111 E. 3rd St., Dayton, O.,
C. H. Walker, D. P. A., W. S. Whitney, D. P. A.,
25 W. Gay, Columbus, O., Traction Bldg., Cleveland.



Player Pianos

Auto Piano, 88 Note.
Auto Piano, 65 Note.
Sterling Player Piano
Steck Pianola Piano.
Packard Player Piano

Whatever You Demand

in a piano, the Packard gives you.

Its wonderfully sweet tone permits of every degree of light and shade. Its action responds to your every mood,—brings forth just the effect you want. Its perfect design and construction insure long wear and entire satisfaction for all time.

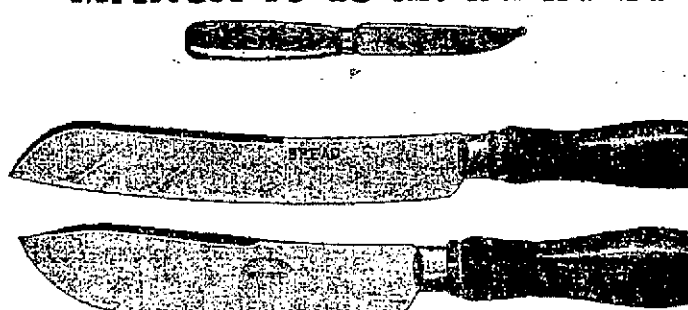
Just the style you prefer is here. Come in. See—hear it.

Packard Music House
930 CALHOUN STREET.

This store presents the best opportunity to become posted on Player Pianos.

Each make sold here represents the best of the various successful types, and you will be told the facts by experienced and courteous demonstrators, whether as a customer or to the merely curious.

MONDAY'S SALE MARCH 15 at the INDIANA

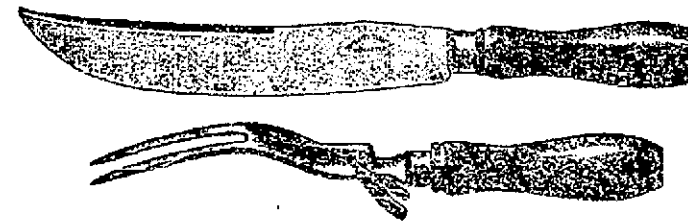


"SUCCESS" KITCHEN CUTLERY SET

Contains Butcher, Bread and Paring Knife. Highest grade made for the money. All blades made of the best tempered steel. Warranted chiseled handles, nickel plated German silver caps and ferrules. Will last a lifetime. Worth 50c.

MONDAY'S PRICE, 19c

CARVING SET



Is composed of 2 pieces, knife and fork. Is worth many times its cost. It is made of the best tempered steel, warranted, chiseled handles, nickel plated German silver caps. Will last a lifetime. Worth 50c anywhere.

MONDAY'S PRICE, 19c

INDIANA FURNITURE CO.

1124 CALHOUN ST.

"77"

Humphreys' Seventy-Seven
breaks up Colds and

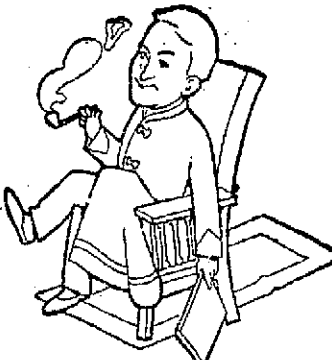
GRIP

If You Have Aching Bones,
Fever, Sneezing and 'Blues'
You Have the Grip.

With aching bones, fevered bodies, sneezing and depressed mentality, thousands are in the grasp of the Grip.

If you will keep "Seventy-seven" handy (it fits the vest pocket) and take it promptly, you will not have to lay up, but can keep about your business, this appeals to busy people.

At Druggists, 25c or mailed.
Humphreys' Homeo. Medicine Co., Cor.
William and Ann Streets, New York.



An offer of a good proposition may take a little more money than you have on hand. Come in and see how reasonable we will make you a loan.

We will advance you any amount up to \$100, if you own furniture, a piano, horses and vehicles or stock, and the property remains in your possession at the same time.

Small loans on your own note also, if you have a good steady position.

The charge is reasonable and the terms easy. Pay the money back in small weekly or monthly installments or to suit your convenience, and if you pay up before the time contracted for, you get a liberal rebate.

Courteous attention whether you call to borrow or simply inquire, and it will be private and confidential.

**You're to Blame if
You Forget the Name**

INDIANA LOAN CO.

Room 3 Arcade. Home Phone 995
Second Floor. Established 1895.

J. C. PELTIER

UNDERTAKER
& EMBALMER

117 WEST WAYNE STREET

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have
Always Bought

Bears the
Signature

of

Dr. J. C. Schlatter

In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years

CASTORIA

900 DROPS
CASTORIA

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation for
Assimilating the Food and Regulating
the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness
and Rest. Contains neither
Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. J. C. Schlatter

Phosphoric Acid -
Sulphuric Acid -
Potassium Bicarbonate -
Sodium Bicarbonate -
Sodium Chloride -
Sodium Phosphate -
Sodium Sulphate -
Sodium Tartrate -
Sodium Valerate -
Sodium Valerianate -
Sodium Valerianate -
Sodium Valerianate -

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Diarrhea,
Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness
and Loss of Sleep.

For Similar Signature of
Dr. J. C. Schlatter
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and
Drug Act.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

75c See What It Will Do



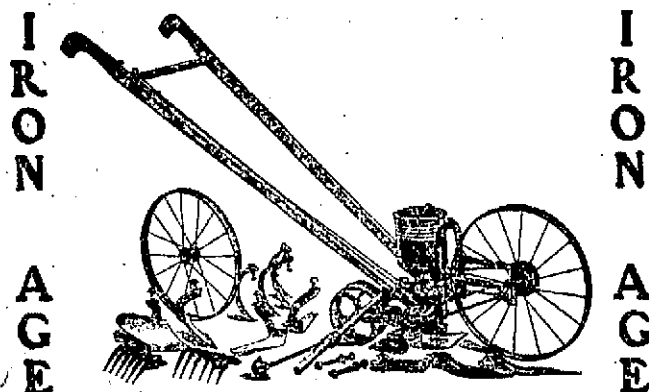
YOU Couldn't Possibly Spend 75c
to a more useful advantage
than getting a quart can of

B. P. S. CHINALAC

It's not paint or varnish, but an
elegant preparation to fix up your old
furniture. It's just fine for old
chairs, tables, or anything you want
to touch up a little. Even your bath
room fixtures.

Just try a can for 25c—all colors.
F. M. SMITH & CO. Hardware

IRON AGE



Garden Implements

Whether you Garden for pleasure or for profit, you need a
"IRON AGE" Garden Tool. Combined in this tool are three distinct
and thoroughly practical implements. Come and see the differ-
ent points of merit in these implements before buying, and thus
avoid a mistake you might make in buying some inferior make.

C. C. SCHLATTER & CO.

CORNER COLUMBIA AND CLINTON STREETS.

Try The Sentinel Want Ads.

GENTLEMEN:

All Spring Goods and Styles Are In

Let us make your spring suit before we
get real busy. It will be to your advantage.

Thieme Bros.

THE TAILORS

118 WEST BERRY STREET

13,000 MILES TO ATTEND A PARTY



PHILIPPINE CONSTABULARY BAND.

Thirteen thousand miles to attend
a party--from the Philippine Islands
to Washington, D. C. to accept Pres-
ident Taft's invitation to be present
at his inauguration--such is the trip
taken by the famous Philippine con-
stabulary band.

When the first fantastic old Span-
ish galleons sailed from Acapulco to
Manila three centuries ago the long,
stormy voyage over unknown seas
was fraught with strange perils and
unknown dangers.

Now the great ocean greyhounds
make the long voyage swiftly and

safely, thousands of people crossing
the Pacific every year.

Nevertheless, the round trip of
twenty-five thousand miles which the
Philippine constabulary band is mak-
ing is a big undertaking. Transport-
ing more than fifty musicians, bred
and born in the tropics, across win-
try seas and through this country to
diverse climatic conditions is no
small task.

Unaccustomed to American food,
requiring fish, rice and bananas,
feeding this band alone is an im-
portant question. Two Filipino

cooks accompany the band, preparing
native food for the players. Nor
will these men sleep on mattresses,
as Americans do. They must be
provided with straw mats, like Jap-
anese carpet. Yet, though their
habits of life differ so from ours, the
exquisite music they play is incom-
parable in its sweetness and charm.

Gifted with the Oriental's innate
sense of harmony, reared where the
waves of the southern sun wash
Polynesian shores, the early environ-
ment of these musicians leads itself
to their perfect artistic development.

Northern Indiana

News and Gossip

Carl Crist, of Bluffton, is propagat-
ing stunks for their furs.

Ministers at Jonesboro denounce
Sunday funerals, visits and dinners.

Decatur wants a larger force of
mail carriers. Three men now do the
work.

Wayne Leaman, constable at Churu-
busco, has resigned because the job
doesn't pay.

John Robertson, a Huntington county
veteran, who resided near Pleasant
Plain, is dead at Huntington.

It is now said that Rev. A. C. Rand
had \$5,000 on his person when he
mysteriously disappeared from War-
saw.

Mr. and Mrs. Noah Runyon, of
Hartford township, Adams county
have just celebrated their golden
wedding.

Hon. Charles W. Miller, of Goshen,
has been called to Clark county, this
state, by the sudden death of his
mother.

Mrs. Katherine Richards, of Wa-
bash, 70 years of age, died suddenly
Friday morning while seated at the
breakfast table.

George Scheiblin, for twenty-seven
years in the saloon business at Hun-
tington, has closed his doors and will
get into other business.

Kosciusko county, now "dry" under
the blanket remonstrance method,
will have a local option election next
month. Some of the remonstrances
soon expire.

The little town of Tassin, Wells
county, is organizing a private bank,
to be capitalized at \$10,000. Several
Decatur capitalists are interested in
the venture.

The Kokomo Horse Thief Detective
association has voted to admit unmar-
ried women to membership. This ac-
tion was taken at the request of women
property holders.

Mrs. Whitmer, aged about 60 years,
who resides with her sons in Elkhart,
made an unsuccessful attempt to com-
mit suicide when she swallowed half
an ounce of laudanum, following a
slight quarrel with one of her sons.

Rev. A. S. Preston, well known

Methodist Episcopal clergyman, has
announced that he will re-enter the
active ministry. He has been out of
active pastoral work for a year on ac-
count of his health.

Will Raupfer, Cash Holderbaum
Sam Bowers, Victor Reider and Ed
Yaste, of Columbia City, were all
painfully hurt Friday when a flying
cut of freight cars bumped into an-
other freight car from which they
were unloading automobiles.

After deliberating for nineteen
hours, a jury at Decatur awarded John
B. Mibers a judgment of \$1 in his suit
against Henry Kintz, in which he
asked \$75 for a horse which he says
proved not so good as warranted.

John Crist, who lived near Craig-
ville, Wells county, has just had re-
deemed at the Erie railroad office in
Decatur a ticket from that city to Chi-
cago which he purchased eighteen
years ago and did not use.

Samuel H. Barr, ex-sheriff, and
Charles North, a teacher in the Port-
land schools, came to blows on the
streets of that city over punishment
of Barr's daughter in school, the
father declaring it excessive. Specta-
tors interfered after two or three
blows had been struck.

W. B. Barnard, editor of the Millers-
burg Grit, who has been charged
with inconsistency in advocating abol-
ishing saloons while he sold liquors
from his drug store, announces that
he will no longer sell liquors and
that he is sincere in his advocacy of
temperance.

William S. Cain, 88 years of age,
lives on a farm southwest of Wabash,
and still speaks the Miami Indian
tongue fluently. He located there as
a lad of ten years, knew Frances Slo-
cum well and can recount many
remembrances of pioneer days.

McNahn and Hier, of Stroh, have
the honor of being probably the only
two gentlemen in the state of Indi-
ana who own an electric traction en-
gine. The engine was made by Mc-
Nahn and Hier and has proved to be
a first class machine, during the
threshing season.

William Patrer, of Huntington,
while drunk a few weeks ago, fell and
sustained a double fracture of the leg.
Now his wife has filed suit against
Frank J. Erlenbaugh, a saloonkeeper,
and his bondsmen, for \$2,000 damages,
alleging that Erlenbaugh sold her hus-
band liquor while he was intoxicated.

The skeleton of a woman was dug
up Wednesday on the farm of D. H.
Gleason, a Wabash county farmer. No
explanation is offered as to how the
skeleton came to be in the ground at
the point where it was unearthed.
Judging from the condition of the
bones they had been under ground for
many years. There were no traces of
a casket or wearing apparel.

William Rose, an aged man now in
the Huntington jail, has confessed
that he burned the barn of Adonijah
Farmer and poisoned two fine horses
owned by Hurley Morford. He im-
plicates Charles Grau and wife, whom
he says induced him to commit the
crimes because they had a spite
against Farmer and Morford. Grau
and his wife are in jail awaiting fur-
ther investigation of the affair.

Some time last Sunday night an un-
known person mailed two postal cards
at the Warsaw postoffice and not hav-
ing any one cent stamps, cut a two
cent stamp in two and placed one-half
on each postal card. The cards are
being held for postage and unless
called for will eventually be destroyed.

This is the first time that this stunt
has come to the attention of the em-
ployees in the Warsaw postoffice. There
is a postal ruling to the effect that
damaged stamps cannot be used for
postage.

Yalu river timber is to be exploited
by a Chinese-Japanese company, with
two managers, one of whom, and all
laborers employed, must be Chinese.

TAFT SMILES UPON SHIVELY.

New Senator's Pleased Wins Re-
sponse from President.

Washington, March 13.—Senator
Shively called on President Taft
yesterday and they had a pleasant
conversation over the Indiana politi-
cal situation. The senator reminded
Mr. Taft that the democrats of Indi-
ana made considerable of a killing in
the last election.

"We got the scraps of several of
your republican friends out there, Mr.
President," said he, "and we tried
to beat you, but we found there was
too much of you."

This reference to Taft's gigantic
proportions caused the chief execu-
tive to smile. Shively called to pay
his respects. There has been a large
calling list of democratic senators at
the white house since Mr. Taft be-
came president and it has been
demonstrated that he assumes the
chief magistracy with the general
good will of the members of the
legislative branch, both republican
and democrats.

How to Cure Skin Diseases

The germs and their poisons must
be drawn to the surface of the skin
and destroyed. Zemo and Zemozone
will do this and cure any case of
skin or scalp disease, no matter
from what cause or of how long
standing. Write for sample. E. V.
Rose Med. Co., St. Louis, Mo. See
photos of cures and window or show
case display at Meyer Bros. Co's.
Three Drug Stores.

Some curious thermometers were
made. Otto de Guericke, burgo-master
of Magdeburg, made one which was
twenty feet long and gorgeous with
blue paint and gilt stars. It consisted
of a large globe fastened to a tube,
both of copper. The tube was bent
upon itself to form a very narrow U,
in which was placed the required
amount of alcohol. One arm of the
U was shorter than the other and open
at the top. On the liquid was a float,
to which was attached a cord passing
over a pulley. At the other end of this
cord was hung a gilt angel, its finger
pointing to a scale on which the de-
grees were painted.

How can any person risk taking
some unknown cough remedy when
Foley's Honey and Tar costs them no
more? It is a safe remedy, contains
no harmful drugs and cures the most
obstinate coughs and colds. Why ex-
periment with your health? Insist
upon having the genuine Foley's
Honey and Tar. Dreier & Bro.

In times past a fashion lasted, with
slight modification, for years. Much
the same fashion continued through
the long reign of Louis XIV. and an-
other through that of Louis XV, while
the ladies of the middle ages never
thought of varying their costumes.

SIMPLE REMEDY FOR LA GRIPPE.

La grippe coughs are dangerous as
they frequently develop into pneu-
monia. Foley's Honey and Tar not
only stops the cough, but heals and
strengthens the lungs so that no seri-
ous results need be feared. The genu-
ine Foley's Honey and Tar contains
no harmful drugs and is in a yellow
package. Refuse substitutes. Dreier
& Bro.

Miss Estelle Finch is the first wom-
an to be naturalized by the Japanese
home department. She was born and
brought up in America, but for years
has been with the Seaman's mission
at Yokosuka.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs
quickly, strengthens the lungs and
expels colds. Get the genuine in a
yellow package. Dreier & Bro.

CITIZENS TRUST CO.

Bank for Savings

Citizens

Oldest Trust Company in Fort Wayne.
Loaned over twelve million dollars for
home building in Allen County.
Never foreclosed a mortgage, never lost a
dollar.

Citizens

Loans money at 6 per cent on Allen Coun-
ty real estate security. Easy
repayment plan. No commis-
sion.

Citizens

SELECTED BY BANK EXAMINER as
the Northern Indiana Depository of State
permanent funds.

Citizens

Encourages ambition, frugality and thrift.
We invite you to plant a small savings ac-
count with the Citizens' Trust Company on
its profit-sharing plan and enjoy the har-
vest of financial independence. Deposits
may be withdrawn at any time with 4
per cent interest. Now is planting time.
Begin today.

OWEN N. HEATON, President.

ERNEST W. COOK, Secretary.

JOHN FERGUSON

JOHN W. WHITE

EDWARD F. YARNELLE

JOHN WOLFRUM

Vice Presidents.

Cashier

Do You Want to Buy or Build a HOME?

We will loan you the money at six
per cent interest, and no commission.

Do you want to start a savings ac-
count? If so we have the most profitable
plan for systematic savings.

Do you want the advice of exper-
ienced men in regard to your invest-
ments? If so we are glad to give it to
you.

If you have any business in the fi-
nancial line we will be pleased to have
you call and get acquainted.

Tri State Loan & Trust Co.

On the Sunny Side of Success St. Cor-
ner Prosperity Ave, in Security Build-
ing.

Paid up Capital \$300,000.00

Chas A. Wilding, Pres.

George W. Pixley, Sec'y.

We have money to loan on improved farms at

5% INTEREST

Privilege given to make partial payments on
principal at interest paying period.

Commercial Bank

817 Calhoun Street.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

THE GINN PRINTING CO.

118 CALHOUN ST. OFF CATHEDRAL
PROGRAMS, LETTERHEADS, DESIGNS
BOOKLETS, INVITATIONS, EMBOSSEMENT, ETC.

Try Sentinel Want Ads

THE MARKETS

GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., March 13.—The wheat market was weak early in the session today and prices declined about 1/2¢ from yesterday's close, notwithstanding a firm market at Liverpool. Some of the influential holders were sellers and demand was rather slack. Prices at the opening were unchanged to 1/2¢ lower, May being at \$1.13 1/2, July at \$1.15 1/2, and September at \$1.17 1/2. The market was active late in the day and part of the loss was regained. May advanced to \$1.13 1/2, July to \$1.15 1/2, and September to \$1.17 1/2. The close was steady with May unchanged at \$1.13 1/2, July at \$1.15 1/2, and September at \$1.17 1/2.

Realizing sales caused weakness in the corn market early in the day, there being only a scattered demand. May opened unchanged to 1/2¢ higher at 58 1/2¢ to 59¢ and declined to 58 1/2¢. A heavy tone prevailed all day and the market closed easy, with May corn off 1/2¢ at 58 1/2¢. Oats were steady at the start, but eased off on selling by cash interests. Trade was dull. May opened unchanged to 1/2¢ higher at 55 1/2¢ to 56 1/2¢ and declined to 55 1/2¢. A weak market for hogs inspired considerable selling of provisions, resulting in an easy tone early in the day. Prices at the opening were a shade to 7 1/2¢ lower.

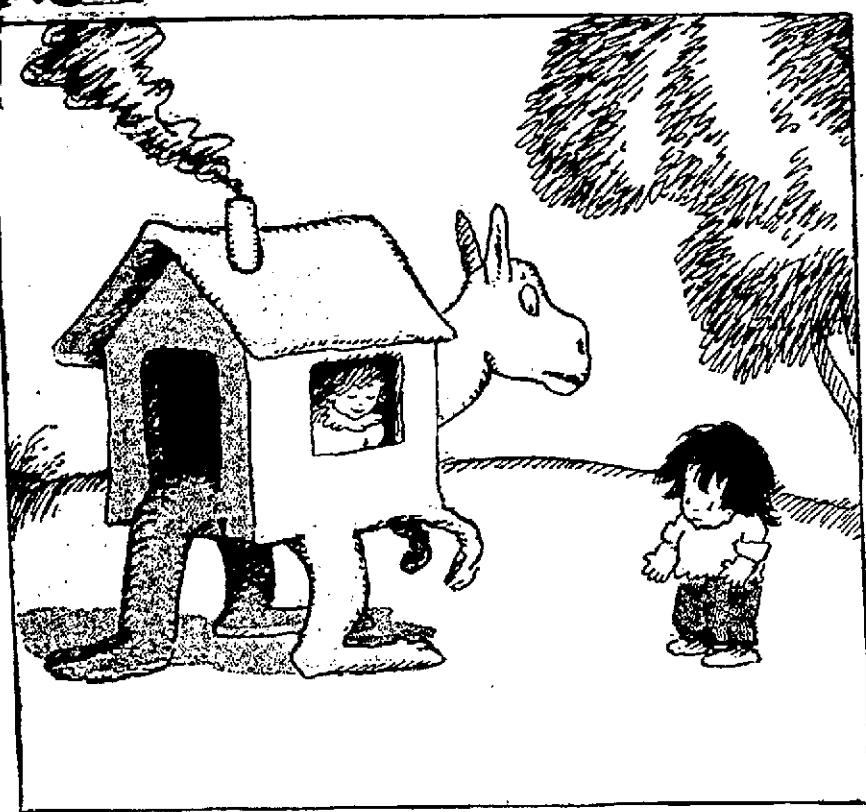
The Close.
Wheat—May, \$1.13 1/2; July, \$1.15 1/2; September, \$1.17 1/2; December, \$1.19 1/2.
Corn—May, 58 1/2; July, 59 1/2; September, 60 1/2; December, 61 1/2.
Oats—May, 55 1/2; July, 56 1/2; September, 57 1/2; December, 58 1/2.
Rye—Cash, 80¢; May, 81¢; July, 82¢; September, 83¢.
Clover—May, \$1.15; July, \$1.16; September, \$1.17; December, \$1.18.
Lard—May, \$10.27 1/2; July, \$10.40; September, \$10.52 1/2; December, \$10.65.
Rib—May, \$3.42 1/2; July, \$3.55; September, \$3.72 1/2; December, \$3.85.

Car Lot Receipts.
Wheat—Receipts today were 33 cars, with 8 of contract grade.
Corn—Receipts today were 171 cars, with 7 of contract grade.
Oats—Receipts today were 130 cars.
Total receipts of wheat at Chicago, Minneapolis and Duluth today were 441 cars, compared with 358 cars last week and 189 cars the corresponding day a year ago.

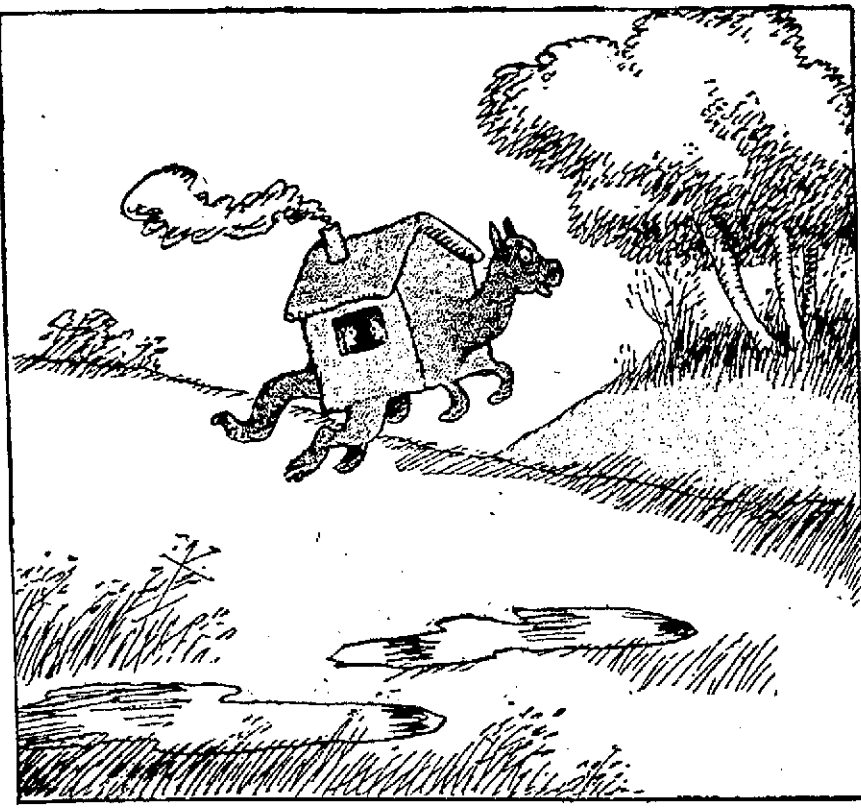
New York Grain and Provisions.
New York, March 13.—Flour—Receipts today were 16,813 bbls; sales, 1,600 bbls. Market dull, but firmly held.
Wheat—Receipts today were 134,400 bu. from Texas, and 1,000 bu. from the Argentine and commission houses selling caused a lower wheat opening. The market was steady at the decline, however, on covering and lighter offerings. July, \$1.12 1/2; September, \$1.14 1/2; December, \$1.16 1/2.
Rye—Market steady; No. 2 western, 88¢; No. 3, 87¢; No. 4, 86¢.
Beef—Market steady; family, \$15.00; 15.50; mess, \$10.50; 11.00; packet, \$11.00; 11.50.
Pork—Steady; mess, \$18.50; 19.00; family, \$18.50; 19.50; short clear, \$19.50; 20.00.
Lard—Market steady; western, \$10.45; 10.55.
Sugar—Raw, market firm; fair refining, \$23.33; centrifugal, 90 test, \$23.33; molasses sugar, \$20.00; refined sugar, market steady; crushed, \$24.50; powdered, \$24.50; granulated, \$24.50.
Petroleum—Market steady; refined, all ports, \$14.85; 15.00.
Coffee—Market steady; No. 7 Rio, \$14.00; No. 4 Santos, \$14.00.
Molasses—Market steady; New Orleans, \$25.00; 25.50.

Chicago Cash Grain.
Chicago, Ill., March 13.—Cash prices: Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.13 1/2; No. 3, \$1.12 1/2; No. 4, \$1.11 1/2; No. 5, \$1.10 1/2; No. 6, \$1.09 1/2; No. 7, \$1.08 1/2; No. 8, \$1.07 1/2; No. 9, \$1.06 1/2; No. 10, \$1.05 1/2; No. 11, \$1.04 1/2; No. 12, \$1.03 1/2; No. 13, \$1.02 1/2; No. 14, \$1.01 1/2; No. 15, \$1.00 1/2; No. 16, \$0.99 1/2; No. 17, \$0.98 1/2; No. 18, \$0.97 1/2; No. 19, \$0.96 1/2; No. 20, \$0.95 1/2; No. 21, \$0.94 1/2; No. 22, \$0.93 1/2; No. 23, \$0.92 1/2; No. 24, \$0.91 1/2; No. 25, \$0.90 1/2; No. 26, \$0.89 1/2; No. 27, \$0.88 1/2; No. 28, \$0.87 1/2; No. 29, \$0.86 1/2; No. 30, \$0.85 1/2; No. 31, \$0.84 1/2; No. 32, \$0.83 1/2; No. 33, \$0.82 1/2; No. 34, \$0.81 1/2; No. 35, \$0.80 1/2; No. 36, \$0.79 1/2; No. 37, \$0.78 1/2; No. 38, \$0.77 1/2; No. 39, \$0.76 1/2; No. 40, \$0.75 1/2; No. 41, \$0.74 1/2; No. 42, \$0.73 1/2; No. 43, \$0.72 1/2; No. 44, \$0.71 1/2; No. 45, \$0.70 1/2; No. 46, \$0.69 1/2; No. 47, \$0.68 1/2; No. 48, \$0.67 1/2; No. 49, \$0.66 1/2; No. 50, \$0.65 1/2; No. 51, \$0.64 1/2; No. 52, \$0.63 1/2; No. 53, \$0.62 1/2; No. 54, \$0.61 1/2; No. 55, \$0.60 1/2; No. 56, \$0.59 1/2; No. 57, \$0.58 1/2; No. 58, \$0.57 1/2; No. 59, \$0.56 1/2; No. 60, \$0.55 1/2; No. 61, \$0.54 1/2; No. 62, \$0.53 1/2; No. 63, \$0.52 1/2; No. 64, \$0.51 1/2; No. 65, \$0.50 1/2; No. 66, \$0.49 1/2; No. 67, \$0.48 1/2; No. 68, \$0.47 1/2; No. 69, \$0.46 1/2; No. 70, \$0.45 1/2; No. 71, \$0.44 1/2; No. 72, \$0.43 1/2; No. 73, \$0.42 1/2; No. 74, \$0.41 1/2; No. 75, \$0.40 1/2; No. 76, \$0.39 1/2; No. 77, \$0.38 1/2; No. 78, \$0.37 1/2; No. 79, \$0.36 1/2; No. 80, \$0.35 1/2; No. 81, \$0.34 1/2; No. 82, \$0.33 1/2; No. 83, \$0.32 1/2; No. 84, \$0.31 1/2; No. 85, \$0.30 1/2; No. 86, \$0.29 1/2; No. 87, \$0.28 1/2; No. 88, \$0.27 1/2; No. 89, \$0.26 1/2; No. 90, \$0.25 1/2; No. 91, \$0.24 1/2; No. 92, \$0.23 1/2; No. 93, \$0.22 1/2; No. 94, \$0.21 1/2; No. 95, \$0.20 1/2; No. 96, \$0.19 1/2; No. 97, \$0.18 1/2; No. 98, \$0.17 1/2; No. 99, \$0.16 1/2; 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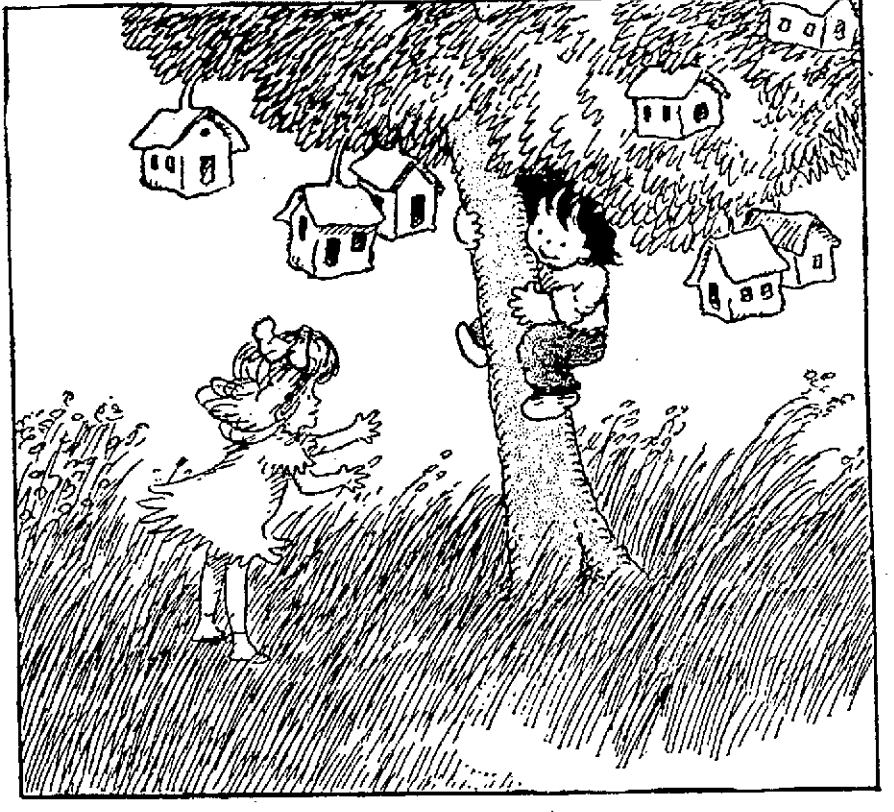
THE TERRORS OF THE TINY TADS



1.—The Tot is in her Kangaroom, the Tad he stands outside; "Come on in," cries the tiny Tot, "I'll take you for a ride."



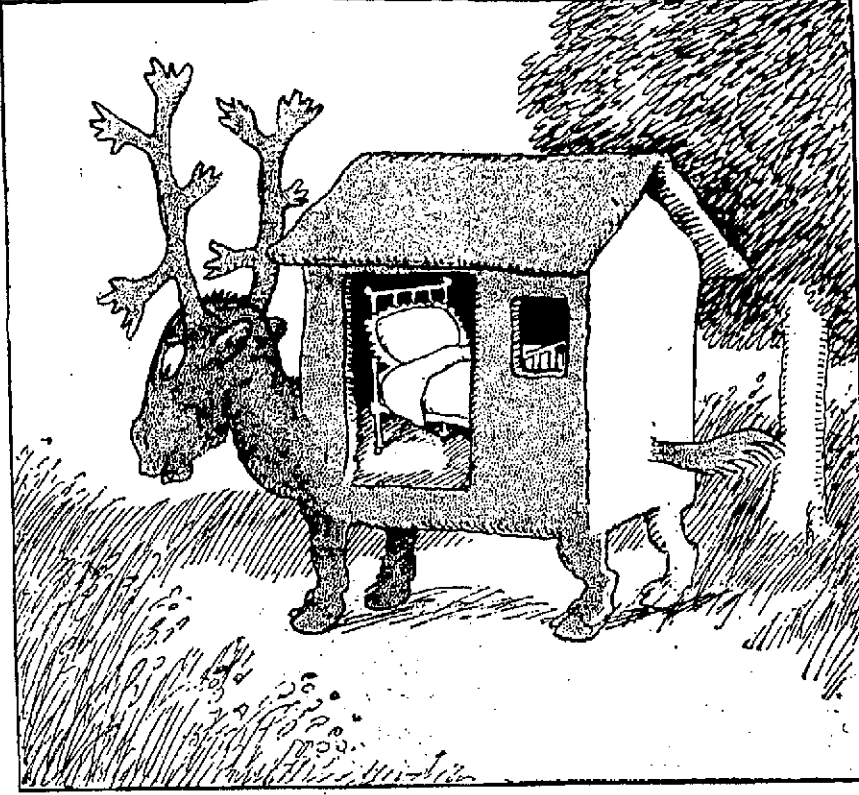
2.—Then up the tail the Tad he climbs and on a ride they go. Till all at once they stop again, because the Tot says "Whoa!"



3.—"And here's my garden," says the Tot, "step out and walk with me; We'll pick sweet apricotages that grow upon my tree."



4.—The Taddie lingers with the Tot, until it's almost night. But when she says she must retire, he sees a funny sight.



5.—"This is my Cariboudoir, where I have my little bed; "Good-night, good-night!" the Tottie cries, the Tad he nods his head."



6.—And when she's gone he's lonely, and he's feeling rather blue. "How caribootiful," says he, "I wish I had one to!"

BOYS WILL BE BOYS



THOSE WICKED BOYS ARE GOING TO SMOKE. I'LL JUST HIDE HERE IN THIS CLOSET TILL THEY COMMENCE AND THEN I'LL REPORT THEM.

SEE THIS SMOKING SET I BOUGHT FOR GRANDFATHER'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT. HE WILL BE SEVENTY YEARS OLD NEXT THURSDAY.

I'LL BET ANGEL WILBURFORCE IS PEERING AT THAT KEY-HOLE AND THINKS WE'RE GOING TO SMOKE.

WOW! I WISH I WAS SEVENTY AND HAD ONE OF THOSE THINGS!



SH-H-H HERE HE IS ASLEEP. NOW'S OUR CHANCE! WE'LL JUST FIT HIM-OUT WITH THESE SMOKING ARTICLES AND CALL THE DOCTOR.

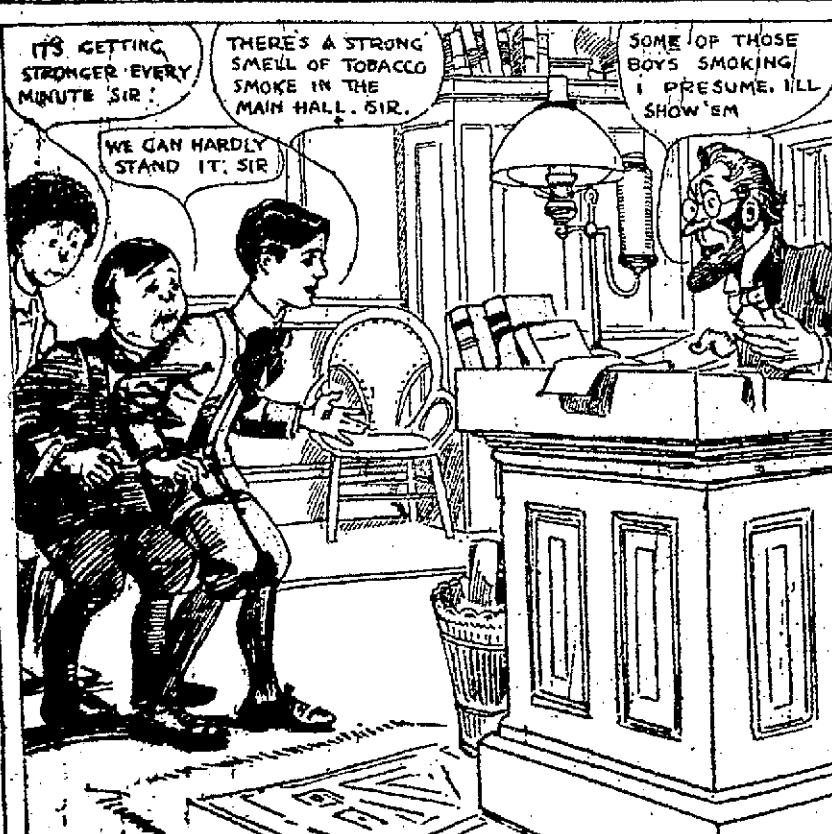
I KNEW HE WAS THERE LISTENING.

AIN'T HE BEAUTIFUL IN REPOSE.

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z



LIGHT IT GOOD SO IT WON'T GO OUT.



IT'S GETTING STRONGER EVERY MINUTE, SIR.

THERE'S A STRONG SMELL OF TOBACCO IN THE MAIN HALL, SIR.

SOME OF THOSE BOYS SMOKING! I PRESUME, I'LL SHOW 'EM.

WE CAN HARDLY STAND IT, SIR.



THAT MUST BE WHERE IT IS.

IT SEEMS TO BE ISSUING FROM THIS CLOSET.



YOU! WILFORD WALSINGHAM WILBURFORCE! - CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF USING THAT VILE WEED! YOU SHALL BE CHASTISED FOR THIS!

WHY! THAT'S THE PIPE AND TOBACCO I BOUGHT FOR GRANDFATHER'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT

A Page of Interest to Women

Suggestions for Engaged Girls' Conduct Toward Future Mothers

It is a wise as well as an extremely polite young woman who makes friends with her prospective mother-in-law. For an older woman always appreciates courtesies from a younger one, and the mother of the man whom a girl is to marry likes to feel that she is not a nonentity in the life of her future daughter.

Undoubtedly one of the errors to be avoided by the girl is that of making herself officious—a mistake sometimes committed unconsciously. Its effect upon her fiancé's family is exceedingly irritating, and if she is so careless repeatedly she creates an atmosphere of antagonism that is apt to increase. One of the most common mistakes made by young girls with their fiancé's mothers is to appear to know the man better than the parents who have reared him. Truth to tell, it is not unlikely that such is the case, but to blazon the fact in the bosom of the family is tactless. If the girl shows deference instead of assertiveness she is far more likely to make her future husband's people fond of her. It is always a little hard for a mother to feel that she is giving up her son, but the objection is greatly lessened when the girl is sweet and gentle rather than aggressive.

In no way, is a greater feeling of

friendliness created than for the young woman to show little attentions to the older. If the girl lives in the same city it takes little time to go to see the other, more or less frequently, and evince an interest. On the other hand, the girl must not make the mistake of making herself too much at home at such times. A little formality is always excellent, and familiarity is always to be avoided. Unless the girl has been told to come in at unusual times, she should confine her visits to the same hours that she would make any other calls. She simply goes more often, without waiting for the older woman to return each visit. At such times it is the part of wisdom to be deferential, although not for one moment should the girl attempt to create an impression of lack of poise or shyness.

To send her prospective mother-in-law flowers occasionally is a graceful act, and one that is likely to bring the sender into popularity or to help in achieving it. If the older woman likes to read, she appreciates having a new book, or one that is popular. Neither of these gifts need be made often, for in that case they sometimes lose their value, besides being an expense to a girl whose income is limited.

ROSANNA SCHUYLER.

Girl's Lingerie Frock



PHOTO BY SOUL FIDLER.

This year many of the June graduating dresses will be trimmed with handsome machine embroideries rather than with the cheap lace insertions which have been in vogue for several seasons. The embroideries give a much richer effect and also launder more successfully.

The open English eyelet patterns are the most effective in combination with sheer lawns, unless the frock is intended for wear over a colored slip, in which case the eyelet holes give a spotty appearance. This charming dress of lawn and eyelet embroidery is trimmed with flouncing and insertion to match, and lace insertion between strips of the lawn is used for yoke and sleeves and as a finish at the foot of the dress.

DON'T MOPE—LAUGH.

Does your head ache? Sample the laugh cure. Are the children obstreperous? Don't mope over your sorry lot, but charm them with a smile. Does the future seem a coal black wall? See what kind of a wedge a day of cheerfulness can make.

Gladness never comes with time to think about your troubles, so get busy. The full life is rarely the somber life. Get grateful for your mercies. You may think it takes a magnifying glass to find them, but the eye is sharpened by the looking.

If you have no other cause for gladness, if your friends are not what they should be, if fortune frowns and things generally seem "rank" just be glad you are alive.

SIMPLE BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

The impractical attitude of many worthy persons who have an honest endeavor to help what they are pleased to call the "down-trodden working girl," is a matter that interests many others who sit by and watch. Not very long ago a woman who is old enough to know better

gave a talk to girls, none of whose salaries exceeded \$7 a week, on "The Beauty of Life, and How It Might Be Obtained." Cheap perfumes she found to be prevalent, she declared, and deprecated their use with reason. Then she spoke of one specific instance, where a room she entered was scented with Josh sticks, which every girl knows, cost about five cents a package.

"It was a most unpleasant odor, so cheap and crude," she declared. "Now, instead of that why not have one simple bunch of violets?"

And violets seventy-five cents and \$1 a bunch!

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If a cut orange or lemon is placed in an earthenware jar in which little cakes and cookies are kept, it gives them a faint but delightful flavor.

For thickening fruit juices use a little powdered arrowroot instead of cornstarch. The juice remains transparent and will not thicken in lumps.

Again, a gold brush will adorn a turban of jet.

Attractive Parisian Costumes for Receptions



For afternoon or reception wear these costumes are the latest styles in vogue in Paris, and tall, slender matrons will find both the elaborately decorated gown and the three-quarter length wrap of lace exceedingly becoming.

If duplicated in plain materials, either garment would be smart.

HELP FOR THE STOUT.

A woman who has lost twelve pounds in three weeks, and lost it very satisfactorily from her hips, declares that the feat was accomplished

by simply dropping and picking up a handkerchief twenty times night and morning. Standing in her stocking feet and without her corsets, she drops the handkerchief directly in front of her toes and stoops to pick it up ten times with one hand and ten times with the other, the trick, of course, being to recover the whisp of cambric without bending the knees. The exercise is repeated twenty times again at night.

Dainty Spring Headwear for Small Girls



PHOTO BY SOUL FIDLER.

The little girl with pretty hair always looks well in the quaint hat, which would be too trying on her elder sister. This demure bonnet in the old time poke shape is of black velvet, lined with shirred pink chiffon, and a big cluster of pink feathers adds smartness to one side.

Of course there are bonnet strings of ribbon to tie under the chin, and the back of the bonnet scoops up to

show the pretty hair. As to the plain tailored hat, it will be serviceable and smart for school wear, and will be equally attractive worn by either dark or fair haired maidens, between the ages of eight and fourteen.

The same housekeeper sees to it that the large pieces are put in the basket first, thereby saving time in sorting.

Pink Is Most Becoming Artificial Light for a Room

The most becoming artificial light for a room is pink. Next to that yellow, and, strange to state, a pale shade of green. In selecting the latter the greatest care is necessary, for if the shade is dark it will give a sickly effect to the complexion. The very same is true of light blue; a pale shade is excellent, but when light it must be just off white, otherwise persons will look ghastly.

Unshaded electric light is the most trying both for the complexion and the eyes. There is, in truth, no excuse for having it, as decorative and useful shades may be bought or made and can be applied without trouble. Fashioning these at home is charming, and a girl can spend a pleasant evening doing it, especially if she invites a couple of girl friends to help her.

Quite as good effects are secured by using tissue paper as from silk, and to some persons the former has greater virtue, because it can be thrown away as soon as it is soiled, whereas the cleaning of silk is difficult and expensive. The fact that all pale shades soil is an objection, but when the covers may be thrown away

without extravagance this drawback is removed.

If a girl has a fad for a special tone that is too dark, according to the theory of lighting, she may still use it and relieve the situation by backing it with white, in either tissue paper or silk. By backing I mean the first cover to the shade.

Lamps are the ideal lighting, both for becomingness and use, when the eyes are to be protected. For showing off a room they lack brilliancy, and it is then that electricity must come into play. The average home living room, however, does not require brilliant light.

To the variety of charming lamp shades there seems no end. The newest are those made from wood, unpainted, only the skeleton being built. The space between are filled with silk, paper, cloth or what one chooses, the ribs making a panel effect. The wooden frame is painted in self tone to correspond, and in this way the lamp and shade harmonize. Shades are still made from black, lacquered frames from which the paper has been torn, replacing it with whatever material one chooses.

ROSANNA SCHUYLER.

Little Bridesmaid's Dress



PHOTO BY SOUL FIDLER.

Something a bit daintier than lingerie fabric should be used for such an important occasion as a wedding, and the little girl who is happy enough to be bridesmaid should have a very dainty frock.

White net of fine quality is used for this pretty bridesmaid dress. The waist, trimmed with tiny frills of Val. lace, is made in a quaint and charming style. The skirt is decorated simply with tucks, and a soft sash and choux of white messaline ribbon complete the charming costume.

FOLD DAMP CLOTHES.

Some housekeepers, when washday comes, prefer to take down the plain clothes when still a little damp, so as to do away with the necessity of sprinkling before ironing. The starched pieces, of course, need sprinkling, and should be allowed to dry thoroughly.

One clever housewife finds it a great time saver in taking down the plain clothes from the line they are folded then and there.

She says that if they are crowded into the basket carelessly there will be innumerable wrinkles that might have been avoided, and so the time spent in ironing will be materially increased.

Then, too, there is a saving of time in not having to handle the clothes a second time in the house to make them ready to iron.

The same housekeeper sees to it that the large pieces are put in the basket first, thereby saving time in sorting.

DON'T HOARD.

It is always a mistake to hoard things that are not necessary and have passed their usefulness. To sacrifice convenience to sentiment is wrong. The little bonnet that Jack wore when

he was a baby may have a sentimental association for the mother, but every time Jack sees it he feels grouchy and sore about it. The fact is Jack has no further uses for the thing. Then there are so many women who can't part with father's old uniform, if he ever had any; with the haircloth parlor-furniture set that belonged to mother, and which has been accumulating dirt and filth in the cellar or the garret for more years than the children can remember. There are many ways of avoiding hoarding, that which there is no home practice more unsanitary. The best way is to start in to clean house with an eye only for the things you actually have use for. Gather everything else together and ship it away. Your house will be cleaner and your health, as well as that of all the other members of the family, will benefit by your action.

The craze for gold as trimming almost equals that for jet, and not seldom the two are combined and used as a decoration.

A black gown will be trimmed with jet hands backed with gold gauze, a yoke will be of ivory folded mouse-line do snie lightly covered with gold flitter-like trimming and lined with a band of net embroidered in jet beads or sequins.

Working their Way

By OCTAVE THANET

“Are you hungry, dear?” said Agatha. “Awful!” answered Dorothy, as one whose feelings are beyond the trammels of grammar. At this they both laughed. “It’s curious,” Dorothy continued, “how different it is to be hungry when you are going to have something to eat—and when you aren’t!” Agatha sighed. “I don’t see,” she reflected, “how we were both so crazy as to carry all our—our all as the novelists say, in our bags. And then to lose both bags! Of course, we left them in the train when we changed cars. And after Brother James had so warned us—I don’t see how I could have been so stupid—but I was!” “Wouldn’t Jim be—intolerable, you know,” continued Agatha, “if he were to find out! Yet it isn’t so much to lose, really; I was down to twenty odd dollars; I know because I had been so careful to carry the big notes in my secret pocket, and I took them all out to pay for that Hepplewhite table; and it didn’t seem worth while to put back only two notes; so I was carrying them in my bag.” “I did that very thing,” said Dorothy, “but oh, dear, mine was fifty!” Then, with sudden inspiration, “we might pawn our jewelry,” she said. “We’ve got some rings and our watches with us.” But Agatha shook a gloomy head. “You forget that there’s no pawn-shop in this out-of-the-way village—it would be a desecration to this prim old street.” “Well, there’s one thing don’t let us do if we have to go without all three meals; don’t let us wire to brother. He was so sure that it was foolish in us to go poking off to a New England village for antique furniture. Don’t you remember how he insisted on our taking Therese or Amelia and prophesied we should be sending him a wire for money or a trained nurse or to get us out of the jail, or—something; and you said they wouldn’t receive a telegram of distress from us unless it were a matter of life and death? Let’s not give in!” “That’s the spirit!” exclaimed Agatha, embracing her. “We’ll find a way out.” Dorothy knitted her brows. Very lovely dark brows they were, darker than her dark-brown hair. Their thick dusky arch and her long black eyelashes gave her violet eyes something of mystery and appeal and made the sweetness of her face plaintive. She was very slender, too slender—and there was a touch of languor in her graces. Indeed, Dorothy’s health had given her sister anxious hours of late. The girl grew paler and thinner all the time; she was easily tired, and she was far too docile when the doctor put balls and dinner dances under the ban. He had known Dorothy all her life and he fumed over her apathy. Then he turned very serious. “The fact is,” said he soberly, “you very rich people all live unnaturally stupid lives. Now you’ve got to think of something different enough from what you’ve been doing to catch her interest for long enough to put a few pounds of flesh on her bones.” “You mean a trip,—she and I—with no one but a maid?” “Just yourselves, without a maid. Give her something to do if it’s only her hair!” And he was gone, irritably chewing his cigar. He had not suspected any clue to Dorothy’s unhappiness—or spared her the mention of it if he did suspect. But Agatha knew. She knew that Dorothy had made a hero of their distant cousin, Ned Wentworth, ever since they were children together and he had saved her from the mad dog. The year after he graduated from Harvard they had suddenly broken off the correspondence which had flourished during the whole of his college course. And Agatha one day came across a charred bunch of newspaper notices in her sister’s fireplace about the famous football quarterback, the promising young reformer, the brilliant young lawyer. This was only a little while before the doctor’s talk. Agatha put up a brave front to her father and her brother. But inwardly, she was as aroused as the doctor. The sisters went to Massachusetts together, on a search for some wonderful old furniture, among it no less than a Hepplewhite “scrutoir” given by Horace Walpole himself to Philip Wentworth, one time governor, and descending through him and a long line of Colonial worthies to Mrs. Hannah Wentworth Prentice, who being stricken in years, with no offspring left her, announced in the public prints, that she would sell her furniture to any descendants of the old governor who could pay her price and satisfy her ideas of their fitness to Colonial furniture. Therefore, they had come to the old home of the Wentworths; and, as it happened, they had sheltered themselves under the roof tree of Mrs. Love-Prentice, daughter-in-law to Madam Prentice of the furniture. For two days Agatha had submitted to Madam Prentice’s inspection, herself only covertly inspecting the furniture. By that time the Westerners felt a sense of isolation and chilly distrust. They were rather glad to go to Boston and hunt furniture. It was on their return to the village the preceding forenoon that they had lost all their money. Agatha had paid Mrs. Prentice in advance for the lodging so the sisters felt sure of a roof over their heads for at least a week. They had been getting their meals at the restaurant the village boasted, paying for each meal as they got it. Naturally, under the circumstances they had not picked nor dined—nor breakfasted. Now Agatha looked anxiously at her delicate sister. “Don’t you worry, sweetheart,” she said brightly, “only, go immediately back to bed. You’ll see. I’ll fetch you something in a little while.” As she spoke she was

moving rapidly about the room, laying out some furs and a number of dainty toilet articles. “Hurry!” she cried, “I hear some one coming.” Dorothy had that most marvelous of virtues among modern maidens—obedience. Without a question she sped into her own room. But she left the door ajar and she could see Mrs. Prentice’s lean and stooping figure and her broom. Mrs. Prentice took a single step and then, unexpectedly burst into speech. “My! what lovely furs!” she cried. She took another step; and added before her shyness had time to choke her, “They are just what I’ve been wanting to buy for my Cathie. She’s down to Boston, you know. Are they—please excuse me, but are they awful expensive?” “Not these,” replied Agatha, smiling, “oddly enough, these furs are for sale. I’m trying to dispose of them for a lady who has had a good deal of money but is in great straits, at present; I really fear the poor thing has actually gone hungry, sometimes.” (“Rather,” acquiesced Dorothy, mutely.) So the furs are a simply ridiculous bargain.” (She hesitated; Dorothy who divined her purpose now, knew that she was wondering how low she dared to offer them.) “I think she would take thirty dollars. And I know she must have paid over a hundred.” Mrs. Prentice was absorbed in mental arithmetic. “It seems awful,” she faltered, “the poor starving creature! But I—I’m afraid that would be too much for me. I thought if they were twenty-five—or—twenty-six, fifty—” “Sold at twenty-six, fifty, to Mrs. Prentice,” said Agatha glibly; and she would have pushed the furs

But Agatha was still calm at her guns. She actually clapped her hands together in an artless glee, exclaiming: “How perfectly lovely! Let us camp out together in this charming house. We will gladly pay you just what we promised the other lady; and cook for ourselves; and we may send to Boston, mayn’t we and get things; they can go on to the furs, you know until they are used up; and we’ll pay for the board at the end of the week; unless you would prefer that in advance?” finished Agatha with a fine careless air that took Dorothy’s breath away. “Of course not,” faltered Mrs. Prentice, “but—but—do you know how to cook?” Dorothy chuckled to herself. Her sister who was not only a famous entertainer, but who had been commended by great chefs for her direct, personal triumphs with chafing-dish and salad bowl; did she “know how to cook?” Agatha, however, remained modest and undisturbed. “Let me show you,” said she, “my sister isn’t really well enough to go out for her breakfast; I will go down and make her a cup of coffee and boil her an egg, this minute. There is nothing like sampling things.” Mrs. Prentice looked appealingly at this masterful lodger who would be a boarder, with or without her consent. “Please, please don’t you think I’m ungrateful—but—but—don’t you see? Madam Prentice has a young man invited to take Thanksgiving dinner—” “With her?” “No ma’am, with me. She’s just sent over word that he is coming to look at some furniture. He is a very rich and tasteful young man, and she thinks he will do to sell the secretary to and other things; so

more; come on let us try the coffee.” She propelled Mrs. Prentice out of the room; then like a flash darted back and into Dorothy’s; turned on her sister one scintillating smile, and hugged her. Dorothy burst into hysterical laughter. But in a moment she was out of bed and briskly arranging the room, packing away Agatha’s tempting display. By dint of refolding many times, she secured a very creditable imitation of her maid’s neat packing. At this point she sat down; she felt a little faint. “People don’t think enough of the hungry!” said she solemnly. But she turned a smile of resolute cheerfulness toward the door which was opening; and the cheerfulness merged into wild delight, when Agatha entered with a tray on which were displayed a steaming pot of coffee, a rasher of bacon, a plate of toast and the whitest and largest of eggs. “Now, eat slowly and a little at a time,” said Agatha, “starving people must be careful. Give me some in the toothbrush mug; she thinks I’ve had my breakfast at the restaurant. Dodo we have got the job! Three meals a day and corking fun! Are you with me?” “Agatha, you are great!” cried Dorothy; “so’s the bacon! I never had such a delicious meal in my life. Isn’t this the loveliest Thanksgiving ever was?” Mrs. Prentice, trembling with quite a new kind of excitement was watching Dorothy put the last touches on a table utterly unlike any within her experience. “Don’t it look beautiful!” she murmured to Dorothy. “I never did expect to see such a table in my house; and all that old pewter you spent such a time polishing up—why it looks grand; and your sister, she’s real capable! She said we had to have candies and yellow candies and so you sugared the orange peel and put a yellow frosting on the marshmallows we got at the store; but the ice-cream is the best of all!” “You mean our putting it into the pumpkin since you hadn’t any mold?” “Of course; and it was you who thought of that and putting blanched almonds in for seeds. It’s going to be a lovely dinner! And I’ll confess to you, it’s the first time in my life I’ve ever had Madam Prentice take a meal with me and not been scared to death. You see she is so capable! And I always feel her eyes boring into things. I do hope she’ll decide to sell that furniture to you instead of to the young man!” “Well, even Madam Prentice might be proud of such a beautiful table as this!” said Dorothy. “It does look nice,” agreed Mrs. Prentice, “and you, you do look just too cute for anything! That waist of your sister’s fits you like it was made for you; and all those things she had sent up from Jordan Marsh’s—well they do dress a hired girl up, don’t they? I guess Madam Prentice will stare. It was certainly good of you and your sister not to mind if I asked Cathie’s beau and his aunt. Oh, I hope you ain’t scared.” Was it the shy Dorothy who answered “Not a bit?” She couldn’t believe in herself. “It’s too good to be true,” she confessed to Agatha, who was in the tumultuous last stages of dinner with pots and pans on every available spot of table or stove. “I don’t know why I’m not scared; I fancy it is because poor Mrs. Prentice is so much more terrified than I ever was.” “You look fetching enough to make our hated rival fall in love with you,” said Agatha. “When we get home you remind me that I’m never to be cross at cook for getting into a huddle just before dinner.” The tinkle of the door-bell reminded Dorothy that her part in this little domestic scene was beginning. She went to the door because the guests were arriving in a body. Madam Prentice entered first. She was not tall but so erect that she gave the beholder an impression of height. She wore a bristling black silk and a most impressive black “front” and white turban. Her eyes were piercing and had been fine. Miss Akers, the aunt, was a stout spinster who did not look formidable. The lover, himself, was short and fair and rather nervous. Dorothy waited on them with her best imitation of her own French maid’s assiduous politeness and accent. She was in the hall laden with the ladies’ wraps when the door opened and the fourth member of the party, who had tarried to speak with the driver of the hack which had fetched them, entered the hall. He was Edward Wentworth. She looked at him full, and did not flinch. How could she? There was the dinner to be served; there were poor Mrs. Prentice’s pathetic hopes of pleasing her daughter’s lover and his powerful aunt—no, she did not flinch. With Therese’s accent to the fore she offered to take his hat and coat. He blushed up to his eyes. “Certainly not,” he stammered. His hand went out to snatch away her burden of wraps, then fell to his side. He walked away. In truth, Ned Wentworth’s senses were staggering. He was utterly confounded by his cousin’s appearance. Dorothy’s first impulse was to tell Agatha in the kitchen, but she remembered that Agatha was dishing up the dinner, very flushed if not nervous; and she could not add a feather’s weight to her cares. “We really ought to think more of the cook’s feelings,” reflected Dorothy, and she smiled on Agatha who was pushing the turkey through an uncertain slide. “Hold it up!” commanded the chef, “it’s a simply abominable concern likely to tumble at any minute! Prop it up with this piece of kindling-wood! How’s the dinner going? Did they say anything about the green sauce?” “One of the gentlemen said it was delicious; he

hadn’t eaten such a thing since his last dinner at the Café St. Martin.” And Dorothy spoke so easily that Agatha, for all her shrewdness detected nothing. The dinner proceeded in orderly triumph. Dorothy overheard Mrs. Prentice saying, with true New England evasion to congratulation: “Well, I’m sorry to say, she is only borrowed; she is an accommodator whom I got for to-day. The cook is an accommodator, too. I was lucky, don’t you think?” “I think I’d like their addresses, if you please, Millicent,” boomed Mrs. Prentice’s deep voice; “these pies are something wonderful; so was the frozen cheese and the aspic jelly.” “The others were hers, but the pies—” Mrs. Prentice was radiant—the pies were from your own recipe and I made them myself.” Madam Prentice nodded her acquiline profile with more sign of approval than her daughter-in-law ever had seen. She turned the conversation to the water goblets of rock-crystal curiously cut with facets gleaming like diamonds. She had loaned them to Millie, she said, with a gracious smile. Never before had she shown such condescension. Mrs. Prentice sat like one in a happy dream. It was with suppressed exultation combined with gratitude, that as soon as dinner was over, she made the first opportunity to go to the pantry and look through the slide into the kitchen. There sat the pretty maid and the cook whose white gown was protected by the most voluminous and brettled of aprons which being protected by nothing in turn, had suffered from the eccentricities of the coal-range and the sportive nature of eggs. But her brilliant eyes and flushed cheeks made her as handsome as the trim maid. Dishes were stacked in all directions—on the tables, in the sink, on the pantry shelves. The sacred De Witt Clinton set, however, had been washed, and stood safely to one side. A snatch of conversation floated to Mrs. Prentice. “And to think that we used to think our maids dabbled so forever over their meals—why, it’s such a relief to sit down. I think we were too hard—I mean I was too hard. I’m afraid the cellar stairs were too steep, too. I am going to see that they are altered.” Mrs. Prentice bent to speak through the slide. Unhappy eagerness of her gratitude! The ancestral goblets were on the shelf; the lady’s movement dislodged the protecting prop of kindling-wood; there was the swift slide of the guillotine, a sickening, sinister crash! Both sisters sprang to their feet; they saw the wreckage; they noted Mrs. Prentice’s whitening face. Dorothy ran around into the pantry; she pushed into a heap the splinters of two of the glasses. “This way, Mr. Wentworth, this way,” a full-broiled voice proclaimed, preceding the stately figure of Madam Prentice, “here’s the china closet. Millicent will excuse my bringing you in here. Millicent, where are those glasses?” Agatha heard the voice. She realized part of the awful situation, but saw no chance for her own entry into the tragedy; one thing she could do; she did it; with all her weight she hung on to the slide and kept the screen firm between the world and her own untidy kitchen. “Dorothy will have to save that miserable Mrs. Prentice,” thought she, “I can’t.” Dorothy seemed equal to her task. She had flung her napkin over the wreck; she was asking in the meekest voice was there anything Madam wished. “Here’s one,” said Madam Prentice, “if you want a wedding gift, you couldn’t do better.” “Pardon, madam,” Dorothy’s silvery, humble tones again slid into the pause. “Pardon, but if these most beautiful glasses are for sale, I know a lady will buy, pay what you like—unless, of course, monsieur, he wish—” She looked quite calmly full into Wentworth’s perturbed face; he gasped: “Why yes, yes, unless the lady—was it fifty dollars?” “Fifty dollars; and I prefer to sell to you,” retorted Madam Prentice, “you’ve got the scrutoir and you can have these.” “I do them up and give to the gentleman?” softly, sadly spoke Dorothy. “Yes,” said Madam Prentice. Mrs. Prentice said not a word. By degrees the color ebbed back into her face. But not until Madam Prentice’s magnificent back had creaked and shimmered away and Wentworth had returned to close the pantry door, murmuring, “I must see you! When?” And Dorothy had murmured back: “Later,—after they go. Thank you.” Not until this last moment did Mrs. Prentice summon breath to voice an intolerable relief, “Oh, you good, good, brave smart young girl! Oh, will he let me pay him for the smashed ones?” “Dear no,” laughed Dorothy, so handsome that it took Agatha’s breath away, as she caught the vision of her through the uplifted slide, “dear, no; he isn’t going to buy them, we are! And we are going to make you a present of them.” “Oh, ain’t she the cutest thing?” sighed Mrs. Prentice, out of a full heart. According to immemorial New England rural custom, the dinner had been in the early afternoon; but the lamps were lighted as Agatha left her clean and shining kitchen, and smiling, though weary, bade Mrs. Prentice good-night, and went up-stairs. She paused only a moment at the door of their own little parlor. She had opened it unseen by the youth and maiden within who were blind to everything but the enchanted journey into their own hearts which they were taking; she gazed for a second on them both. Dorothy spoke: her voice held a new sweetness. “Such a happy, happy Thanksgiving!” she said, “I didn’t think of the thanks, though. I was so busy trying to make it go off and make the poor things happy!” “What better way to return thanks—to make people happy?” And to think,” cried the young fellow remorsefully, “that I ever thought you were like a beautiful Venetian vase, exquisite and frail and hard. But now—Oh, Dorothy, is it too soon—” Very softly, the older sister closed the door. “I seem,” said she with rather a wistful smile, “to have been more of an accommodator than I expected.”



THERE SAT THE PRETTY MAID AND THE COOK.

into Mrs. Prentice’s arms; but she, protestingly, deprecatingly, waved the softly shining, fluffy temptation aside. “Please no,” she apologized, “you see, I’ve just handed out all the cash I had on hand for the church debt. Do you think the lady would mind waiting until the first of next month?” Agatha was reckoned “a good loser,” she took this staggering blow in a way to win Dorothy’s admiration amid her disappointment. “Why, surely not,” she returned heartily, “I will advance the money; and”—she illumined the situation with a charming smile, “a delightful solution occurs to me; why not take my sister and me to board; and we shall pay you instead of you paying us; and you will have the furs to the bargain.” But with actual tears in her eyes, Mrs. Prentice shook her head. “I’m so sorry, but I couldn’t. I haven’t any girl. Her mother is dreadful sick and she went this morning. I hadn’t a word to say; but it was hard. I ain’t very much of a cook and I know I couldn’t suit you.”

as she didn’t feel well enough to have him to dinner so she sent word she’d come over here; and she’d lend me her grandfather’s glasses, maybe he’d buy them. But—I was going to send her word I wasn’t going to have Thanksgiving dinner this year; only if I had you boarding—” Agatha did not flinch, difficulties were a stimulus to her daring spirit. “Of course you’ll have to have, her, too!” she cried why not? and the young man, too. I shall like to see our rival in the furniture trade.” “But—the dinner? I might get an accommodator from Boston but you see she mightn’t like—she is pretty pernickety you know—she might object—” Mrs. Prentice halted wretchedly the tears rose to her faded eyes. “Might object to us, you mean,” Agatha supplied the hiatus in the cheerfulness of tones. “But she won’t need to see us; we’ll be the accommodators. There are people who come in to accommodate, I was told of them yesterday. We’ll accommodate. I’ll cook the dinner; Dorothy will wait on table. You can ask some

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NEXT WEEK: Amandy Higginson’s Admirers

By Morley Roberts

TRUE DETECTIVE STORIES

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ON Christmas Day, 1899, I was sent by my newspaper with a corps of assistants to investigate the strange disappearance of George B. Eyre, of Chester, Pa., and the course of a few days' zealous search made it more and more certain that if the light of inquiry were ever to solve the deep mystery it would be to bring forth the ghastly, grotesque face of murder out of the darkness.



Charles Somerville
Photo by Vanderweyde

This truth was as pitious to contemplate as it was horrible, for George Eyre had seemed to be one of those whom Fate had in most kindly keeping. He was young (twenty-five years old), robust, big and kindly; of a popularity attested by his repeated elections to the presidency of the Alpha Boat Club of Chester, an organization of young men of the best families of the community. He was well to do. His father had left him a fortune of about \$100,000. He stood as the sole heir of his grandmother's fortune, which was more than double that figure. He made his home with

his mother and this grandmother, and they both worshipped him. And there was a third woman, too, who loved him—one scarcely more than a girl—to whom he was affianced. Their wedding day was marked for the approaching June.

Eyre on the Saturday preceding his disappearance went to Philadelphia to make Christmas purchases. He remained in Philadelphia over Sunday and came back to Chester on an early morning train Monday. A little before nine o'clock he telephoned his mother that he had arrived in town but would not be home until afternoon, because he intended to go duck hunting. He went to the Alpha Club, on the shores of the Delaware, put on a hunting jacket and cap, leaving his other clothing in the locker, and put out in a skiff with his oars, a pair of paddles and his two shotguns. This much was readily understood from an examination of his effects at the club house.

Afternoon did not bring him home, nor nightfall; nor did he appear on Christmas Eve. The whole community took up the alarm over the disappearance of the popular young athlete. All day before Christmas his friends, in skiffs and launches, searched the desolate, soggy, brown marsh lands of Raccoon Island, the most frequented hunting ground in the vicinity, that lay about a mile and a half from Chester, on the New Jersey shore. There was a sort of tradition of a hunter who years before had been caught in the deep mud and brambles of desolate Raccoon Island, only to be found days later frozen to death. I found when I arrived in Chester on Christmas Day that the most generally accepted theory was that Eyre, returning in the darkness from his duck hunting expedition, had been run down by a river steamboat, his boat smashed and himself drowned. Manifestly this was a poor explanation. The alarm had gone up and down the riverside for miles, and if such an accident had befallen Eyre, bits of his boat and his oars and his paddles must have drifted in somewhere with the tide. Not a chip of any of these things had come under anybody's eye.

Woman in the Case.

Next we worked on the possibility of Eyre having a reason for desiring to disappear. Rumors that he had been faithless to his sweetheart and had become entangled with an adventurous woman were proved groundless. To be sure the fact stood out that he had sold his large stationery store in Chester only about two weeks before, but his family and friends declared that he had, in the first place, only purchased the business as a speculative venture, and there was proof that he had sold it at a handsome profit.

And there was no rival in his love affair.

There was the fact of his being his grandmother's sole heir. Did somebody exist who might have designs on this fortune? There was only, aside from his mother, a distant cousin who might, with George Eyre eliminated, ultimately lay claim to the money. But it was quickly found that this cousin at the time of George Eyre's disappearance was thousands of miles away.

These facts communicated to my newspaper, my editors agreed with me that the sign that pointed most clearly to the solution of the mystery was the red band of murder. I was instructed to spare neither effort nor expense in a search for Eyre's body and a general investigation of the mystery.

The District Attorney, not having an over large appropriation for the expenses of such a search and investigation, readily consented to co-operate, with us and became my companion on the grim hunt. It went on for days. In tugs and launches searching parties organized of Eyre's fellow club members and of the professional duck hunters and fishermen of the Delaware searched the shores and beat the marshes for miles and miles. No sign of the body; no trace of the boat; no trace of paddles or oars. I had become convinced that had Eyre gone down the river that day in his boat he would have been seen and recognized, for he was very well known on the water—in his ably handled skiff in summer; in his launch and duck hunting skiffs in winter. He had been killed near the lonely shores of Raccoon. I decided, and his boat and paddles and oars made away with.

We hired divers. But when they came from Philadelphia ready to don their big helmets and rubber suits and brass soled shoes and search the river bottom a new difficulty appeared. A frigid spell had frozen the river solidly along shore. Permission, however, was obtained from the Fish Commissioners, who were authority in the matter, and great holes were dynamited in the ice, through which the grotesquely clad divers found their way to the bottom. They found nothing.

So much for the hunt for the body. But another hunt had begun—the hunt for the possible murderer. And in these days while the body was being searched for this other hunt had taken positive direction. And it began to close about a thin, gaunt, shifty eyed riverman with a thin black mustache over a drooping mouth, and long, skinny fingers that constantly tugged at the thin black mustache.

Jim Pierce was his name, and as this is a true detective story, which does not lend itself readily to the literary construction of a "surprise," I may as well literary construction of a "surprise," I may as well

THE CLEW OF THE CHECKERED HAT BAND

(From a Reporter's Recollections)

BY CHARLES SOMERVILLE



THEN QUITE SUDDENLY WHEELED AND HELD OUT HER SHAKING HANDS TO US.

the murderer; that in the end with a fish line rope of his own making he was found hanging to his cell door, a staring, self-slain thing of horror. But of the curious building of circumstances against him; of how while we searched for the body he walked defiantly in the streets of Chester and even sought the society of the rural groups that assembled in the little police station on evenings to discuss the strange case; of how the clew of the checkered hatband finally led to the complete exposure of his ghastly offence; of how it guided us to the woman who betrayed him, who told the story of his wild crime the while she held in her shaking hands the glittering jewels stripped from a dead man's fingers; of how when he snarled against her that she lied the very deed rose up to give her story full corroboration—these are the incidents that make my story, and out of them you may if you will follow the faint film that now stands as it develops into a picture bold and clear.

Drawing the Net.

The first important discovery came on the very day we began our investigation—Christmas afternoon, when two reporters whom I had detailed to canvass all the houses in the streets by which Eyre could have gone from the railroad station telephone to the boat club, and find out, if possible, if he had picked up with any companion, came back with word that an old couple in a cottage by the riverside were positive they had seen George Eyre enter the club house that morning, and—with another man! The name of this man they did not know, but they said they had often seen him starting with George Eyre on these gunning trips. They described him—tall, sunken cheeked, gaunt, shabby—and on this day, they declared, he wore instead of the customary corduroy hunting cap a black derby. When this description, in form much more full at the time, was laid before George Eyre's friends, with particular stress on the fact stated by the old couple that he was often Eyre's companion, the name of Jim Pierce was the only one called forth from their lips. He, they told me, always worked aboard Eyre's skiff in summer, and on hunting trips usually did the paddling while Eyre did the shooting. And then there was the fact that Eyre had taken two paddles in his boat to corroborate the old folks' story of a companion.

In organizing the searching parties next day I offered Pierce a job on my boat. He hung back. But I offered \$2 for his day's work, and, noting other river men casting curious glances at him, for the wage was big for men of their class, he accepted. On the way across the river I flatly asked Pierce if he had been with George Eyre on the morning of his disappearance. He flew into a rage in denying it. But when we arrived at the island and paired off to beat particular sections of the shore Pierce accepted with a show of good humor my invitation that he should stick by me. On the trip my suspicions had received unexpected support. Pete Sheets, one of the river men, came to me and declared that he was willing to make affidavit that he had seen Pierce looking for George Eyre on the morning of the latter's disappearance.

"He said he expected to go hunting with him," said Pete.

"Did anybody else see Pierce then and hear him inquire for Eyre?"

"Yes," replied Pete, and gave the name of a reputable grain merchant of Chester.

So when Pierce and I were alone I told him of these things and he again became more enraged.

"But, Pierce," I said, "you're no right to go off the handle. In a case like this every man should be willing to stand for having his movements looked into. If you'll listen to me you'll make up your mind right

now to give me a statement accounting for all your movements on that day. It's the simplest way of settling this thing right off. Once you've made it clear you've had no part in the affair talk will stop."

He was still surly, but he began an account of his doings on the day that Eyre had gone away. It appeared that he had left his house about eight o'clock and did have some idea that he might meet Eyre, but had no appointment with him. Not seeing Eyre, he visited his sister's home and then the home of his father, and that took up all his time until about one o'clock in the afternoon, when, he declared, he had gone to the Consumers' Ice Company's wharf and worked at loading ice until four o'clock in the afternoon.

Tracing the Clews.

The fact that he laid all his movements on that morning in the bosom of his family, so to speak, was unsatisfactory but not incredible.

"Pierce," I asked finally, "did you ever own a black derby hat?"

"Never in my life," he retorted. "I never wear nothing but one of these caps. Once I owned a black soft hat. I guess I got it yet. Wear it sometimes on Sunday."

No sooner did our boat touch shore than instructed reporters were sent in four directions. Particularly were they sent in haste to the homes of Pierce's father and his sister. They came back with reports that his father said, "Sure, Jim was to see me that day," but had given up the time of the visit, the hour when Pierce had said he was visiting his sister—and his sister did not recall a visit from him at all! The other two reporters brought back from the commission merchant a corroboration of Pete Sheets' statement, and from the foreman of the Consumers' Ice Company's wharf a queer announcement. It was that Pierce spoke the truth when he said he worked from one to four loading ice, but that he had appeared and, without asking for the work, took up one of the prongs, labored diligently, spoke to many of the other men and had gone away at four o'clock without stepping up to be paid. When the rivermen did work on the gangs they were paid by the hour and collected the money always before leaving. Pierce had never come around since for the money. If Pierce is regarded as trying to establish an alibi the significance of this fact becomes apparent.

Stranger news than that reached us that night. A riverman brought to police headquarters an old negro who lived in a hut by the shore and who said he had seen Jim Pierce and his brother, Pinney Pierce, on the night of the day of Eyre's disappearance leave in a skiff and go off in the direction of Raccoon Island. He had heard them benching their boat at the landing by Pierce's father's cottage and seen them come ashore at dawn, which meant that they had been away more than six hours. Now, professional duck hunters often go out at night, in the hope of potting roosting ducks in the marshes, and usually succeed. The old negro said the light was sufficiently clear for him to see that neither of the men carried any ducks off the boat.

We found Pinney Pierce and asked him about that curious night trip. He denied that he and his brother had gone in the direction of Raccoon Island. He said they went ten miles down the river in another direction.

"What for?" I asked.

"Ducks," he said, laconically.

"Get any?"

"A pair, that's all."

"What, in six hours of hunting?"

"Yes, that's all, a pair," he said, looking sheepish in spite of himself.

"What did you do with them?"

"Sold 'em," he answered and gave the butcher's name.

We saw the butcher. He admitted the purchase on Tuesday morning of a pair of ducks from the Pierce brothers.

"But," he added, "they were so stale, so game. I had to throw them away."

Startling News Comes.

I had hardly returned to my rooms in the Washington Hotel when news of a remarkable character came. The young acting president of the Alpha Boat Club and boyhood chum of Eyre sought me out. He was greatly excited.

"The boat club's been robbed!" he cried. "Every locker upstairs has been ripped open!"

I accompanied him to the club house. It was as he said in regard to the lockers. Most of the members crowded into the room as the news got among them. Curiously, as each examined his locker he could report none of his effects missing, and among the things were clothing, guns, cartridges and other things valuable to any thieving butler. Sails and spars, and oars that would have made the picked plunder for river pirates remained untouched.

Suddenly it became very plain to me. The man who had been George Eyre's companion had left some clew behind and had come back to retrieve it. He was evidently not a member of the club, who would have had a key. The lock of the front door had been torn out by way of gaining entrance.

I asked the young acting president to get the other members to disperse in order that we might quietly conduct a search in the hope that the man had not found what he sought. All the belongings in the lockers had been duly identified by this time. So we went downstairs in the room where the boats were stored. We turned up the four and eight oared sculls and other boats, finding nothing under them, but as I lifted a hunting skiff I must confess that I got a genuine thrill.

For lying under it was a black derby hat!

And yet if the man who had gone away with George Eyre had left the hat there under the boat, surely he would not have been at pains to search in the lockers for it. So I asked my companion—

"Do you know whose boat this is and whether it has been lately placed here?"

He considered a while, and said:—

"Yes, the owner just brought it in yesterday. He went out on a hunt by himself in the hope of finding some trace of George."

We saw this member of the boat club. When we did the whole thing was made clear. He had brought his boat in and was storing it when he noticed a black hat in a corner of the room. He had observed that it was becoming covered with dust, so to protect it, he believed it to be the hat of one of the members, he had slipped it under the boat.

That explained the tearing open of the lockers by the desperate man who had forced his way into the club house to take away the damning clew to his identity which he knew to be there. When he had not found it in the corner of the room where he had left it he had concluded that it had been picked up and locked in one of the compartments for safe keeping.

I carried the hat, wrapped in a sweater, to my hotel. It was a cheap hat and had only a fanciful wholesale maker's name. But the odd thing about it was the band. It was of the usual dull black silk excepting that along the borders ran a series of tiny glossy checks. I had never seen such a band on a derby hat before.

The Clew of the Hat.

One of my fellow reporters went to Philadelphia the next morning with the hat to consult the makers as to what retail shops they had sold headgear of that class and pattern, the while I took a searching party along the route that Pierce and his brother said they had taken on their hunting trip on the night of Eyre's disappearance. On a deserted strip of New Jersey shore, ten miles below Chester, we found a mossy where a fire had been. Its embers were so entirely reduced to ash that we could not determine what the character of the fuel for this fire had been. But the suspicion rose strongly that here was all that remained of George Eyre's boat and paddles and oars. It was strengthened by inquiries made on the opposite shore, where two men reported having seen the fire alight on the spot on Monday night very late. Of course we reasoned at first that the Pierces might have simply lighted a fire to warm themselves, but this fire, the men said, had burned high and very brightly, while the bramble branches and drift wood of the marshes could only be with difficulty ignited into smoldering fires. Jim Pierce and his brother Pinney were not with us. They

had declined to have anything further to do with our hunting trips.

Out of the information brought back from Philadelphia by my assistant, however, it was that the big revelations came. At first the manager of the factory had declared that he could give him little help.

"We've sent out so many thousands of those hats," he said.

"But isn't this an odd band? Isn't this checkered band peculiar? Surely there are not many of just this style that have been sent out and sold?"

At that the manager glanced swiftly at the checkered band.

"Oh, those; that's different. They will not be hard to trace. We just put out a few as samples—East, West, North and South. Just wait a minute."

There were no sales at Chester, but there was at Wilmington, Del., only a few miles away. And to the address of the hat store in Wilmington I went the next morning.

"Yes," said the proprietor, "I sold that hat about three weeks ago."

"Can you describe the man you sold it to?"

"Certainly," he said. "I know him. It was Jim Pierce, of Chester." He grinned. "He'd down this way often," he said. "He's got a girl down here; lives just up the street. But I guess Jim wouldn't like it known—about the girl. Jim's married."

The next minute I was possessed of the name and address of this girl. There was no trouble in the matter of an introduction. She was just a little unfortunate creature, habitué of waterfront resorts.

The instant I made mention of the name of Jim Pierce the girl's fright was palpable. At first she denied that she knew him at all. But a companion sneered at her openly.

"What are you lyin' for?" she demanded. "Fraid of bein' hauled up in a divorce suit?" And as the girl I had sought frowned at her the other continued:—"You know mighty well Jim was here to see you Christmas night."

The girl rocked apprehensively in her chair.

"What if he was?" she asked.

"Nothin', 'ceptin' you needn't lie about it."

I asked the other girl to leave us. Then I said:—

"What did Jim Pierce come to see you about?"

"Nothin'," she answered.

"You'd better tell me," I said. "It's always the best way. It will save you a lot of trouble." I tried for a chance effect. "It might save you from going to prison."

"I couldn't—I couldn't," she said, trembling.

"Why?"

"Oh, God!" sobbed the girl, and she flung up her hands to her eyes.

I told her that she must not try to leave my company, and the frightened little thing obeyed. She

heard me telephone to the District Attorney at Chester to come down on the next train. He did, and when he came picked up the Chief of Police of Wilmington. We all went finally to the girl's room. We

talked kindly to her, and, perceiving from certain pictures on the wall that she was religious, made our demands for a full, frank statement on impressive grounds.

And suddenly, without a word, with her cruelly marked young face white with fear and a sick trembling of her lips, she tottered to her bureau, opened an upper drawer with a key that she took from her purse, and then quite as suddenly wheeled and held out her shaking hands to us.

Why He Slew Him.

And in her hands were the gold watch and chain and the emerald and diamond ring that George Eyre wore the day he went hunting never to return alive. Inside the ring were engraved initials attesting that the jewel was a gift to Eyre from the girl who had expected to marry him in June.

"Jim—Jim," began the girl, announcing the queerest motive for murder probably to be found in criminal annals, "killed George Eyre because he didn't have no money for Christmas presents for his kids and his wife and—me."

Then the girl, not knowing that we knew anything of the circumstances, told a story tallying with all that we did know in the matter of the crime.

Pierce had come there Christmas night. All the day that we had searched for Eyre's body and that he had talked to me he carried in his pockets the gifts, having proofs of his guilt that could have been furnished by George Eyre's jewelry. He was drunk and jolly at first. Then he had fallen asleep on a lounge and the girl did not disturb him. She had fallen asleep herself on a big chair in the room while she waited his awakening.

His horrible cries had caused her to leap from the chair and in the dim light of the lowered lamp stare at him with startled eyes.

He was yelling, "Yes—yes—you got me! I killed him! I killed him!"

The girl shook his shoulder and he had come out of his dream of terror so shaken and broken that, hardly realizing what he did, he confessed his crime to her. He had thought that he would not meet Eyre that morning, though they had an appointment. He went home and changed his hunting cap for his black derby. But as he came out of the house again Eyre was approaching, evidently seeking him. And they had gone to the boathouse together. Eyre changed his street trousers for khaki breeches. Jim Pierce saw him transfer a roll of bills into the pockets and put his watch and ring in a wallet and place them in an inside pocket of his hunting jacket, over which he tightly buttoned the coat. They went together to Raccoon Island. And all the way over Pierce had thought of how mean and poor a Christmas it was going to be on account of his poverty, for his wife and children and the girl of his infatuation. The first ship he had for Eyre and that Eyre had for him; many good turns by him, counted for naught. As George Eyre stood up in the bow of the boat to take a shot at a winged flock of ducks Pierce took up the other gun, and as he sat behind him, literally blew the man's head off. All the time Jim knew that his brother Pinney was in hiding distance, he having been on the hunting grounds when they got there. The murder done, he shouted to Pinney.

There is a feudal loyalty among these fishermen's families. Pinney helped him procure a big stone on the shore; they cut the painter off the boat and tied one end around George Eyre's red stained neck and the other to the stone. The murder had occurred on the far side of Raccoon Island, near the Jersey shore. Right there they had flung his body overboard in about five feet of water. They beached the boat and oars and paddles in a deserted spot and came for them that night and towed the dragging line to the beach ten miles beyond. They beached the beach where the men had seen the high, bright fire. They had, of course, stripped the body of the jewelry and money. The sum of money was \$25 Eyre had cheated his assassin of much more because of his generous purchase of Christmas gifts before returning to Chester to be put to death. The two shoguns they had sunk.

Finally Pierce had groveled at the girl's feet, begging her to keep his secret and hide the jewels, for he felt that he would be arrested soon and did not want the accusing things found in his possession.

I saw next day the confrontation of the girl and Pierce, she with eyes wet with pity for him, he shaking his skinny fist at her and swearing that she lied.

The authorities had a puzzle still, however, for the law declares that before a charge of murder can be sustained the body of the dead must be produced to prove that a crime has been committed.

Nature came swiftly to rescue the authorities out of their puzzle and fully corroborated the girl, for two days after she made her confession a thaw set in along the river and the tide flowing strongly slipped the rope off the rock that held Eyre's body at the bottom, and exactly where the girl had said Pierce told her he had flung it, George Eyre's body arose to the surface of the Delaware.

Pierce never confessed. He remained in the county jail from January until June. His trial was set for the first Monday of the month. That Sunday he asked permission to be allowed to work at wearing a fish net, and the twine was given him. Instead he wore noose for his neck and when the Sheriff came to bring him into court to stand his trial that official found a corpse.

Pinney Pierce, who had been indicted as an accomplice, was, however, never put to trial, for physicians declared him dying of consumption, with only a few months left to live.

STUDIES IN THRILLING LIVES

MORE SANDHOG STORIES

BY WILLIAM ALLEN JOHNSTON



Mining Rock.

OUT a year ago the captain of a tugboat was hammering down the East River along the Long Island shore saw a strange sight and a thrilling five minutes' experience.

He was standing in front of the pilot-house, watching a passing barge when suddenly a man high into the air in crisp, curling

water beneath them and all about suddenly white and began to seethe and though some gigantic crater had suddenly opened up, the river was not the river.

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Mining Rock in Front of Shield.

higher up. "And his death was a strange one. He was bending over when a wooden plug sodden with water fell from the hands of a careless workman eighty feet above and struck him just back of the ear."

Enter Jimmy Sullivan, sand hog for twenty years, with a record extending from the beginning of the old Hudson tunnels in 1890, through the Blackwall tunnel of London, the caissons of the great Forth Bridge, in Scotland, right up to the present time.

They say that you never see a lean or an old sand hog. Jimmy Sullivan, then, belies both assertions. He is a pallid little man, with thin hair and a most non-committal way. There may be times when he talks at length, but it seems scarcely possible.

As he stood before me in the offices of the tunnel contractors, hat in hand and in mud bespattered clothes, blinking respectfully and seemingly bewildered above ground as is a mule brought out once a year from the mines, I thought of other daring men—the driver, bridgeworker, the dynamite handler—who stare at you stolidly and uncomprehendingly when you suggest that their lives are filled with thrilling moments.

Told by "Jimmy" Sullivan.

"It's too strenuous down there to think, sir," said Jimmy, appealingly. "And so, sir, you can't remember much when you come out." He shifted his feet uneasily and looked longingly at the door.

Finally he grinned with a very smile and looked askance at the "boss." "I could tell of a comical incident," said he. "A comical incident" was all he could recall out of twenty years' work in compressed air within a mud box beneath rolling rivers!

"It was when the Blackwall tunnel was finished—you mind it, sir? (this to the "boss")—and two members of the London County Council came down to inspect the work.

"They were retired soap makers—begging your pardon, sir—very fat and pompous; and to celebrate the grand event they carried a hamper of champagne and whiskey; some of this they uncorked in the last air lock, where the air pressure was about forty pounds.

"One Councilman drank champagne—quite all of one quart bottle. And it's a funny thing, sir, and yet a very natural thing, that the wine was quite still when he poured it out."

"Extraordinary," says he; "why, the wine's dead!"

"No, we told him, the bubbles were simply held back by the air pressure, which acted the same as a cork. You can see for yourself, sir, that air compressed enough to keep a great weight of water from seeping through mud walls would certainly hold back bubbles in champagne.

"Well, he said it tasted all right, at any rate, and he drank quite freely of it. The other one was suspicious of it, however, and took several drinks of whiskey, recording the bottle and putting it away in his pocket.

"And now, sir, think for yourself what was bound to happen when they walked out of the compressed air.

"Going up in the shaft elevator on the London City side there was suddenly a loud 'pop.' And one of them calls out, 'I'm shot!' You see, sir, the compressed air corked up in the whiskey bottle shot the cork out, and it happened to hit him in the nose—pretty sharp, sir, pretty sharp.

"About the same time the other Councilman was getting very red in the face. Then he got purple. Then he began to fizz and sizzle—the champagne bubbles, you see, sir, in his system. Aw my, how he did sizzle!

"It was no small matter with him, sir. We summoned an ambulance and stomach pump. And just as he was growing unconscious he calls out, 'I'm a balloon!'"

"That will do, Jimmy," said the "boss." "You can go now. Tell Paddy Ryan to step up."

Personality of "Paddy" Ryan.

In the person of Paddy Ryan appeared an altogether new type. His speech was the fine Old Country dialect which Jimmy used, but he was as voluble as the latter was taciturn.

Paddy Ryan is a big man and gaunt, with a large, pale face, long, black beard and a Celt's eyes, sparkling with imagination. He looks more like one of Hall Caine's Manxmen; or he might be an itinerant preacher of a new sect. He is partly deaf, as are most old sand hogs, and his voice has the hollow intonations of the tunnel.

"Tell him about the old Hudson tunnels, Paddy," prompted the "boss," and Paddy began:—

"That was in 1890, sir. Previous to that time I had been working on the Forth bridge caissons under Mr. Moir. He brought me over with a number of other miners [Paddy styles himself a "miner," not a sand hog].

"We found the tunnels in very bad shape. You see, a number of years previous they had tried running them with a pilot tunnel and brick walls. One day there was a blow-out and some twenty men were drowned. They gave up after that, and the hole filled up at the fore with muck.

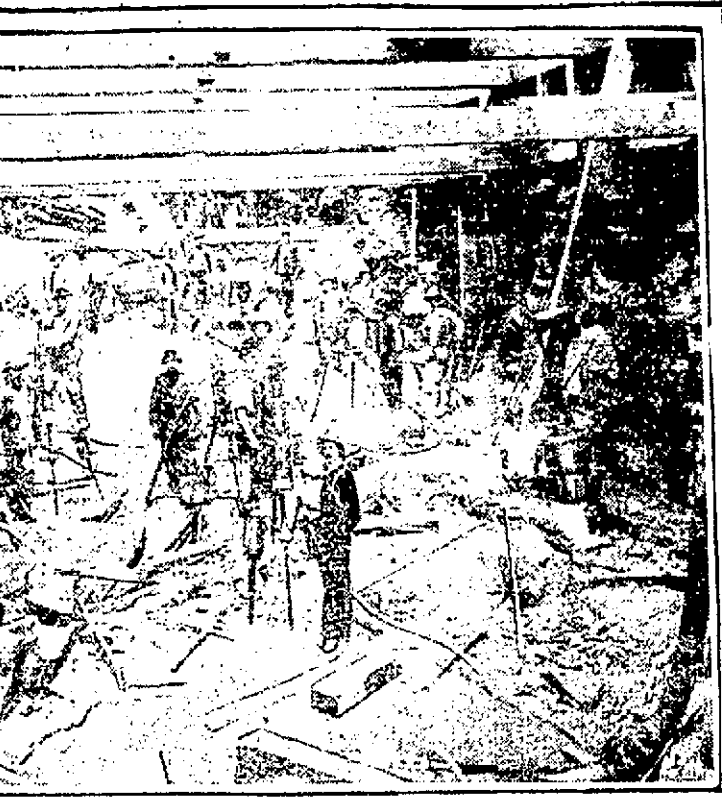
"We used candles then, instead of electric lights, and that made the air bad. Now and then, too, there was an accumulation of gas and a bad explosion.

"Then we tried riveting the iron rings together—these they follow up the shield and make the inner lining of the tunnel—and that called for forces. Everything burst red hot in that compressed air, sir, and aside from the constant danger of fire from the clinkers the heat became terrible. There was never a day when the temperature fell below one hundred degrees, and the men were dropping off at the rate

"We brought over a new shield, the parts of which were forged and constructed by Sir Benjamin Baker in Glasgow. To set it up and make it fit we were forced to enlarge the shield chamber, and a terrible time we had of it. One day there was a blow-out, the bulkhead was swept away, and we had a narrow escape getting out.

"The river snowed in and jammed tight the airlock door behind us. We tried every way to jack it open, but the pressure was too great for us; and then Mr. Moir hit upon a fine scheme.

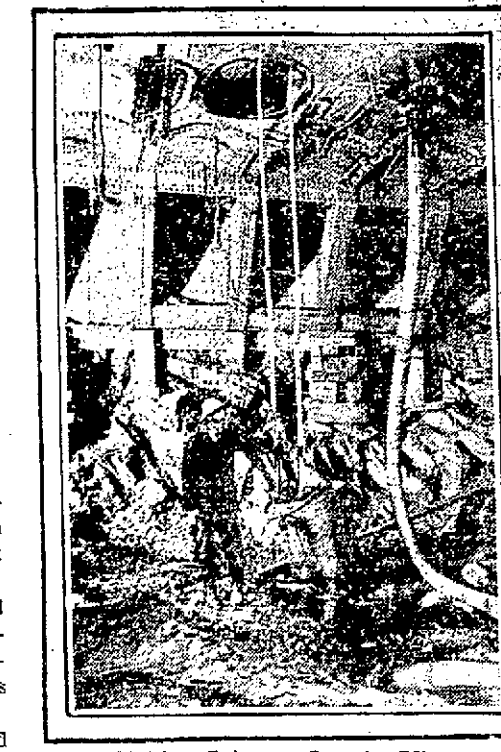
"We built a ball out of esparto grass, not a little one, but as big as a house, for it was clear forty feet in diameter. We loaded the bottom of it with iron rails to sink it. We floated it out on pontoons and dumped it directly in front of the tunnel opening. It was sucked tight and made a fine new bulkhead, you see, with a large full of clay dumped down on the top of it.



Bottom of Shaft.



Showing Erector at Work.



Sinking Caisson—Interior View.

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"Then we opened the airlock and continued the tunnel through the ball of grass. So, you see, when you haven't anything solid to tunnel through you must put it down in front of you. Just so it isn't only water and you have compressed air to keep the walls up and the water out you can run a tunnel anywhere nowadays.

"You may know what the water pressure was on that ball of grass, for when we went through it we had to cut our way with axes.

"Well, we ran the tunnel on two thousand feet and left it there for fourteen years."

"Not our fault, understand," interrupted the "boss." "We stopped only because the syndicate failed and our pay ceased. We could have finished the Hudson tunnels ten years ago as well as to-day. In fact, they were afterward pushed to completion with the very same shield which we left in the face of them."

"Yes," said Paddy, respectfully. "But it was hard going in those days, sir, hard on the men. We have many new conveniences now and some safety devices.

"We used candles then, instead of electric lights, and that made the air bad. Now and then, too, there was an accumulation of gas and a bad explosion.

"Then we tried riveting the iron rings together—these they follow up the shield and make the inner lining of the tunnel—and that called for forces. Everything burst red hot in that compressed air, sir, and aside from the constant danger of fire from the clinkers the heat became terrible. There was never a day when the temperature fell below one hundred degrees, and the men were dropping off at the rate

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Type of Workman.

of two a week. Nowadays we use bolts instead of hot rivets, and we have electric lights and cars and medical air locks."

"Fire is bad," said the "boss." "I can tell you of a more recent instance—in the Pennsylvania tunnels. It tells you something of the heroism of sand hogs, too.

"This fire started early Monday morning. The Saturday just previous had been pay day, and it is our custom always to double the watchmen on the Sunday following, for it is almost certain that some of the men will prove irresponsible. This time it was one of the watchmen.

Started by a Cigarette.

"His companion had gone out of the air lock and he lay down on the shield chamber with his head against a pile of hay, which we use for stuffing up crevices around the shield. He was smoking a cigarette and that tells the story.

"The news came to me on swift wings.—'Tunnel C. Manhattan, is on fire,' and I hurried out of bed and down to the Manhattan shaft.

"A crowd of the men had gathered outside the last air lock, and peeping through the bull's-eye of the lock door I could see the interior dim with curling smoke and yellow with flames.

"The dynamite! said one man, and of course that was what we were all thinking of. There was a hundred or more pounds of it in the further end of the chamber.

"Well, boys," said I, 'we've got to get it out,' and I had been thinking of that, too. These men are willing to go anywhere—to Hades, if need be—but they are used to waiting for orders.

"I'm ready," growled a big fellow, and in a breath there was a crew of volunteers. They got a high pressure hose, made a water connection and plunged in.

"In a few minutes they were back again, all of them choked and staggering and some so strangled with the heavy fumes that they had dropped in their trucks and were carried out.

"It looked black now within through the bull's-eye; but there was still the danger of a stray lick of flame reaching the dynamite. It lay right alongside the dry wooden framing. There was still that danger and—

"Back again, boys," said the big fellow, and back they went into darkness and air that was now warmer than ever. This time they came back, all of them, fortunately, and they were lugging the dynamite along with them.

"Now, that's what I call heroism," concluded the "boss." "Imagine creeping along a black tunnel and feeling for dynamite, knowing all the time that a bit of flame might easily beat you to it, and that if it did you'd be blown into fine pieces as sure as day follows night!"

Task of Hercules.

The "boss" eyes lighted up with pride, and I realized that one thing that made him a big "boss" was his clear understanding of and close companionship with his sandhogs. "They did all that," he added, "to save the tunnel. If it had been a case of saving lives they wouldn't have waited for me and my orders!"

Paddy Ryan grinned with delight. "That big fellow was 'Red Kelly,'" said he. "Red stopped a blowout in the Hudson tunnels one day with his back, after we had stuffed the hole with sawdust bags, clothes, iron rails, scrap and everything we could get our hands on."

"He didn't go through?"

"No," said Paddy critically. "His back was so broad."

"Once," he continued, "in the Blackwall tunnel Paddy Egan was blown through and up above the Thames River. He was a fat little fellow, but he went through like a greased pig, sir. I saw him just afterward."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"Paddy laughed. 'Sure,' says he, 'I've been avoiding a bath all my life and now I got one at last.'"

"It seems strange to an outsider," he continued, "that a man should come popping out above a river. But it is easy enough to blow them through the tunnel roof. It is just a bit of soft mud, you see, and when a blowout starts it begins howling out till it gets very thin.

"Right here in this tunnel we blew a rock through one day. Up it went, full thirty feet above the river surface and very near a passing ferryboat. And I can tell of a still more remarkable incident of the Blackwall tunnel.

"There was a blowout one afternoon on the approach end of the tunnel and our coats, which were hanging on the bolts overhead, went up in the rush.

"After the excitement was over I saw that saint Paddy Egan pulling his nose very soberly.

"What's ailing you, Paddy?" said I.

"Enough," said he. "There was a half sovereign in my coat. Sure," says he, 'the old lady will be a-beating me for the loss of it.'"

"Cheer up," said I. "We will hunt for it up above." "We were just under the shore, and overhead was a waste of gravel and pools of shallow water. Here we found two of the coats, and, sure enough, a shining half sovereign!"

"The 'boss' looked severely at Paddy and Paddy hastily crossed himself. "Eis no yaru, sir; begging your pardon. And, anyway, it beats the American story of the man being blown up through the Hudson."

"Tell about the mules in the old Hudson tunnels," suggested the "boss."

"Oh, they were a fine drove," said Paddy. "But they were blamed for a lot they didn't do. Every time there was a blowout and a man was bowled over or knocked down by a flying billet of wood 'twas always a mule that kicked him, and then they kicked back."

"The mules were used for drawing cars of muck back through the air locks—a hard job, because of the constant change of pressure. Now we use electric cars."

"It's wonderful how well these mules stood it—not one dropped off. When the job stopped they had been constantly under air pressure for more than a year, and we all thought that once they saw daylight they



Putting Up Iron Rings—Making Iron Lining.

would die of the 'bends.' So we were all happy when they were sold to two Scotchmen. I do like to trick a Scotchman," said Paddy, meditatively.

"I had the pleasure of leading the two Scotchies through the air locks to get the mules.

"In the first air lock the air went rushing by us so fast that the Scotchmen grabbed their hats, and one tried to whistle! (he could not, the "boss" explained, because the air is too dense to vibrate.)

"My, my!" said he; 'we're going sair fast, we are!'

"Blow! you rascal!" said I. "Blow!" (In going under compressed air it is necessary to close the mouth and nostrils and force air into the eustachian tubes to keep the ear drums from bursting.)

"How far did we go?" they asked when we stepped from the air lock.

"About five miles," said I. "But the point of the tale is," Paddy said, mournfully, "that every mule lived and was none the worse for the experience. In taking them out, however, they were kept in the air locks an hour at a time, while the pressure was very slowly diminished.

"Once I took a little dog down with me. He belonged to one Murphy, who kept a store just over the shaft. It was interesting to note the animal's instinct. When his eardrums began to crackle with the air pressure he runs to the wall and presses his nose hard against a slab of wood. That was cute, now, wasn't it, sir?"

"The next day when I took him out he began limping—the bends he had in one leg. Murphy was mad. 'If ever I catch the man who kicked my dog I'll lick him,' said he.

"Before you leave us," said the "boss," "I want to tell you first about the greatest sandhog in tunnel history and then of the narrowest escape I know of.

Greatest of Sandhogs.

"The greatest sandhog is I. K. Brunell, famous as the designer of the Great Eastern. He was a wonderful engineer, half a century ahead of his day in everything he did, and among his accomplishments the most remarkable of all was the running of a tunnel through water bearing gravel and sand under the Thames River without the aid of compressed air.

"It sounds impossible, but he did it. The tunnel was two thousand feet long, and twelve years of hard and continuous work was needed to complete it.

"His method of operation was simple, though it required infinite patience and toil. He used instead of our modern shield an oblong stack of iron castings, the whole resembling a pile of books more than anything else. Beginning with the top layer he shoved these forward one by one and later by later, building his slides as he advanced. Just think of it!

"This method of operation left practically no part of the gravel exposed, so that there was no need of air to hold the water back. But one day his pile of iron books stuck. He didn't hesitate, and he wouldn't trust the hazardous work to any one else. He went down in a diving bell, deep down, and with his own hands tore away the obstruction."

In view of this and other present day works it is easy to see how the English claim and deserve recognition as the foremost tunnel builders of the world.

"And now," continued the "boss," "for the narrowest escape. It happened in one of the caissons of the Forth Bridge, the greatest bridge in the world.

"There was a blowout one day under the cutting edge, and the mud came bubbling in so fast that there was not the slightest chance of escape. Up it surged to the men's waists, to their armpits, to their necks, over their closed mouths, meanwhile buoying them up till their heads rammed against the blind roof.

"Over their mouths, I say; but you must know a sandhog never gives up. There was five inches of breathing space left, and the men poked their nostrils up into it, using their hands as cornucopias.

"The mud stopped there, and the men worked their way to the shaft opening one by one, coolly and slowly, and were lifted out with the loss of one life.

"And that," concluded the "boss," "I call a narrow escape—just a matter of five inches narrow."

Just a word in closing about the "boss" and his work. He is more than a "boss," but he is the stamp of man who does much and says little, and out of his own earnest desire to avoid publicity I cloak his identity beneath this rather nondescript title.

Alongside his desk, in a building that has been shunted up three stories as the tunnel work demanded, the ground surface is a row of dials, electrical gauges which have told him constantly the story of the great tunnels as they advanced.

First of all great caissons were sunk, enormous steel boxes, seventy by forty feet and ninety-four feet deep. They have a skin which is filled with concrete when they are in position, one on each shore of the river.

In their outer side, toward the river, there were circular steel plates about the size and shape of the tunnels to be run, and when the caissons were set these plugs were removed, the shields inserted in the openings and the tunnels were begun.

Thus the beginning; and the end may be told simply. All six tunnels, begun from either shore, met in the middle of the river with a divergence of less than one quarter of an inch!

It was a wonderful undertaking, a marvellous triumph, and the incidents and exigencies of the five years' labor would fill a big volume. There were great engineering feats and great sandhog bravery and faithfulness, and midway between each kind of activity stood the "boss" here, there and everywhere, in office and deep down in fog-filled caissons and roaring tunnels. He is the kind of Englishman we love to take off our American hats to.

HUMAN SPIDERS WHO SPIN WEBS FOR THE GREEN INVESTOR

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED
BY GARNET WARREN



AN INVENTOR SPREADS HIS BLUE-PRINT ON THE FLOOR.

As the \$25,000 legacy was an illusion, it was, of course, reprehensible to advertise it as a fact. That it is difficult to live an utterly Christian life, however, appears to be the opinion of the Cleveland Sunday scholars who tried it. And I am willing to take their words for it. My editor is, further, an insatiable man, which, of course, makes the thing more difficult still.

The advertisement itself, however, if not a thing of beauty, was at least a temporary joy. It was callow, it was verdant; it reminded one of Ireland—it was so green. It was inserted in several morning papers and read.

Young man has just received legacy and wishes investment where it will get the largest returns. Personal interview. Call between 10 and 4.

This seemed to have that in it which might be calculated to make the war horses of fortune sniff a nostril and come bearing down. I hired a room, therefore, and waited.

At ten they came, in quick succession. There was a strange mixture. There were showy men and plain men; there were timid, furtive men, and keen, questioning men; there were neutral tinted men. They wore the tall, shiny hats of a suggested prosperity and the musty, frayed garments of discouragement and squalor. There were even some women. But beneath all these changes of condition was a subtle underlying similarity, which shadowed itself in all—something in the gesture or expression which spoke of \$25,000, or half part. It was the need of men burned upon their personalities. The brand of Cain could not have marked more deep.

They sat within the hall and upon the stairs—they smoked and changed reminiscences. At regular intervals the door bell would tinkle-tinkle-ting; the landlady would puff valiantly up the stairs and the number would be added to.

She was a good natured soul, willing, but out of condition. The passage became congested, and she offered me a parlor in which the unplumed battalions could wait. So they filed in and sat, there instead, antedated, and cast a universally appraising eye at me. I invited the next gentleman to enter. For I was \$25,000 to them, and it was understood that I was to dissipate myself. So one can hardly blame me.



Inventor and one of his latest.

The first who came within the inner sanctuary was a blond, unhealthy looking man, with sticky plastered hair and musty clothes.

"Good morning, mister," said he. "You seem to be popular this morning, huh?" He cracked out an uncertain, nervous laugh, arranged his hat upon the soft and produced a large packet, in soiled brown paper. His hat rolled to the floor; a small looking glass fell from the interior.

"I am an inventor," said he, in flustered explanation, "but this you won't vorrk, yet. You see," said he, adjusting it again—"a looking glass, a nail polisher, and a comb, all fixed fine. Now, we could sell it for ten cents—not you think, huh?"

I asked if he had others. He disclosed an oblong piece of wood, with small buttons on the surface, which could be depressed with pressure. He surveyed it proudly.

"It's my latest," said he, in parental tones. "You can score at domino, casino, euka, or sixty-six." I must have looked impressed.

"But it can do more than this," he said, triumphantly. "It is a game as well." He produced dice from an inner pocket and explained everything.

We played; we threw the dice; and the sound must have affected one of the waiting listeners. An interrogative face was put inside the door—an interrogative face which immediately smiled, apologized, and withdrew. It could be made for six cents, represented the inventor, as he commenced to calculate. But calculations are entangling things. "I am absent minded," said he. "I have been studying, so I cannot figure out." But it was six cents apiece, and if I would put up \$5,000 I could have 200 per cent profit, sure—sure, he repeated, impressively—and, anyway, he had another; and, inventor-predilectator that he was, he produced a fat object with a stem the thickness of four fingers. It had a bowl at one end.

"This here is a pipe," he commenced, and vigorously answered it. The pipe then divided. An intricate system of interior tunnels disclosed itself. "You can't get no nicotine through here," said he, confidently, handing the pipe to me. It weighed a pound, but I scrupulously took his name.

"There is a fortune in me somewhere," said he on departing; but I found, as the morning advanced, that the imminent adjacency of fortunes became almost monotonous. I'm sure that never before had there been gathered within my landlady's doors so remarkable an accumulation of them. Parenthetically, I trust that the ornaments of her anteroom proved to be intact.

An old woman came second. She was angular and had a simple, rather sweet old way and proved a volcano of rapid statement. She was a doctor's widow, she breathlessly explained—the doctor having passed to his home above. She had a business in electric batteries which had been originally shared

with her ten brothers, who had also passed to their homes above. She had never liked business; she felt her sphere to be the vineyard. She yearned to recite poems at religious meetings, and she therefore desired to turn the current of her energies away from batteries and apply it exclusively to the recitation of poems and the cure of souls. Her business employed three persons. It had employed four, but the packer had passed to his home above too. Their batteries would cure when others failed (though the prevailing fashion of passing above on the part of the firm and its employees seemed to render this statement unconvincing), and she would sell the business for \$10,000 spot cash.

"And oh," she concluded, "young man, I would consider it such a favor if you would buy that business—it only wants a little working up—and I would feel myself free to recite and go forth to my work in the vineyard." She was very serious. There was some-



THE ACTOR WHO HAS THEM SOBBING.

thing touching in the appeal, but it was difficult to refrain from asking how much she made from her business last year.

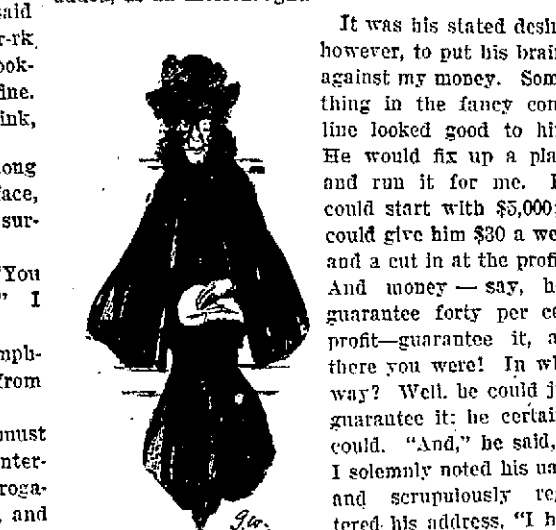
"Well," she said, "I will be quite truthful. I did not make anything, but I am sure you would—a fine young man like you. It really only needs some working up."

She left me a catalogue and a tiny tract, which she presented with a sweet old smile, and went out like many another of us, with a heart fixed upon different paths than those to which destiny led.

The gentleman who followed was dark, though whether through favor of complexion or an unaccustomed habit of water it would be difficult to say. He had a soiled collar and a showy tie, which latter had a generous embellishment of yellow glass. His clothes were characterized by a certain greasy smartness. A large silver ring invited attention to the nicotine stains upon his fingers.

"You're popular, aren't you?" said he with a smirk. I replied that I felt myself to be very popular—that I was accustomed to it—as indeed was the case.

"My name," said he, "is—(shall we say?)—Sawyer. I ain't got no card; I ain't got no samples either," he added, as an afterthought.



A Laborer in the Vineyard.

It was his stated desire, however, to put his brains against my money. Something in the fancy comb line looked good to him. He would fix up a place and run it for me. He could start with \$5,000; I could give him \$30 a week and a cut in at the profits. And money—say, he'd guarantee forty per cent profit—guarantee it, and there you were! In what way? Well, he could just guarantee it; he certainly could. "And," he said, as I solemnly noted his name and scrupulously registered his address, "I hope you will give me the preference over all of the others."

He jerked a stained finger in the direction of the anticipatory sitting room and departed. Up to this time, notwithstanding a certain air of jauntiness upon the part of Mr. Sawyer, the siege had been dispirited. The simple old lady in her rusty black, the tattered inventor and the soiled fancy comb man were fighting forlorn hopes—they lacked the persuasion of perfect confidence.

All this was to be changed, however, by their successor. In only one respect did he show in obvious similarity: he made the remark that I was a very popular man. His silk hat gleamed, his Prince Albert was fresh and spotless. He leaned over and regarded me with an utter confidence.

He had happened to be in the neighborhood, sir. Was I acting for myself or for others? He was, of course, a stranger to me, but he would warn me—he would warn me—as to the class of schemes which would be submitted to me. I would be offered fabulous rates, but there was, after all, only one absolutely secure investment, which invariably brought phenomenal returns. It was company promotion. Ah, now, there was a business! Three hundred, yes, four hundred per cent profit, and no risks—that is, the other people took 'em.

He had poured out a volume of tensely uttered words. He now took a sheaf of letters from his coat. He laid them on the table without pausing. "I have

a scheme, sir," said he, "which is going to make a million for us both. I have a mine in Arizona which is not costing me a cent. I negotiated the most extraordinary agreement you ever listened to. We will promote it ourselves. It sounds like a lottery, but it is not." The Post Office could not—dared not—detain the mail. And no future legislation could be entered into against it, for it would be unconstitutional.

"My boy—his eager eyes darted in at me and peered six inches from my face—we should have over a million each before the end of the year. I would be dissatisfied with any less. Get-rich-quick Miller had nothing on my scheme—but this is perfectly legitimate. My dear boy, count yourself a rich man. I congratulate you. As for money, \$5,000 will be ample—at first, office expenses, advertising, &c. And," said he in conclusion, "you don't need to lend any one \$25,000—at first—not even me." Was ever heard such an altruist?

It sounded very fine. He dazed me with his insistence. The letters he showed had well known names at their foot. They applauded his stock selling ability. Perhaps it were well for me that my \$25,000 was visionary. He saw weakness in my eyes. He knew I was his, and it made of him a giant. "Now, remember," he said (and he almost touched me now in a fierce eagerness), "there is a fortune in it for us both" (another fortune!) "before the end of the year, and remember—don't close with any one before I see you. I will be back." And out he went and he did come back—back many times—and my furtive face kept to the gloom of the stairs till the agreeable landlady lied with abandon and sent him off again.

So they came in streams out of that inexhaustible anteroom, which ever became replenished—an array of infatigable proposals. They all remarked upon my popularity. I was invariably advised to be very sure before investing, the inference being that there was exactly one certain thing in the world, and that was the article, or business, which was at that moment under discussion.

There was a sprinkling of inventors—creased, haggard, toilworn creatures, for the most part—men who



Glowing promises of fancy combs



A GENTLEMAN IN THE DRY GOODS LINE.

bore packets and rolls containing blue prints, on which the designs were so large that they would spread them on the floor and follow the curves of their white marks with grimy forefingers.

One inventor was a soldier. He had a new principle in steam engines, something which would revolutionize machinery, a plan in which could come no pound of waste. Factories would not take it up, as it would mean the destruction of their present stock. He was an open looking, clean cut fellow, this soldier, with crisp, curling hair and snapping, humorous eyes. He ingeniously explained that he had never studied mechanics and that he did not know the technical names of the parts. He simply wanted \$75 or \$80 to perfect his scheme, and would share equally. He would sell the patent for \$100,000, and all would then be well.

For the most part, however, the claimants were of the normal, unsensational sort. Each was unanimously of the opinion, however, that he had the very best thing in the city as an investment. The stability of each was descanted upon. One only had to listen to become convinced of the imposing solidity of every plan which was suggested.

Druggists descanted on the infallibility of certain mixtures they had been putting forth; consulting and designing engineers on the utter urgency of the construction of machinery; ventilating concerns on the receptive state of the public mind upon anything in the line of fresh (and particularly artificially introduced) air; piano and organ firms on the impressionability of the great public to the charms of harmony. Patent medicine people directed your attention to the unusual opportunity they offered for the sale of stock. The country, to them, was illuminated in a vast flow of luciferous enthusiasm.

Importers bombarded you with facts concerning the profits in dry goods. Dentists enlarged upon the limitless possibilities of wealth lying in cavities; other men on riches to be described in the sale of jellies. Mines were painted with an optimism which

might make Mr. Robinson, of the Optimists' Club, a mere novice. There were real estate men and furrier gentlemen; there were persons in the fish business who came between the wind and your nobility; there were auctioneering individuals. Representatives of novelty companies made their claims upon you; people who owned saloons and spring water companies clamored for your notice, while boarding houses, brick making, condiment and jewelry businesses made passionate bids for your regard. The financial representative of a taximeter company promised fifty or sixty per cent with insinuating grace; the manager of a brand new inventors' corporation went one better and rose to seventy.

The star of the promises, however, was a lady. She was a gentle little creature of mature age. Her manner showed cultivation; her tones were agreeably modulated; her dress suggested an infinite care which told of straitened circumstances.

"Sir," said she, with an inflection slightly, but agreeably, foreign, "I have two plans. I have a Stock Exchange plan, and another having to do with a certain scheme of industrial organization."

"Perhaps we might take the stock market scheme first," said I.

"It is not a scheme, monsieur; it is a plan. I have discovered a system, based upon certain calculations, which would make it impossible for a person to lose. It would not matter if stocks were up or down, the result would be the same. The profits would be hundreds of thousands a year on an investment of \$3,000. If more money were put into it it would amount to millions."

"Do you mean that one couldn't lose?"

"Impossible, monsieur; impossible. I can prove my system of operation by statistics running back for any time you wish. I can positively prove the profits by actual data. The returns would commence with the first day."

It sounded like the tinkling bells of glorious promise; vistas of golden possibility stretched before my enraptured eyes. But the law of compensation stalked not far away, for the gentle lady had a preliminary agreement which it was necessary to sign before the tale of her enchanting system could be unfolded to you. You signed it and then deposited your \$3,000 in a bank. The lady simply wished to be convinced you had it. And then would her system be made known—to all corners and utmost parts. The agreement provided that if she proved absolutely to your satisfaction or that of any intelligent person what she claimed was true, and if you afterward showed hesitation in the matter or evidenced a desire to draw back, the \$3,000 would forthwith become hers.

"But if I didn't become convinced of its infallibility?" I said.

"But you would," she answered.

"If I didn't?" I persisted.

"You simply couldn't help it," she said. There were certain elemental facts—the sun, space, time, and the infallibility of her system. She was like the little maid of schoolyard memory. She said not "we are seven," but her postulation was equally unchanging.

It was the same with her plan of industrial organization. Millions were in it—but so was the preliminary agreement.

And so I voiced a few chaste regrets. But this indomitable little lady was not yet defeated. She had inventions—and these came correspondingly lower. With \$300 much could be done. A certain ungutted would so affect the vocal cords that harshly grating voices would be turned to ecstasy and mellifluous Tetractazins thrill from every tenement. Is there no venturesome gentleman in all the land willing to hazard \$300 or \$500 thus to prove his gallantry and his willingness to take a chance at the same moment?

They continued to come, to remark how popular I must find myself and to dilate on the tremendous demand for the particular thing they happened to vend. The precise psychological moment, I noticed, had always arrived.

A wheel guard inventor approached, a real estate operator arrived, a dry goods merchant put in an appearance (but what a chance had he, with his beggarly fifteen per cent), a carpet beating gentleman materialized, and then, like an oasis in a parched desert, came—an actor.

He was a young man, of perhaps not more than twenty-four, with a full, bright eye, a firm, square chin, and (is it necessary to state?) a long Newmarket coat. For an actor, however, he possessed an extraordinary characteristic—he was obviously nervous. Six hundred dollars was his modest request, and in return was to come forty per cent of the profits. Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas were the States in which his fame had been achieved, though he had supported Hamford and even Robert Mantel on occasions. Shakespeare and the romantic drama were his fortes, and "Say," said he, "along them little towns where I am known they said I was the best they ever had. I am the furthest advanced in the United States—at my age. Hamford started just the same as me, though he cannot make love very good. Shakespeare? If you play Shakespeare like life, he goes. I have a lot of schemes to get 'em in the house. Give 'em a free lecture in the afternoon about the play we are going to stage—and all the like of that. I have magnetism to beat the band, and say—in the last act of 'Romeo and Juliet' I have 'em sobbing."

Another medley of various business men droned their monotonous statements, till came a tall, seedy, rusty coated man, with lank, dyed hair and inky jet moustache.

"See here, friend," he remarked. "I've got the greatest scheme that ever was—and don't cost you a cent, either—only livin' expenses, of course. It's to start a paper on no money—only when you make a pot out of it I want to be in with you in other enterprises—that is, if you have no objection."

"You see, it's this:—You go to Dr. Parkhurst, or some one who's hot for civic reform, and say, 'We are going to start a paper whose set purpose will be pure civic administration—the organ of civic purity—'

see? We're going to distribute 100,000 free copies. Give us an article for the first number.' Of course he gives it to us—ticked to death, see? Then we go to some big Tammany man on the other side and say, 'We are going to start a paper pledged to the principles of personal liberty as its set purpose; we are going to give away 100,000 free copies. Give us an article for

the first issue.' Sure," he says. Then us for the woman suffragists, and we say we're hot for the suffrage, and all the rest, and we want to be their official organ, and about the 100,000 copies; and we get some swell dame to write for the first issue on any old thing about women votin' she wants to.

"Well, then what? Why, we get big ads. from the saloons for beer; their official organ and in favor of personal liberty. We get big ads. from the department stores because we've got a drag with the swell women, and the names of all our big contributors will make the first number sell like hot cakes. And we won't print the first copy till we get enough money to cover all our expenses. You see, it won't cost you a cent—only my livin' expenses while I'm workin' it up. And after we get that first copy off I've got other plans—far reachin' plans"—he lapped his forehead and smiled confidently, as if to suggest that he was capable of living up to the awful pace he had set.

After this the man who wanted to hire a room in Canada and tap the racing returns from the electric wires seemed cheap and unoriginal in comparison; even the man but two months arrived from France with an elaborate lottery scheme, which he didn't know was illegal, seemed to pale beside the light of his mighty predecessor.

The faro dealer who had not been treated rightly by his faro employers put in a due appearance, and I was to be inducted into the mysteries of breaking the bank—for \$3,000. The dealer would aid and abet me and would give me lessons in the gentle art of making suckers of the wise. Thirty thousand dollars at least would be my guerdon. It seemed interesting, but my appreciation of good things was pallid. The newspaper organizer had spoiled me for mere near-champions. So I told the landlady that all was over and that the army of the besiegers might be told that the \$25,000 was bespoken. Was it a touch of relief I saw on her gentle face? It may have been imagination, but it was unlikely. She had royally earned, in gasps of honest effort, the \$5 of her rental.

He had just turned from locking his hat and coat in the patent safety rack beneath the framed religious text as I entered and he greeted me with sincere if somewhat hurried hospitality. He shook hands with a furtive eye for the seats which were rapidly filling about him.

The quick lunch restaurant was in full swing. "Let me explain this puzzle to you," said my friend genially. "It's an easy game to beat."

He ran his finger down the column of figures at the extreme right of the menu, pausing from time to time to trace the dotted horizontal to the left to the names of the dishes.

"Here at the top you see fried oysters are quoted at twenty cents," he ran on. "You get six of 'em and three slices of bread. But have patience. Don't place your bet until you have looked over the field. Down here oyster sandwiches are five cents; two oysters to a sandwich and of course two slices of bread. Total, eight oysters and eight slices of bread for the price of a fry."

"I intended ordering soup first, and then, while waiting—"

"Fatal mistake," interrupted my friend. "Now soup being but ten cents, you get only two slices of bread. You must jump to the fifteen cent mark before you get three slices. Always hump your order. They bring 'em all together anyway."

I hastily gave my order for soup and sandwiches and turned again to my informant.

"Feel like roast beef to-day? It's set down up at the top of the card at twenty-five cents. But, as I tell you, that row is intended for new customers. The regular crowd learned to skip these quotations long ago. The trick is to take two roast beef sandwiches; that comes to only twenty cents. You get just as much meat and four slices of bread instead of three, to say nothing of the gravy. And as to pastry—"

The spectacle of two customers pausing in the rush hour to talk had already attracted the attention of those at the surrounding tables. Suspicious glances rained upon us. At this unusual sight the waitress in alarm had withdrawn to the side aisle and was in earnest conversation with her chief. Groups of angry patrons awaiting empty seats gathered at the end of the table and glared at us, muttering threats among themselves. In the face of this universal disapproval we turned to our plates and finished our luncheon in silence.



THE IRRESISTIBLE PROMOTER.

the first issue. 'Sure,' he says. Then us for the woman suffragists, and we say we're hot for the suffrage, and all the rest, and we want to be their official organ, and about the 100,000 copies; and we get some swell dame to write for the first issue on any old thing about women votin' she wants to.

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"Here at the top you see fried oysters are quoted at twenty cents," he ran on. "You get six of 'em and three slices of bread. But have patience. Don't place your bet until you have looked over the field. Down here oyster sandwiches are five cents; two oysters to a sandwich and of course two slices of bread. Total, eight oysters and eight slices of bread for the price of a fry."

"I intended ordering soup first, and then, while waiting—"

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I hastily gave my order for soup and sandwiches and turned again to my informant.

"Feel like roast beef to-day? It's set down up at the top of the card at twenty-five cents. But, as I tell you, that row is intended for new customers. The regular crowd learned to skip these quotations long ago. The trick is to take two roast beef sandwiches; that comes to only twenty cents. You get just as much meat and four slices of bread instead of three, to say nothing of the gravy. And as to pastry—"

The spectacle of two customers pausing in the rush hour to talk had already attracted the attention of those at the surrounding tables. Suspicious glances rained upon us. At this unusual sight the waitress in alarm had withdrawn to the side aisle and was in earnest conversation with her chief. Groups of angry patrons awaiting empty seats gathered at the end of the table and glared at us, muttering threats among themselves. In the face of this universal disapproval we turned to our plates and finished our luncheon in silence.

He had just turned from locking his hat and coat in the patent safety rack beneath the framed religious text as I entered and he greeted me with sincere if somewhat hurried hospitality. He shook hands with a furtive eye for the seats which were rapidly filling about him.

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BOWSER IS MISTAKEN

Reads of the Death of Mother-in-law With Regret.

TELLS SAD NEWS GENTLY.

Convinced of Its Truth Until He Was Confronted by Spectacled Woman With a Carpetbag, Who Arrived Just in Time.

[Copyright, 1909, by T. C. McClure.]

THE Bowsers had finished dinner without any awful event happening when Mr. Bowser quietly observed:

"Your mother is getting pretty old, isn't she?"

"She is close to eighty, I believe," was the reply.

"That's ten years beyond man's limit, and of course you realize that she can't live beyond a few years more at best?"

"Of course I realize it. Dear old mother—I shall grieve to see her go."

"But you will know that she was prepared."

"Yes; mother is a consistent Christian woman. She has never knowingly harmed any one. She will be ready to go when her time comes. I'm sorry that you don't agree better."

"So am I, and I've come to the conclusion that it's mostly my fault. I suppose every son-in-law starts out with the idea that he must hate his mother-in-law. She has said some pretty hard things to me and about me."

"But you can forgive her?"

"Yes. Perhaps I have deserved all she's said. Poor, dear old lady! I, too, shall grieve when she is no more. I guess she's tried to do right as near as she knew how, while you know I don't always stop to think whose corns I'm treading on."

"That's awfully sweet and nice of you, Mr. Bowser. May I write and tell her all the nice things you've said? I'm sure it would please her."

"Yes; you may—that is, we'll see about it later on. Have you ever thought of how the news of the death of your mother might reach you first?"

"I can't say I have, but I suppose I'd get a telegram saying that she was very ill and asking me to come at once. It's a lamentable thing to think of, but I hope I may be with her to the last."

"She is always willing to put herself out for others," observed Mr. Bowser after a long silence.

"Always."

"And she could always find some good in even the worst of people."

"Always. She always looks for the good instead of the bad."

"And I don't think she has an enemy in the world."

"Not one, the dear old soul. You don't know how I have grieved to

bad news we must try to realize that it might be worse."

"But what is it, Mr. Bowser—what is it? Have you speculated in Wall street and lost a lot of money?"

"No, not exactly."

"Have you heard that your sister is dead?"

"Hardly that."

"But you have heard some sad news. You couldn't have heard that mother was ill, or I should have heard it too. Tell me just what it is."

Mr. Bowser looked solemn. He looked sad. He looked like a man who gets on a street car and finds he has left his roll at home. He made the most of the situation for a moment and then said:

"Mrs. Bowser, whatever good you can say of your dear mother I can cheerfully corroborate. She was one among ten thousand. There is not the least doubt in my mind that she has gone."

"Mother gone! Where has she gone?"

"Be brave, now. Be brave and remember that you are the wife of Bowser—Samuel Bowser."

She sank, white faced and trembling, into her chair and waited for the stroke. There were a lump in his throat and a tear in his eye as he presently said:

"I trust and believe that it was a painless death."

"Do you mean that mother is—is dead?"

"I do. It is sad, sad news, but it must be broken to you. Yes, the dear angel is no more on earth. At the present moment her spirit is with the angels."

"And did you just hear of it this afternoon?"

"Just as I was leaving the office I read of it in an evening paper. She was run over by a street car and never knew what hit her. She didn't even have time to yell out. Be brave, Mrs. Bowser."

"I am trying to be. Where is the paper?"

"I didn't bring it home, but I will run out and get one. I wanted to tell you about it first."

"And there can be no mistake?"

"Unfortunately, no. It gave her name and age and all about it. It even went so far as to say that she wore window glass spectacles and had feet like a man. Was that some one opening the door?"

Mrs. Bowser's Mother Appears.

Mr. Bowser's ear had detected a sound in the front hall, and he crossed the room to have a look. In so doing he came face to face with a woman carrying a carpetbag, and before he could utter a word a well remembered voice observed:

"Oh, I wear ten cent spectacles and have feet like a man, eh?"

"Mother!" shouted Mrs. Bowser as she sprang up.

"Mother-in-law!" added Mr. Bowser as he fell back a pace.

"Yes, it's me, and I have arrived just in time, as usual. Ten cent spectacles! Feet like a man! Same Samuel Bowser, I see! Got frisky again and need a strong hand! Well, here's the hand! You just squat yourself down in a chair, till I get my things off and a bite to eat and I'll make you think you are wearing ten cent spectacles on the back of your neck!"

M. QUAD.

A Mistake.

"I thought from the way that girl talked she was the whole thing in the vandyke, sketch, and when I went to see the act all she did was to appear as an assistant in a milliner's shop pasting inside bands on hats."

"Oh, then, she probably gave you a wrong impression by telling you she was a headliner."—Baltimore American.

Rough on Officers.

Bill—What do you think of this smokeless powder and noiseless guns? Jill—Don't approve of them. Why, the officers five miles back of the troops on the hill won't know that there's any fighting going on at all.—Yonkers Statesman.

Farewells.

Stella—Did she give a farewell dinner to her bridesmaids?

Bella—Yes, and probably the first one she cooks herself will be a farewell one to her husband.—St. Louis Republic.

Lest you forget, we say it yet, eat HAFNER'S MALT BREAD.

25-eod-tf

Just That.

"Ah, how pleasant to see a little boy in such a hurry to deliver his message!"

"Aw, go on! I'm just doing this to keep in training for the next Marathon!"—New York World.

Cold Comfort.

"Father, what is an empty title?"

"Well, an empty title is your mother's way of calling me the head of the house."—New York Herald.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

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During the year 1908 there were 99 (against 435 in 1907) seagoing steamships, of an aggregate of 147,270 gross register tonnage, built in German shipyards; at the close of the year sixty-seven ocean steamships were in course of construction, representing 187,362 tonnage. Shipbuilding and the shipping trade have not been prosperous in the last year.

"My three year old boy was badly constipated, had a high fever and was in an awful condition. I gave him two doses of Foley's Orino Laxative and the next morning the fever was gone and he was entirely well. Foley's Orino Laxative saved his life." A. Wolkush, Casimer, Wis. Dreier & Bro.

Moralizes on Life's Brevity.

Mr. Bowser got up and walked up and down for three or four minutes and then halted to say:

"Mrs. Bowser, you haven't received any telegram that your mother is alling?"

"Mercy, no! Of course I should have let you know at once. So far as I know, she is in the best of health."

"Um! Death often comes to people who are seemingly in the best of health. Almost every day we read of people dropping dead of heart failure."

"I know, but if mother was carried off that way some of her neighbors would telegraph."

Mr. Bowser walked some more and then said:

"We should all be prepared to bear bad news any hour in the day, and when it comes we should meet it with fortitude."

"Yes; that is true, but I never let myself worry. If I did I should shiver every time the doorbell rang. Do you know I'm rather surprised to find you in this mood tonight? It is an unusual one."

"I—I may have heard some news to day—some sad news."

"You don't mean it?" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser as she sat up all of a sudden.

"Don't get excited. I have said that one should be prepared to hear bad news at any time. Even though we

OUR GUARANTEE

Take ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup and if you are not satisfied your money will be refunded.

Prepared only by FOLEY & CO., Chicago, Ill.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY DREIER & BRO.

Stimulation Without Irritation.

ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup is a new laxative syrup combined with the delicious flavor of fruits, and is very pleasant to take. It will not gripe or sicken. It is much more pleasant and effective than Pills, Tablets or Saline Waters, as it does not derange the Stomach, or irritate the Kidneys, Liver or Bowels.

Constipation.

ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup will positively cure Chronic Constipation, as it restores the natural action of the intestinal tract.

If you are constipated
If your tongue is coated
If your breath is bad
If your eyes are dull
If your head feels heavy
If you have heart-burn
If you are troubled with belching
If you have indigestion
If your food does not assimilate
If you are too thin
If your complexion is bad

Your stomach, liver and bowels need stimulating, and you should take ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup.

Clears the Complexion.

ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup stimulates the liver and thoroughly cleanses the system and clears the complexion of pimples and blotches. It is the best laxative for women and children as it is mild and pleasant, and does not gripe or sicken.

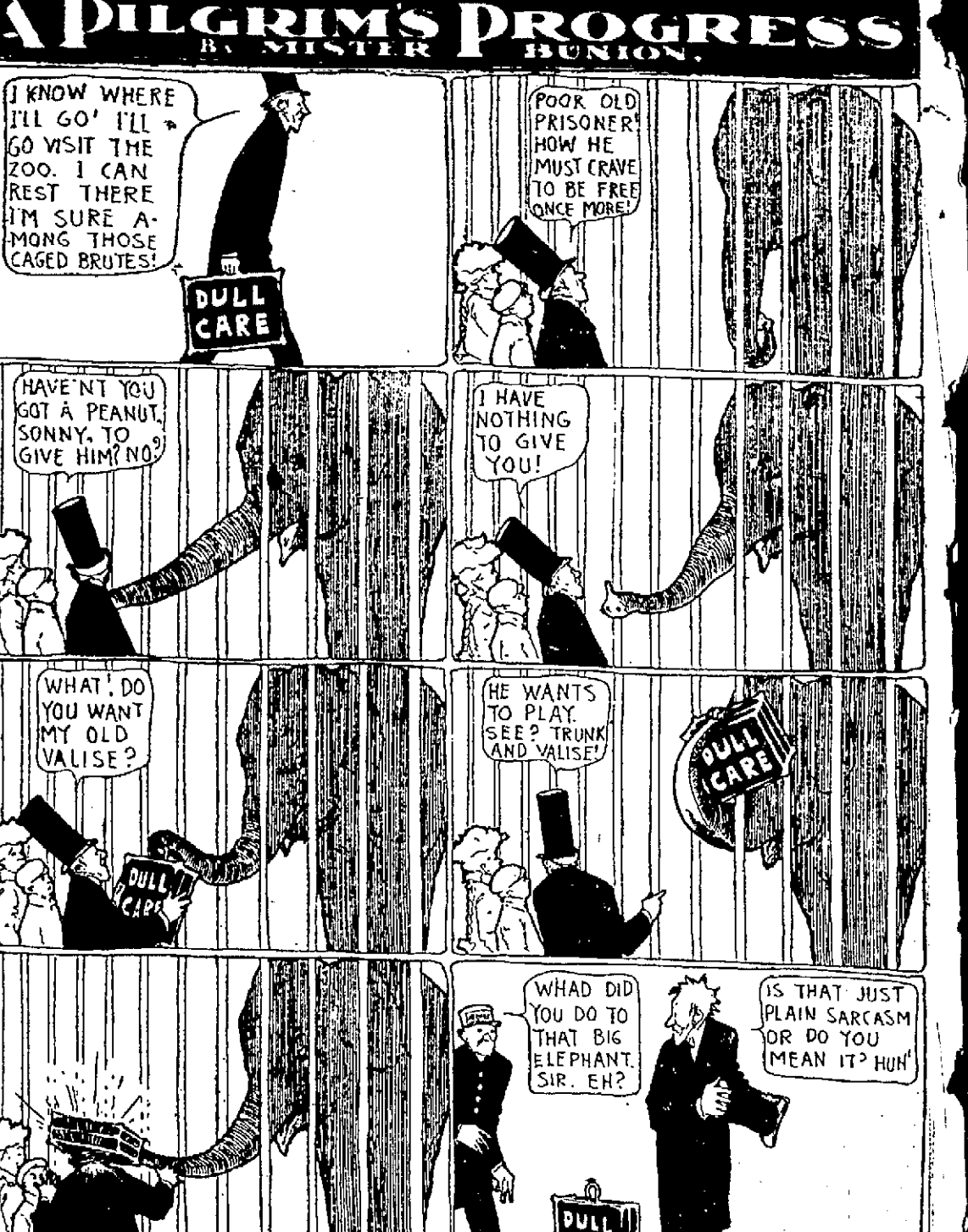
Thin People Take Notice.

Do You Assimilate Your Food?

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A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By MISTER BUNION.



1. I KNOW WHERE I'LL GO! I'LL GO VISIT THE ZOO. I CAN REST THERE I'M SURE AMONG THOSE CAGED BRUTES!

2. POOR OLD PRISONER! HOW HE MUST CRAVE TO BE FREE ONCE MORE!

3. HAVEN'T YOU GOT A PEANUT, SONNY, TO GIVE HIM NO?

4. I HAVE NOTHING TO GIVE YOU!

5. WHAT! DO YOU WANT MY OLD VALISE?

6. HE WANTS TO SEE A TRUNK AND VALISE!

7. WHAD DID YOU DO TO THAT BIG ELEPHANT, SIR, EH?

8. IS THAT JUST PLAIN SARCASM OR DO YOU MEAN IT'S HUN?

9. DULL CARE

10. DULL CARE

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The ordeal through which the expectant mother must pass is such that she looks forward with dread to the hour when she shall feel the thrill of motherhood. Every woman should know that the danger and pain of child-birth can be avoided by the use of **MOTHER'S FRIEND**, which renders pliable all the parts, assisting nature in its work. By its aid thousands of women have passed this crisis in safety. \$1.00 per bottle of THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. Atlanta, Ga.



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ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup

Pleasant to take and does not gripe or nauseate

Cures Chronic Constipation, Stomach and Liver Trouble

Stimulation Without Irritation.

ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup is a new laxative syrup combined with the delicious flavor of fruits, and is very pleasant to take. It will not gripe or sicken. It is much more pleasant and effective than Pills, Tablets or Saline Waters, as it does not derange the Stomach, or irritate the Kidneys, Liver or Bowels.

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OUR SHORT STORY PAGE

ANITA and THE SEVEN BOYS

BY ANNE WARNER
COPYRIGHT 1908 BY BENJ. B. HAMPTON



I MUST begin a little back—about seventeen or eighteen years back.

The missionaries came up the river first and built a chapel; then the fur-traders came next and built a shed for storing skins out of the rain until they could be carried eastward; then the soldiers came and built, first a block-house, and then a stone fort; then came the law and the steamboats; and then the settlers—the first townspeople.

They were young married people mainly, people whose lives and plans had been uprooted and whirled abroad by the war. There was quite a colony of them, men of all professions with pretty sweet-faced girl-wives, each seeking their fortune, as some one put it.

In January of the following year Anita came, and along through the twelfth month succeeding came the seven boys. Anita and the seven boys were the most important of all the new arrivals, for they were the first white children born in the young state.

Anita and the seven boys were, of course intimate friends from the first minute of their respective advents. Their first teeth and their first steps were civic events, their last long clothes and their first short clothes were cherished heirlooms later on. When Anita's great-grandmother in Boston sent her the newest thing in velvet hoods the mothers of the seven boys all met in solemn conclave at the residence of Anita's mother and "took the pattern off" so that all the eight babies might be hooded alike. They were also strap-slipped alike, white embroidered-caped alike, baby-cabbed alike, ivory-ringed alike and—in the second year—they all birthdayed alike one after another. It was all pretty and delightful—and somewhat pathetic, too, for it spoke very

done her cake and gave a dancing party with a German and the date and her age done in gold on the back of the programmes. Here was an innovation, but the other seven mothers rose nobly to the occasion—or occasions—and seven dancing parties each with a German and a programme attached, all took place in turn.

The next year Anita went away to boarding school and thus terminated all the happy series of events which had so prettily and pleasantly chafed the lives of the eight together. Of course it was inevitable and of course it was sad, but que voulez-vous?

The seven boys stuck together more or less, went to school daily; shot snipe in twos and threes in the snipe season, played football (all but John, whose mother preferred that he shouldn't—he being her only child), played tennis, played all sorts of things, and grew up assiduously.

When Anita came home the next summer she was a great surprise to her old comrades.

"Why, she's pretty!" Harry said to Will in most utter surprise.

"How awful old she seems," Eddy confessed to Dick, as they returned from having made an especially awkward call on the especially composed young lady.

"I don't like her as much as I did," Tom thought—but not aloud.

Francis George's mother had him lose no time in sending some flowers with his name and com-

form, she threw her arms around her father's neck (he was nearest, first, and dearest, naturally) and kissed him, and then—Wonder of Wonders!—she turned with a little laugh to Tom, who was next, and embraced and kissed him, and then she absolutely embraced and kissed them all.

The effect of this was very curious. First, they fell dead in love with her, and second, they suddenly dislike one another. They each rushed up to call that evening and, so as to be sure to be first in the field, they all went at seven instead of eight. Anita wasn't done dinner and they had to wait together in the drawing-room, suffering from a mutual dearth of remarks, and a tendency to stare at Francis George, who was wearing his first evening clothes for the first time.

But when Anita did come in she repaid them for all the agony, by being just too jolly and nice for words. She talked with them all, reminded them of loads of good times which they had forgotten, laughed over jokes which they finally became sufficiently unembarrassed to impart to her, and then when it was nearly ten o'clock and they had eaten seven pounds of French candy and had stuffed with lemonade and poundcake galore, she suddenly jumped up from her chair, ran across and squeezed herself in between Tom and Eddy on the sofa, and, taking a hand of each and looking about at the rest, said, half-earnestly and half-smilingly:

"And now I want to tell you all the secret; I want you to know before anybody else knows. I'm to be married next month and please promise to be my ushers."

At first they could hardly realize it. Tom bit his lip and Eddy sneezed. Francis George, whose poetic blood couldn't but show in some way, winked back tears, and Harry and Will, who had been coldly distant to one another ever since leaving the station four hours before, clasped hands involuntarily.

"I'm going to be married in the church," Anita continued, oblivious of the mortal blows she was dealing about her, "and I'm going to have five girls from school for my maids and three men and yourselves for my ushers. We're going to Japan, and perhaps all the way around the world afterwards."

There was a short pause, and then Eddy said, rather haltingly:

"Is he—is he a very old fellow?"

"No," said Anita, "he is thirty-two," then she added, "Would you like to see his picture?"

"Well, I wouldn't mind," Eddy admitted, and she drew out from her belt what they had all supposed to be her watch, and showed them a handsome gold locket containing a miniature of a good-looking man with a heavy brown mustache. They looked at it one after the other and all resented the mustache and its thickness.

Then Francis George rose solemnly and said:

"Well, I must be going. I'll be very pleased to help you in any way I can."

"Oh, yes, we all will," they said.

"That will be so nice and dear of you," said Anita, rising as she spoke. The rest of the company rose at the same time.

"And I—I'm sure I congratulate you," said Francis George, mournfully trying to live up to the dignity of his costume.

"Yes, he—he looks like a real good sort," said Eddy.

"Thank you so much," said Anita.

She offered them more candy, but they refused firmly. The zest had been taken from their appetites. They could only bid their hostess and one another good-bye and depart. The wedding took place the next month and the boys took part and did their duty splendidly, although Tom had a splitting headache and Francis George nearly went at the altar. The seven mothers sat in the pews just back of the families, and they shared the emotions of Francis George when they saw all the eight together before them. As for Anita's mother the tears just poured down her face throughout the ceremony, for Anita looked absolutely babyish in her white robe and she wept the more that it was now fully decided that, after Japan, they should go around the world.

Following the church ceremony there was a splendid wedding breakfast and a big reception and the boys did themselves no end of credit straight through, up to, and including the trying minute when they each threw one of their own old baby shoes after the bride.

Then ensued an interval of peace—and college—for they all entered the next autumn, even to Eddy, who had become quite thin with constant coaching.

At Christmas they heard from Anita, who hadn't gone around the world after all, her husband having decided in San Francisco that he hadn't even time to go to Japan. Grooms do give their brides such little surprises occasionally, and Anita had made up for hers by having her mother visit her, and exhibiting all her happiness to the latter's maternal appreciation. It is really to be doubted which Anita's mother enjoyed most, her visit or the coming home and telling about it. Anita's mother was one of the dearest and sweetest of women, but she could not forbear referring frequently in the company of her old friends to Anita's trials in a house with twelve servants, or to Anita's husband's set ways in never under any circum-

stances allowing certain of the horses to be driven by the second coachman.

"However, I tell Anita," said Anita's mother to Harry's mother, "that no man is perfect, and she must not mind little things like that."

The next summer the world turned absolutely upside down for the boys! When they returned home Anita was already there and—as Heaven is above!—she had a baby!

Now of course they all knew that babies were common, ordinary everyday things, but for Anita to have one!—Anita!

"Did you ever think of Anita with a baby?" Harry asked Will.

"Now—she said she was going around the world," Will replied.

Then they struggled, somewhat sheepishly, up to call on Anita, and were shown the baby, a cunning little tot, with eyes tightly shut, and a dimpled fist in its mouth.

Anita put her hand gently on Tom's shoulder, when it was he who was contemplating the little creature, and said:

"Do you know it seems to me as if he belonged to the eight of us together. Don't forget to set him a good example always, will you dear, and remember, if lots of trouble ever comes to him or to me, I shall look to you to help us out. Remember."

Tom could not know that some of life's clouds had already begun to gather for his old playmate, but he did feel to put his own hand on hers and press it warmly, while a sharp stab struck him in a vital part and slew his boyhood then and there. As the summer wore on the strangeness wore off and they all grew good friends with the baby, who in his turn learned to know them all, and reach out his arms to them all, and cry out with joy when they tossed him. Anita's husband did not appear; he was most frightfully rushed with business, and his wife and child stayed until late October before he had time to arrange for their return.

It was that winter that the terrible financial crash came. Fortunes were lost in an hour, homes ruined, men committed suicide under pressure equaling any in hell, and poor little Anita, just nineteen, came creeping back to her mother in March with a white face, a black dress, and veil, no money, and her lovely, laughing baby.

By June the worst of the awful grief had been somewhat assimilated, and all the eight mothers were reunited, as they had not been in years, over the cradle that had once been Anita's. Eight great wells of maternal love and human kindness bubbled up around the poor little widowed girl and her child, and only one object seemed to animate them all—the object of lavishing all their best gifts upon the little one and his mother.

When the young men came home from college they found the new order of the day not only inaugurated and working well, but incumbent on every newcomer to adopt. Very cheerfully they adopted it and Anita's baby passed through his second summer without ever guessing that he was too poor to have a nursery maid.

Along toward September a curious phenomenon manifested itself. All the seven decided separately to quit college and go to work. For reasons best known to themselves, two years more of study seemed utterly impossible to contemplate. Never was such a unanimous desire to labor. Tom said nothing whatever to his family, but went to Denver on his own hook and started in railroad engineering. Harry studied bookkeeping nights. Francis George sent three poems to a magazine and was so artful as to inclose no address for fear that an address might betray his flights to his mother. Indeed they one and all threw out bait—more or less well-prepared—to independence.

The mothers were much agitated when this state of affairs became known, and John's mother said she feared his health was giving way, which was just what she had always expected—he being her only child. John's father was not without alarm at this idea, and so John was freed from his educational shackles and made assistant manager in one of his rich uncle's mills. Tom's parents never had been able to manage him, and as he was harder than ever to do anything with now that he was in Denver, they didn't try, and of course he didn't go back to college.

Francis George's mother wanted him to be a diplomat and his father wanted him to be a produce merchant (like himself), and goodness knows what they would have said to this sudden turn in his career had they known of it. But before Francis George thought prudent to enlighten them he fell ill with typhoid fever and that disposed of him for a while.

In the end four didn't go back and three did, and the winter passed smoothly along with all the mothers, except Francis George's (she had her hands full with Francis George and his typhoid fever), very much interested in the baby's progress, and in taking Anita out to drive, and in reminding one another of how like old times it all was.

But poor little Anita didn't appear able to join in any of the pleasant happenings, and as spring began to grow sunshiny she began to grow even paler and whiter than ever—and then almost before anyone had noticed, she began to cough.

There is something furtive and awful about a cough. It may mean nothing or it may mean such a lot. Anita's mother was frightened half to death, the family doctor suggested Colorado, and Tom's mother (from whom he inherited his strength of will) suddenly declared that she was going out to see her boy and that she was going to take Anita with her.

It seemed the only thing to be done. The morning of the day before they left Harry came and took her to drive. During the drive he stuttered and stammered and finally succeeded

in asking her if she thought—if she ever—if, in short—and so on.

Anita shook her head sadly. Harry said perhaps it was too soon and he should have waited. Anita said that that would never have made any difference. Then she wept and, with the finality of twenty years, told him that she was resolved never to marry again.

On the afternoon of the same day she went to say good-bye to Francis George, who was now convalescing. She found him awfully thin and very poetic. He suggested that as they both appeared doomed to an early death, they pass their remaining days together, but Anita refused this offer, too.

The next morning she wrenched herself away from her parents and child and started west with Tom's mother.

Now Tom's mother was a pleasant, practical lady who didn't believe that Anita had inelegant consumption at all. They were not many miles on their route before she told her young friend so, and that very frankly. There are few things more cheering than to be assured that you haven't consumption after having been obliged to fear that you have. Anita began to feel better already. She kept on feeling better. Better and better and better. They reached Colorado and they reached Tom. His chief lent him a private car for a week and his mother and Anita went out in it and saw railway construction at first hand. Then they came back and traveled about a bit sight-seeing. Tom joined them when he could for Saturday and Sunday. His mother was radiantly happy; as for Anita, she began to get back her color.

They went back home for Christmas. The baby had grown, the boys were back from college, it was really a very happy time. Before it was over Will—who would have a fortune—asked Anita if she would share it, and she shook her head as before. She saw now that they were all going to ask her the same question and it made her very sad; but there was apparently no help for it.

They all did—all but Tom. Eddy asked her at Easter, and the other two when they first got home in June. Francis George asked for the second time in July and Harry asked her for the fourth time in August. Other men asked her, too. The truth was she was a dear, sweet little creature, and there was something about her pretty face under her crape bonnet which made all the world want her for his wife. I don't know what the acute charm of a widow's bonnet can be, but we all know how irresistible it is. Perhaps it is the knowledge that there walks another man's wife who is to be legitimately coveted.

Anyway, Anita grew more and more attractive and refused more and more good offers, until finally Tom came home. She had looked forward very eagerly to Tom's coming home, remembering their happy times in Colorado. But Tom came home quite changed. He was tanned, had a beard, and was in town two whole days before he came to her.

She was getting really hurt when he did come. And then when she knew that he was there she didn't want to go down to see him. It was very funny.

Then when she did go down there was no one but himself and herself in the room and he—well, he kissed her, and of course he shouldn't have done that! She had not kissed any of the boys since her wedding-day and never expected to kiss any of them again—not ever.

She blushed dreadfully, and she and Tom sat down on—well, on the sofa—and he took her hand. It was dreadful—but she let him—somehow.

And then he began to talk to her, and he talked to her a long time. And she let him.

And he held her hand all the time. And she let him.

And he told her that he loved her. And she let him.

And then he kissed her over and over. And she let him.

"I always meant to marry you sometime, Anita," he said; "it was so awful when you went and got married the way you did."

To this she made no reply.

"Of course we all were fond of you," Tom continued, "but none of the others ever thought of wanting to marry you, and I can tell you honestly that I have never once thought of wanting to marry anyone else."

"That's so nice to know," she said.

"And we'll be married very soon," he added, "and I'll carry you away with me when I go back."

And she let him.

And the other six kept each his secret, and Anita kept all their secrets. So that her one husband and their six wives never, never knew.



plainly of the dreadful dirth of interest in life, when that life could find no wider center than the clothing and feeding of eight babies, whose intelligence was as yet in a very embryonic state of development.

But Time was soon to rectify all that. When Anita had two candles on her birthday cake she had already been entered in the census as one of the nine hundred citizens of her place of birth. When she had five candles she was one of three thousand. Then there was an enormous boom of western emigration and the little girl's twelfth birthday saw her living in a city—a city of paved streets, tall buildings, fine parks, and all other modern advantages. No one would have recognized the sites of the chapel, the shed for storing skins, and the blockhouse; no one would have recognized the bluffs or the river; and no one would have recognized Anita and the seven boys.

Of course they had all grown. Twelve years has always produced tremendous changes in babies. John had grown so fast that his mother was very nervous over him, he being her only child. Eddy had grown mainly sideways; Tom and Dick were taller than Anita; Francis George (whose mother was a poet) was just her height.

But they still celebrated their birthdays together, Anita always leading off in January. And just as Anita's hood had set the fashion in hoods in days gone by, so now Anita's style of birthday celebration always set the style of all the other birthday celebrations for that year. When Anita testified to the number of her years by a circle of sugar cats instead of candles, Tom (whose fete came next) testified to his by a circle of sugar dogs. Eddy followed with sugar elephants, and so on for that year.

The next year Anita had the requisite number of big pink roses, and Tom followed with red roses, and so on to Francis George (whose mother always liked to produce a novel effect), who hadowering spikes of hollyhocks.

Upon the following year Anita suddenly aban-

pliments neatly written out on the card attached. Anita was very sweet and gracious—not to say condescending—to the boys. She talked pleasantly to them when they called, sought for topics of conversation not too abstruse for their limited intellects, and made lemonade for them whenever her mother reminded her to do so. Still, it was not a happy time, and there was no special wrenching of heart-strings when she returned to boarding-school. The sizing-up of the summer was terse and uncompromising.

"She's stuck up," Harry said to Will in great disgust, "she thought more of her clothes than she did of us."

"I wonder if she'll ever change back to like she used to be!" Tom meditated sadly; then remembered with a sudden rush of joy that they were going to have ducks for dinner—and ceased to consider the good or bad possibilities of Anita.

But the next summer was a greater surprise yet, for Anita didn't come home at all. Instead she went to visit a school-friend, and then abroad. Such doings! The boys really did not know whether they approved or not.

That January Anita was seventeen. They were all looking forward to being seventeen soon after and going to college the next year. It is pretty hard and absorbing work, that last year before college, with its exams and conditions (oh, poor Eddy!)—and very little brain power was spared for Anita and her affairs.

Still they were all glad when they heard that she was coming home the next summer, and when the day and hour of arrival came they went cheerfully to the station en bloc, just as they had always gone whenever she was to be welcomed back ever since they were babies together.

Such a lovely Anita as descended from the Pullman! Such a charming, dainty, bright, happy, little figure!—not even a trace of the prim young lady who had froissed them all so horribly two years before.

Instead she was all smiles—and even some sparkling tears, and as her feet touched the plat-



So held her hand all the time, and she let him.



Rubietta at the Fair

It was a bright morning in early October, and Rubietta Gardener was making bread. She was only thirteen years old, but her mother had taught her to make such delicious light white bread that several of the neighbors had said that Rubietta ought to exhibit her bread at the fall fair, as she would be certain to get a prize.

At length, urged by all her friends, she had decided to compete. The fair was to be held on Friday, so Rubietta prepared her bread on Thursday.

"So far, so good," said Rubietta to herself, as she kneaded the dough for the last time. Then she had a bright idea. "I wonder how it would do to put my lucky penny in one loaf? That might help to get me the prize. I believe I'll do it; but I won't tell a soul—not even mother."

She was all alone in the kitchen, and drawing a little silver coin which she called her "lucky penny" from her pocket, she washed it carefully, cut a deep slash in the dough, and dropped in the "mascot." Her cheeks were burning and her eyes shining with excitement as she rolled and smoothed the dough until she felt sure that the silver was safe in the heart of the loaf, and that no one could guess her secret. Strange to say, that particular loaf rose better than any of the others, and later, when Rubietta drew it from the oven, light as a feather and baked to a delicate brown, her mother looked at it critically and said: "This certainly is a handsome loaf, the best of the baking; and you may get second prize, if you don't get first. But don't set your heart on being a winner. It often seems as much a matter of luck as of good baking."

"Maybe the luck may come my way, then," suggested Rubietta. "I've been real lucky since I found my lucky penny."

Friday morning dawned clear and cloudless, a brilliant example of "October's bright, blue weather." The Gardeners were all ready early, and about half-past eight Mr. and Mrs. Jones drove up for Fred, Clara and the basket.

"I'm sorry we haven't room for you, too, Rubietta," said Mrs. Jones, "but some one will be sure to pick you up, and I'll give your bread to the judges. I'm going to exhibit some butter and honey, so I'll hand the bread in with my own exhibits."

"I'm much obliged to you for taking the bread," said Rubietta. "I think I may get a ride from some one of the neighbors if I start right away."

"Dear me!" she said to herself, "if I only had my lucky penny in my pocket I'd be quite sure of a chance. Why didn't I bring it?" And then, suddenly remembering where her lucky penny was, she laughed at her own forgetfulness and looked back once more.

This time a carriage was approaching, a handsome carriage with a canopy top and drawn by two horses. Rubietta knew it at once. It belonged to Dr. Forrest, who lived in Binevale, a town about six miles from the Gardeners, in the opposite direction from the fair. Dr. Forrest was the Gardeners' family doctor, and sometimes, when he came to pay a visit, his wife, too, came

for the drive, so Rubietta knew them both a little, and admired them exceedingly.

She thought them very rich and stylish and elegant. Their splendor quite dazzled her. "Where can they be going?" Rubietta wondered. "Not to the fair, surely! They have been away to New York and to the World's Fair and to England and everywhere, so, of course, they wouldn't waste their time going to a little fair like this. Mrs. Jackson is sick; they must be going to her house."

She walked faster than ever while making these reflections, and was almost breathless when, soon after,



"AT LAST RUBIETTA HAD THE JOY OF READING THE NEW CARD."

she was overtaken, and the doctor stopped his horses and invited Rubietta to take a seat in the carriage. She joyfully accepted the invitation. The horses trotted quickly on, past Mrs. Jackson's without a sign of stopping, past the two-mile cross-roads, and then Rubietta became uneasy.

A short distance ahead she noticed the old white house and old-fashioned phaeton of Mrs. Wilkins, a stout, motherly old woman, whom Rubietta knew very well, as she often went to Mrs. Wilkins's home to buy butter and eggs. On these occasions Mrs. Wilkins always invited Rubietta to stay to tea, or gave her some cookies, or a piece of pie, or some apples, and once she gave her a beautiful scarlet geranium in bloom, which

kept the Gardeners' sitting-room cheerful all winter; but though she and Mrs. Wilkins were such especial friends, Rubietta felt rather uncomfortable as the doctor's carriage rolled rapidly along and overtook Mrs. Wilkins's old-looking phaeton, for it was exceedingly mortifying to Rubietta to have the Forrests hear Mrs. Wilkins call out, "Good morning, Rubatta!"—which way of saying her name was hard to bear at any time, but hardest in the presence of such an audience.

The fair was reached at last. A large number of people were already there when the doctor drove up to the gate, and Rubietta's heart leaped with joy as she saw Fred and Clara standing with several of her schoolmates, watching with admiring and envious eyes while Dr. Forrest lifted her out of the carriage. After thanking the doctor as fervently as possible, Rubietta joined the other children, who regarded her with awe and admiration, and, indeed, she was a person of considerable importance. She had arrived at the fair in splendid style, and, besides, she was an exhibitor, competing for a prize.

"Mrs. Jones took your bread over to the Crystal Palace," was Clara's great news. The Crystal Palace was a hall which served as council-chamber and meeting-place for several societies. All the year it was a common wooden building, but on fair day it suddenly blossomed into a "Crystal Palace," in which were placed all the exhibits, except, of course, the live-stock.

By the time the children reached the "Crystal Palace" the doors were open and people were crowding in.

track outside, as the races were soon to commence. Rubietta asked several people if they could tell her who judged the bread before she found anyone who knew. At last a lady pointed out a tall man and a fat man talking together, and said, "There are two of them." Rubietta made her way toward these men, determined to ask for justice. She stood near them for several minutes unnoticed, as she did not like to interrupt their conversation. At length she said timidly, "If you please—" Neither of the men heard her. "If you please—" she ventured, a little louder. But she had to try the third time before the fat man turned to her and said, "Well, my little girl, what is it?"

"If you please, sir," said Rubietta, nervously, "I brought a loaf of bread here and it took first prize!" "Well, well—very good, indeed! Did you bake it yourself?"

"Yes, sir; but I got only second prize."

"Oh, second prize, was it? Well, that's very good for a little girl like you."

"But please, sir," protested Rubietta, very solemnly, "I should have had first prize."

"No, indeed," said the fat man. "Second is first-rate for a child like you. Perhaps next year you will get a red card. If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again."

Before Rubietta could say anything more, another man came along and said to the two judges, "Come along, or you'll miss the races!" and they moved toward the door, leaving her forlornly realizing that she had appealed to the judges in vain, for they had not understood what she was talking about.

Tears sprang to her eyes, but she winked them away before they could fall. "I won't cry," she said to herself, as she walked slowly toward the race-track. "No, I won't; no, I won't!" and, as she spoke, she bumped against a stout old lady who was approaching the "Crystal Palace." "Excuse me, please," began Rubietta, looking up; and then she suddenly surprised the old lady by throwing her arms around her and exclaiming, "Oh, Mrs. Wilkins!—dear, dear Mrs. Wilkins, how glad I am to see you!"

"Why, Rubatta, is it you? Bless you, child, I didn't know you at first; and did you get a prize on your bread?"

In reply Rubietta poured forth her tale of woe, to which Mrs. Wilkins listened intently. When she had heard the whole story, she said, "Well, Rubatta, I know the judges, all three of 'em, and I'll do all I can for you; but don't be too hopeful."

The three judges were found before long, and they all listened very kindly and respectfully to what Mrs. Wilkins had to say. The third judge was a lady, who asked Rubietta a number of questions, and suggested that they all go over to the "Crystal Palace," almost deserted now, and look at the bread again. They did so, and after Rubietta told the judges how sure she was that that loaf, and no other, was the one she baked, the judges began to talk together in low tones. When their consultation was ended, the lady judge came over,

and, laying her hand on Rubietta's shoulder, said kindly: "I am very sorry, my dear, but we don't feel that we are justified in changing our awards, as Mrs. Thompson is not here to speak for herself, and the loaves are so very much alike. We may have made a mistake, but we were very careful, and we don't think that we did. If either you or Mrs. Thompson had put a mark on your bread in baking, we could be certain; but as it is—"

"Oh, oh, oh!" said Rubietta, excitedly. "My lucky penny! my lucky penny! I forgot all about it until this very moment!"

"What do you mean, Rubietta?" asked Mrs. Wilkins.

"Why, I put my lucky penny in my loaf of bread when I was kneading it, and it's in there now. Cut my loaf open and you'll find it. How could I have forgotten it?"

One of the men took a knife and cut slowly through the middle of the loaf. Sure enough, the knife struck something hard, and there was the lucky penny, come to the rescue!

"Well, I guess it was our mistake, after all," said the fat man. "That is a lucky penny for you, surely."

"I think I am lucky to have such a good friend as Mrs. Wilkins to take so much trouble for me," said Rubietta, putting her arm through her friend's arm, blushing at the thought of how coolly she had bowed to Mrs. Wilkins that very morning.

"That's right," said the tall man. "They say, 'A friend in need is a friend indeed.'"

Then new cards were produced, and at last Rubietta had the joy of reading on a red card:

FIRST PRIZE,
awarded to
MISS RUBIETTA GARDENER.

"What are you going to do with your prize-money, Rubietta?" asked Clara.

"If mother will let me, I want to spend a dollar of it for a present for Mrs. Wilkins. May I, mother?"

"Yes, dear. You can spend that money any way you like, Rubietta, dear. You surely had a hard enough time getting it," said her mother.

"Mrs. Wilkins has always been very good to you, pet," said her father; and then he added, a little roughly, "even if she does call you 'Rubatta.'"

"I know it," said Rubietta. "She's been a good deal better to me than I have to her," she went on, blushing; "but I learned a good many things to-day, and I don't care what she calls me after this. She was 'a friend in need.'"

"And so was your lucky penny," was Fred's suggestion.

"Yes, that is true," said Rubietta; "and yet I thought I was silly when I put it in."

One of "The Finest."



"THE nicest man I ever saw,"
Said little Nan to me,
"Is the one who stands outside our school
When we're let out at three."

"He's dressed just as the soldiers are;
He wears gold buttons, too;
And he stands up so proud and strait—
The way the soldiers do."

"He always says, 'Come, little kids,
I'll take you 'cross street'; and
I guess 'cause I'm the littlest girl
He always holds my hand."

"And all the cars and horses stop—
He's so big they don't dare
To say 'Get up' and drive 'em on,
Because he's standing there."

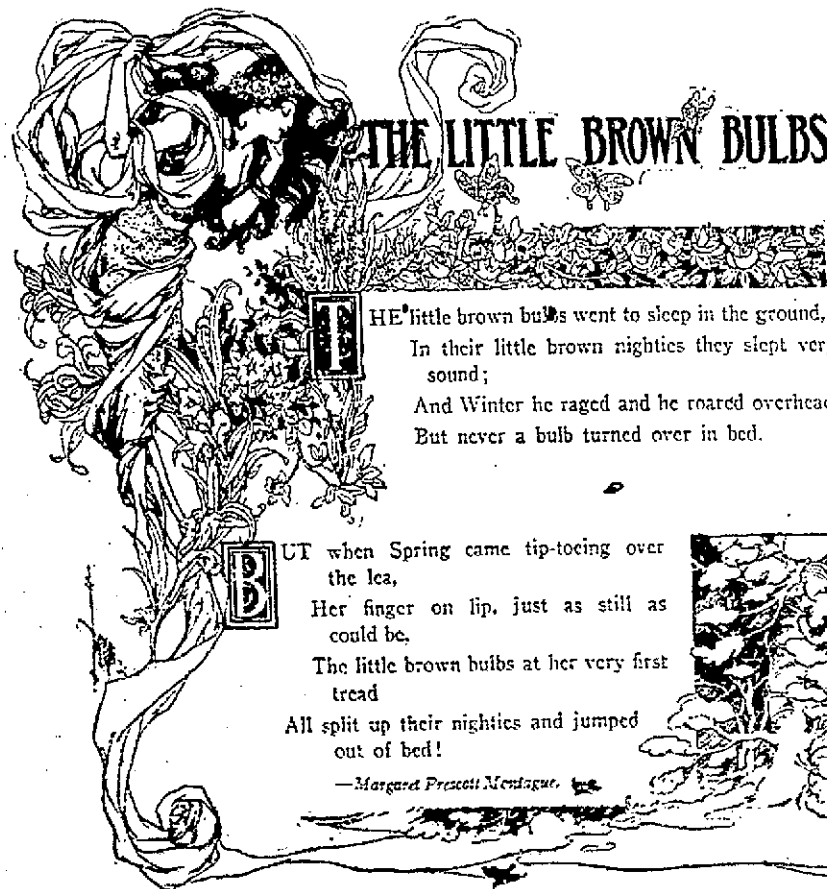
"He makes believe to chase the boys,
And shakes his fist, and then
He laughs and laughs, and they all come
A-scrampering back again."

"Sometimes he pats me on the head
And says, 'Ho! little girl,
You going to wait till Christmas comes
To cut me off that curl?'"

"And one time when it rained, the street
Was muddy, and I cried;
He picked me up and carried me
Right to the other side."

"The nicest man I ever saw,"
Said little Nan to me,
"Is the one who stands outside our school
When we're let out at three."

THEODOSIA PICKERING GARRISON.



THE LITTLE BROWN BULBS

THE little brown bulbs went to sleep in the ground,
In their little brown nighties they slept very
sound;
And Winter he raged and he roared overhead,
But never a bulb turned over in bed.

BUT when Spring came tip-toeing over
the lea,
Her finger on lip, just as still as
could be,
The little brown bulbs at her very first
tread
All split up their nighties and jumped
out of bed!

—Margaret Prescott Montague.

Illustration by Emerson.

Something must be done, and at once. Some one must explain to the judges; but who were the judges, and where were they? The hall was not so crowded by this time. People were beginning to gather at the race-